

OCTOBER 5, 1955

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 5, 1955.

Vol. 23, No. 19.

THREE PENNIES FOR THE PHONE

THE rise in the cost of public telephone calls can hardly be regarded as a shock.

For some months technicians have been converting instruments to take three pennies.

The present rise has been met with practically no protest, for, as the Postmaster-General pointed out, this was the first rise for 40 years.

The Department has not been so backward in its other charges. The cost of calls from private telephones in capital cities increased to threepence some time ago, and trunk calls have doubled in price since the war.

Nevertheless, public telephone users may well be grateful for past blessings. It would be hard to think of any other service that costs the same as in 1915.

Whenever the subject of public telephones is raised, someone suggests that the time available for the price be limited to three minutes.

Indignant citizens, standing behind garrulous callers, dream of an automatic cut-off.

Evidently such a device is too expensive to justify itself.

This, perhaps, is just as well, because there seems no reason why a housewife should not enjoy a long chat for her threepence if no one is waiting.

A simpler method of curbing long telephone calls might be the installation of a mirror wall behind the instrument.

Those who stand in waiting could then pull faces at talkative occupants, an action which would be more effective than the clicking of pennies.

Perhaps, though, it is better to leave well alone. Mirrors would cost money, and if the P.M.G. can be induced to leave the price of calls as they are for another 40 years, so much the better.

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Our cover:

Our cover girl displays a fashionable color against the background of a fashionable plant. The color is lilac, popular for summer, the plant *Monstera deliciosa*, now much used as an indoor decoration. The picture comes from France.

Next week:

The Slim Gourmet Diet tells you how to reduce your weight safely by regulating the amount of food you eat to the number of calories necessary to maintain good health, calculated on your weight and height.

A caloric chart gives the count for all items of diet in common use, and a counter helps you to keep a score. Calories needed vary according to occupation. A stenographer may require only 2100, but a housewife of the same build could need 2700.

Paris comes to Sydney. Two pages will show fashions from the spring collections of Germain Rocher and Pellier Pty. Ltd. Both houses import models from Paris and their showings are important social and fashion events.

Our cookery expert, Leila C. Howard, gives recipes for unusual luncheon dishes with standard pantry stocks plus fresh vegetables.

The film pin-up is Japanese beauty Shirley Yamaguchi, noted in her own country as an actress-singer and feminine star of "House of Bamboo," playing opposite Robert Stack.

Our gardening notes give helpful information on chrysanthemum culture, and six beautiful single specimens are illustrated in color.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

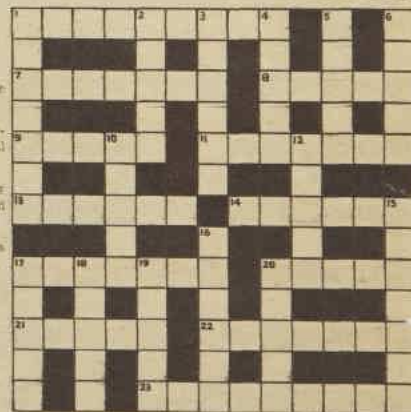
ACROSS

- Give power starting with the writer of a book (9).
- Hot vice (Anagr., 7).
- You are on the spree if you are on it (6).
- Industrial city of Rhenish Prussia (5).
- This marauder seems to provide food (7).
- Used with flint and steel (6).
- Be plentiful in a spring (6).
- Drink provided mostly by her wages (7).
- Keeps secure marine mammals (5).
- Prohibit in the beginning of a musical instrument (5).
- Affirm oddness by ordinary standard (7).
- This soldier is a smart man (3-2-4).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Nice ant. (Anagr., 7).
2. Heavenly hunter with belt and sword (5).
3. Untouched in the stroke in beating time (6).
4. Splendor (5).
5. When you take it you speak (5).
6. Unripe color (5).
8. Senior tree (5).
12. Eat away a stick in case (5).



DOWN

- These household implements are usually made of cloth or feathers (7).
- Press closely a holy molature (6).
- Color of mourning for a carnivorous quadruped (5).
- Golden eagles but not ten dollars (5).
- Be on the back of an African to sweep (5).
- This bed-cloth seems to be feminine (6).

Solution to last week's crossword

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IN THIS MODERN WORLD

nylon
BELONGS



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Second instalment of our
lively four-part serial
BY DAVID E. WALKER

The Rigoville Match

THERE is a surprising stir in the little village of Rigoville when YVONNE, daughter of the redoubtable COUNT DE GOURNAY, determines to organise a hockey match, aided by her English guest ISOBEL TROUNCER.

The village splits into factions — national, political, and religious — over the proposal. RONNIE SIMPKIN, indolent son of the de Gournays' oldest friends, sets out to sabotage it with the help of his artist friend MICHEL.

Village personalities involved include HENRI BLANCHARD, the Mayor and proprietor of the "Alimentation Generale" store; ALBERT HERUBEL, proprietor of the Tricolor cafe, and his daughter JACQUELINE; FRERE LECLERC, the Cure; MADAME DUFU, the schoolmistress; MADAME LEROY, the postmistress; MIRIAM LAPPITER, a wealthy American.

A fete which Yvonne arranges to launch her project clashes with a church sale of work to be attended by the Bishop. By the time he arrives, however, the villagers have all hurried on to the fete, which proves to be a great success. NOW READ ON:

SLOWLY the fete was drawing to its triumphant close. But one important matter still remained to be settled—the goal-shooting competition for the coveted prize of the Count's goose.

In the main competition, the butcher Turbotin's place at the head of the list had been taken by Herubel, who had been coaxed from his position by the wine casks and with savage efficiency had reached a total of six, almost the maximum.

Yvonne began to shout out: "Last entries, please! Competition closing! Last entries, come along!"

At first it was not clear what was happening. Inexplicably villagers began to drop shakily to their knees. What had been a moment earlier a gay hubbub of sound turned suddenly into the hush of a cathedral close. The Count swung round.

Beaming and smiling through his steel-rimmed spectacles, followed by the Cure in his beret, the Bishop walked evenly across the

tortured lawns, offering his ring here and there to the faithful. He went straight across to Antoine de Gournay.

"My dear Count! You will forgive me? Father Leclerc here assures me that the whole neighborhood has been invited to enjoy your sumptuous generosity, and I could not deprive myself of the opportunity. How does it go with you? You are well?"

The Count stiffened with speechless rage. His tartan tie seemed to swell from a heaving chest. He longed for a gun. Who had organised this outrage? But the village was watching.

In tones of ice he said: "Your Grace is welcome." He refused to shake the hand or kiss the ring. "We were not expecting you," he added.

The Bishop, peering short-sightedly around him, identified Yvonne, pale and silent by her goalposts.

"Mademoiselle Yvonne! My felicitations!

Don't tell me that those are hockey sticks? Is this some kind of competition?"

"Your Grace . . ." Like her father, to whom she shot an agonised glance, she was at a loss for words. "Yes, it must seem a bit silly, Your Grace, but it's quite innocent. The villagers have been trying to shoot goals—so much entrance fee and a white goose for a prize." She looked as if she might at any moment dissolve into tears.

"Entrance fee? Competition? How much?"

"Twenty-five francs, Your Grace." The Bishop swung round. "Father Leclerc," he said sharply, "kindly lend me the sum required. I shall reimburse you in due course."

Handing his purple biretta to Mrs. Lappiter, who passed it at once to the Count, who passed it like a hot brick to the Mayor, the Bishop rolled up his sleeves.

"Now, Mademoiselle Yvonne, tell me what I have to do. This is the very greatest fun!"

Behind him Mme Dufau felt a dizzy spell coming on, occasioned as much by uncontrollable rage as by exhaustion, and she sat down weakly on the grass. The eyes of Mme Blanchard were distended and her mouth hung open like someone overtaken by a vision, while Mme Bloquet, a jug in either hand, stood petrified by the kitchen door.

A curious immobility settled on the gathering. The Count's broad shoulders were squared, like those of a hero facing a firing squad.

Miserably Yvonne explained the simple rules. Without further ado the Bishop smacked the ball safely through the posts, blinking a little and smiling amiably at the spectators. Faced with the last and most difficult shot he pursed his lips and paused.

"Ah, but this is a trick one, a tricky one.

Desperately, Ronnie tried to study the horses, while Esther chatted excitedly about the fashions.

More a flick of the wrists, I should say, than brute strength, is what one might require."

As the ball passed a few inches inside the farther of the two posts he looked up, beaming, and said: "Well, I never!"

In the dead silence that followed the feat there was the sound of crashing glass from Herubel's marquee; he could wait no longer to give vent to his wrath, and there came the clear sound of the broken glass being ground underfoot.

But even now the chapter was not quite closed. The Count, rooted to the spot by hate, realised that yet another commotion had begun. From the shrubbery by the side of the house there leaped into view a figure so revolting and unreal that his hand went involuntarily to his eyes.

Across his lawn bounded a girl with dyed red hair, waving a lacrosse stick. Over her shoulders she wore a plaid of violent green on which was woven in scarlet letters, "Vive le hockey!" The face was hidden by a mask,

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Help me to be myself had been her cry,
but he hadn't even tried to understand

Unquiet day

By NELIA GARDNER WHITE

THOUGH he had been driving for fifty miles and had had time to cool off, John Tree was still angry. He stopped the car under the big pine tree at the foot of the hill, slammed the car door and went up the sandy path, with its treacherous roots crossing and recrossing, towards the cabin.

It was a late winter day, and the air was raw. It was well on in the afternoon and there was no sun, only a sky of even, dead grey. He fumbled in his pocket for the cabin key, then saw that the door was open, almost latched but not quite.

He walked in, leaving the door open behind him and there was the dead woman lying on the old cot with the striped Indian rug. Even from across the room it was obvious that she was dead, though she lay quiet enough and there was no sign of violence.

He stood staring at her, almost without surprise, though all the chill of the ugly day seemed to settle in his bones. Then he went across the room and touched her hand, which was only a deeper cold than the cold in him.

John Tree had never seen this woman before. He stood there a moment looking at her. She was not young or beautiful. She was thin—thin with some pinching of the spirit that has nothing to do with food.

Her hair had a little grey in it.

John Tree looked away from her, around the familiar room that had abruptly become unfamiliar and sinister. He had loved this room, but he didn't know whether he would ever love it again, or find any comfort in it.

"I must phone," he said to himself. He walked out, first closing the door after him, then, leaving it unlatched as it had been, went down the hill, stumbling twice on roots, backed his car out and drove very fast to the farmhouse which was the nearest habitation.

He knocked on the kitchen door, but no one answered. Through the pane, however, he could see the old-fashioned phone hanging on the wall near the stove.

He lifted the latch, went in and straight across to the phone, asked for the sheriff's office. A woman answered.

"Sheriff in?" John Tree asked.

"No, he isn't right now. Is there anything I can do?"

"I'm John Tree. I have the log cabin up Pine Hill. Know where that is?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Just came in and there's a woman in the cabin, dead. Will you send the sheriff up?"

"Oh—that'll be Mrs. Jones. They've been looking for her for two days. Oh, dear! Yes, I'll have him come up. He ought to be here any minute."

"Thank you." He put the receiver back.

When he got back to the cabin, darkness had fallen. He

thought at first that he'd sit outside and wait for the sheriff, but it was cold and damp, and after a few minutes he went inside, took down an oil lamp from a shelf, and lighted it. Then, not looking at the woman, he made a fire on the hearth.

There was a bench, a rough-hewn affair, before the hearth and he sat on it, wanting a cigarette, but inhibited for some reason from lighting one. The fire blazed up and warmed his back, but he still felt cold inside.

He had no fear of being involved in the woman's death, knowing he had no share in it, feeling that the sheriff's wife had been expecting some such word and knew all about Mrs. Jones. Yet there was a horror, one which he did not want to admit or examine. Mrs. Jones. What an anonymous sort of name. No character. No anything. Not even a Mary or a Susan attached to give her place and identity.

He glanced towards her and then wished he hadn't. He could not seem to withdraw his glance. The fire cast a light directly on the dead woman's face, giving it something like color, but not taking away the pinched, starved look.

Mrs. Jones. Some city woman who had a summer place here, probably, like himself, Mrs. Jones.

Why doesn't the sheriff get here? he thought. But only five minutes had passed.

A chill shook him, though the fire was hot on his back. This was only the ugly end of an ugly day, part and parcel of it. He had not expected this and yet was not surprised at it because it fitted the day.

Then he saw a ring on the woman's hand. It had a green stone, but he knew it was not an emerald, and the green stone was surrounded by small, showy brilliants which he did not think were diamonds. It looked a cheap though showy ring, out of place on the thin hand, yet meaning something.

There was a shift in the flames behind him and now the light left the ring and centred on the hair brushed back from the woman's ear. His horror began to have a shape, began to be recognised.

Just so his wife, Ruth, wore her hair, though Ruth's hair was a dull lifeless tan in tone. Just so had Ruth worn her hair when he first knew her. And there was something else familiar: that pinched look of the nostrils—that was part of Ruth's face too.

Mrs. Jones. Ruth Tree.

The whole ugly day, his whole frustrated unsatisfactory life flowed into the room—into this room, where he had always known privacy, pleasure, release. Into this room, too, had come death, tainting everything, destroying his last citadel.

"It is not my fault," he said. "Heavens knows, it is not my fault!" He was not talking about the woman's death but about that other death that had been inside him all day.

In some wicked way the whole day had conspired to make it seem his fault. Yet all these years he had tried to have it different. He had tried, he said over and over to himself, remembering

He had gone this morning into the room he shared—if it could be called "sharing"—with Ruth. She was wandering aimlessly about in her vague, familiar way. There was nothing to do, because the house was run efficiently and everything was tidy and dustless.

"What are you doing?" he'd demanded.

She stopped and put her hands behind her in that timid way that was so unnecessary and irritating. They were going over to Edgar Winter's place for a late breakfast. It was the way of the country neighborhood—where they lived.

"I don't know what to wear," she said.

In the beginning, it had been all right. They always seemed to be laughing then.





All the chill of the ugly day seemed to settle in him as he stared across the room at the dead woman.

"Wear? Good heavens! Wear what you've got on. It doesn't matter."

"I always wear the wrong thing," she said, in that thin, small, despairing voice.

He gave her unlimited leeway on accounts, or he had for years now. She could have all the clothes she wanted. Yet it was true — she always wore the wrong thing.

"Well, you can't change now. It's time to go," he said.

She turned and looked at herself in the mirror. She had on a green wool dress that ought to have suited her, with her brown hair, but he could see her image, somehow sallow and overdressed, in the mirror; he could see her eyes recognising the fact that she was all wrong.

Then he saw her fingers move to the leather box on the dressing-table, pick out the big pin, the amethyst surrounded by pearls, hold the pin up to her throat with the anxiety of one who feels she must somehow make things better, begin to fasten it on with thin, nervous fingers.

"No!" he said. He knew he had spoken sharply, and he regretted it at once. But how could she have, going out to breakfast? Why couldn't she ever let well enough alone? She'd got a plain hat and put a feather on it. She'd got a decent evening dress of black and put some cerise lace on it somewhere.

Yet he was sorry. He had pitied her even when he'd been angry. He hated the way she took the pin off, let it lie, pin sticking up, on the table; he hated the way she turned towards him so reluctantly and said, "I'm ready." He could have wept for his pity, and yet he had been angry.

"You're not going to the guillotine, darling," he said.

"Why don't you go by yourself?" she asked wearily. "I could be helping Sandy with his lessons."

"Nonsense!" he said. He had never left her behind. He had never even wanted to, in spite of everything. "Sandy must learn to stand on his own feet pretty soon—you can't hold him up forever. Did you speak to Mrs. Duckett about Mary?"

He shouldn't have asked that. He knew at once he shouldn't have asked that just when Ruth was already upset about the dress. But all she said was: "No. I—I haven't had a good chance."

But why hadn't she spoken? He hadn't demanded she fire the girl, though she had been taking money. He had just suggested she have a little talk with Mrs. Duckett, who was the cook and Mary's aunt. Couldn't she have done this? Or could she? By the time she mentioned the matter, if she ever did, the force would all have been drained from her, the right moment vanished, the girl used to getting away with petty thefts.

When he went downstairs, Sandy sat at the table, eating breakfast alone. He was fifteen, weedy and anaemic, and—yes, furtive. The last boy on earth John Tree would have expected to be his son. He'd grown too tall without any strength to match his length.

He spent all his time at his microscope, but didn't seem to have any ideas, even about science. He avoided his father and ducked up to his room whenever he could. He had a book beside his plate and was reading it instead of eating. He hadn't seemed to see his father, but had slid the book

with a quick, sly movement to his knees and begun on his egg.

I ought to have ignored him. I was edgy—I ought to have ignored him, John Tree thought now. But he had gone over and jerked the book off Sandy's lap. He had been bewildered then and he was bewildered now by the fact that the book had been only a textbook of Cicero's Orations. Why had the boy hidden the book? "If you get any time left over from your arduous studies you might help Mr. Duckett rake some leaves," he'd said, and Sandy had just slid a glance towards him.

Now John Tree's back began to feel cold. He turned and put some more wood on the fire, glancing involuntarily as he did so at the dead woman. How had she died? She looked almost as if she'd fallen asleep, but he didn't think she had. Her lips, thin and straight, had a blue, bloodless look. Sleeping pills, probably.

The firelight shone on her brushed-back hair, and he hated it for its likeness to Ruth's hair. A silly, romantic way for a woman to wear her hair.

As if a ghost walked on the grave of his past, and with his eyes still on the pinched, tired skin of Mrs. Jones' face, he saw Ruth's face as it had been when he first knew her. Fragile, lovely, her hair lighter and softer.

"I'm going to cut my hair. The first thing I do after I'm married," she said.

"Don't cut it—don't ever cut it, darling. I love it just this way," he'd said.

JOHAN TREE felt a moment of confusion, of something like fear. Something was interfering with his logical building up of the day's sequences, with his case.

Yes, it was like a case, as if he stood at a bar. He pulled his mind back to this morning.

He and Ruth had started out in the car for the Winters' place.

"I wonder," he had said, "if it wouldn't be better to send Sandy to a different sort of school? He bothers me, and I don't understand him. Here he was reading the book instead of eating his breakfast, and the minute I came in he slid it under the table as if it were something forbidden. And it was only his Cicero. What makes him act like that? He's had everything he wanted all his life."

Ruth clasped her hands in her lap. He could see how thin her hands were, how the knuckles stood out white with the tightness. But wouldn't that anger any man?

"It's Mr. Mickle," she said at last, but as if it were pulled out of her on the rack.

"Mr. Mickle? What are you getting at?"

"He's one of the masters—he's always reading at the table. Sandy likes him."

"But Sandy's fifteen years old!"

She shrank away towards the car door. But was it too much to expect of a boy of fifteen, five feet eleven inches tall, that he be past the age of silly crushes on masters, that

he behave halfway like an adult? You'd have thought John was persecuting his own son.

They reached the Winters' place.

Sarah was making waffles. But right away Ruth found a place in the corner as if she wanted to hide herself. Sarah said, "Go and look at the study wallpaper. I put it on myself!" So he went to look at the paper and he thought what a smart girl Sarah was, how competent.

Several others came to join him, and Ruth stood uncertainly among them, looking at the paper anxiously.

Then, without a word, she slipped away, back to her place in the corner.

"Like it, Ruth?" Sarah asked.

And Ruth said in her small scared voice, "No." Just that one word. Everyone looked at her in astonishment, and she got very white, with that pinched look at the nostrils.

"You don't?" Sarah said, almost letting the waffles burn in her surprise. "I thought it was beautiful. Why don't you like it?"

He had laughed and said, "It takes Ruth five years to get used to anything new. Don't disturb the status quo, that's my wife!"

And everyone had laughed and let it slide, though Sarah frowned as she passed waffles and he saw her look at Ruth a couple of times in an odd way.

Ruth was dressed wrongly, just as she'd feared. Oh, her dress was good enough. He'd helped pick it out. But the other women wore slacks and shirts and she looked as if she were at an afternoon party. But he knew everyone well and he tried to cover up Ruth's silences.

He had always tried to cover up for Ruth, hadn't he? It was like breathing. He loved her, he wanted to be proud of her. She made it hard for him, terribly hard, because she just didn't seem to have any mind of her own.

Against his will a switch turned in his mind. He couldn't keep to the day, to this day, to this justification for anger and despair he was building up.

He saw Aunt Lena, that small, ironlike woman who had brought Ruth up, heard her say in that quiet voice that was yet so firm, "I wouldn't wear your brown coat, Ruth. The grey one is more suitable for tonight."

He'd said, "Why do you do everything she says?"

"I don't know—I hate quarrels," she'd said. "I hate quarrels, John. They make me sick." It was true, it was true enough. He'd seen her face often enough over the years at times of tension. It became pinched, a little green-looking whenever there was a quarrel.

But he'd never quarrelled with her. You'd think he had, by the look she had sometimes, but he hadn't. Quite the contrary, he had smoothed things over whenever he could. Like this morning.

"Look," he said to the people at Winters, "what's the age to get past those schoolboy obsessions? Sandy's got a crush on one of the masters, one with the incredible name of Mr. Mickle."

The rest laughed and began to tell about their children—but John noticed that none of them told about a son of fifteen

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wear **HILTON "Topaz"** with blues



wear **HILTON "Iridelle"** with pinks



wear **HILTON "Opalee"** with yellows

HILTON

Fashion Colour News

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News

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plus NYLOSEAL

By HOPE CAMPBELL

Now that you've gone

ADAM MARTIN took his finger off the bell of Flat Two B and went downstairs in search of the landlady.

She wasn't the same landlady. The one last year had been small and wrinkled and inquisitive. This one was large and squat, with a full face and a rather worried expression. She seemed as if she might like people, but would never bother very much about it, one way or the other.

Adam pulled at his ear, scowling, because he didn't really know why he was here. "Two B?"

"This way," the landlady said, and led the way up some stairs.

Adam's hand strayed to his ear again, and then he remembered he had done that already. He followed the landlady up the stairs.

The door was the second on the right, and the landlady put a key in the lock and swung it open. Adam was halfway into the sitting-room before it struck him. The flat was empty.

His face must have said too much.

"Small," the landlady agreed. "But the bedroom's got cross ventilation and the kitchen is a gem. Big as most living-rooms."

"Big enough to eat in," Adam said reminiscently.

"That's right."

Adam looked round again. Funny, but when Katie was here he had never noticed how small the sitting-room was. Perhaps the bright yellow walls had helped. And the big mirror over the mantelpiece and the daintily patterned curtains at the narrow windows.

Only the yellow walls were left now. Adam reached out and touched the nearest one.

"I'll have it redecorated to suit the new tenant," said the landlady.

"The girl who had this place was the domestic type, everything bright and frilly, if you know what I mean."

"I know," Adam said, and then caught himself. "I mean, you can always tell a lot about a person who lived in a place. By what she leaves."

"For instance?" the landlady asked, looking rather puzzled.

"Let me look round," Adam said, hastily.

He walked into the kitchen. Katie had liked this room best. The far wall had two big windows and if you leaned out, about three inches, and looked to the right, you had a wonderful view of the river. Katie always sat on that window-sill. And it always made him nervous. But she would sit there.

Adam opened the doors on which she had pasted the procession of waddling yellow ducks and peered inside. One empty jam-jar. He hadn't believed anyone still made jam until he met Katie. Black

marks from where the tins had been stacked.

"I bet she was a good cook," Adam said. "Those cupboards had more than snack makings in them."

The landlady said, "At Christmas she gave me some wonderful biscuits and a fruit cake. It was a very good fruit cake."

Adam went down the short hall to the bedroom. Blue walls. He hated blue bedrooms. He'd had one once and he never could wake up in the morning. But it had suited Katie.

Her dressing-table had stood over in one corner, where the rubbish was now swept into a pile. Adam looked down at it.

"We haven't had time to clean up very well yet," the landlady said. "She only moved out two days ago."

Adam stirred the rubbish with the toe of his shoe. An empty powder box. A discarded lipstick. He pretended to study them.

"Fair skin," he said, as if he were guessing. "Blue eyes. And perhaps black hair."

The landlady looked surprised. Then she nodded.

"That's right. Prettiest hair I've ever seen. Seemed a shame when she cut it short, this new way."

"Oh," Adam said, caught off guard. Katie's hair had been shiny and soft to touch.

He scowled at the rubbish, as if it were somehow to blame. Theatre programmes. Lots of theatre programmes.

"Looks as though she was popular."

"Went out a lot," the landlady admitted. "It's funny, she never seemed to want to stay at home in the evening."

Katie had never wanted to go out. She had always begged him to come here instead, so that she could cook dinner for him. Then she liked him to read aloud to her, or they might listen to the radio. And once in a while they would dance quietly by themselves, just the two of them together.

It had made him angry sometimes, as if Katie were belittling herself. Girls were supposed to demand things. He had wanted Katie to behave as if she were very special, because she was.

Katie only explained serenely that she couldn't be out at night-clubs and shows three or four nights a week, and still work.

Perhaps, Adam thought, still scowling at the rubbish, he hadn't been very intelligent. Perhaps Katie had been just special enough to be able to do what she enjoyed,

instead of demanding, to impress him.

"Of course, it's been just this one fellow lately," the landlady said, starting to walk back towards the sitting-room. "Can't say I thought he was her type. But then you can't always tell; nobody knows what my old man saw in me, either."

Adam almost stumbled on her heels.

"One fellow?"

"Yes. The chap she went home to marry. She was worried like. Had a lot of colds this winter. Can't run about every night as she did and not feel it. She was away from her office so much, and her boss didn't like it. And the chap was silly about her. Anyway, a girl like her doesn't like waiting too long."

Adam nodded unconsciously. Too long. That had been the trouble.

He had known that if he hung around much longer and saw much more of Katie, he would be a married man with a house in the suburbs and a mortgage and a season ticket to town. Somehow, his freedom had seemed the most important thing in the world.

He persuaded his firm to send him to engineering projects all over the north. But finally he had told himself that he wasn't really cut out to be a traveller. The roving life

didn't suit him. He was essentially a city dweller.

He hadn't really known why he came back. Until he walked in here this morning.

Now he knew that if Katie could do so much to a flat just by being in it and leave it so empty when she was gone, she could do enough to a house in the suburbs so that he would want to frame the mortgage and hang it in the sitting-room when he finally paid it off.

"So she got married?" he asked.

"Well, it's a funny thing," the landlady said, looking at him hard.

He stared hard at her. "Yes?"

"She was rushing round here, packing up, having her girl-friends in and sitting up half the night laughing and talking with them, and I thought that there was one girl who was really happy." She paused, looking at him meaningly.

"Then when I came up here to help her take her suitcases down to the taxi and get the keys, she went all to pieces. I thought she'd miss her train, she was crying so and couldn't stop."

His heart missed a beat.

"What was she crying about?"

"A man. Isn't that what women always cry about? She told me that if a man should call in the next two

weeks, I was to give him her address. After that, I was to tell him that she was married and moved. And if he never came, I was to forget it."

"What kind of a man?" Adam asked thinly.

The landlady stared him straight in the face. This time when she spoke she sounded a bit annoyed and definitely scornful.

"A tall man, with a thin face, who tugs at his ear as if he's worried. A man who can't see beyond the end of his nose, I said to myself; a man who plays games with himself and other people because he's afraid of getting serious; a man with so little sense that he walks off and leaves a girl like that to break her heart and try to forget it by pretending to have a good time; a man who leaves her so that she marries somebody else because she just doesn't care any more."

"A man in fact, who doesn't deserve her?" Adam said gently. Now he didn't care how much his face gave away.

The landlady shrugged.

"What's that to me? Here's the address."

Adam took it and ran down the stairs and out into the winter sunshine.

(Copyright)



Funny, Adam thought, looking round, but when Katie was here he had never noticed how small the sitting-room was.

Heliotrope and Mr. Jenkins

STEP One, Mr. Jenkins thought, was the smell of heliotrope. This was afterwards, when it was over and he was trying dazedly to clarify events. Though in truth he never again attained that spirit of calm objectivity he so prized. But still, Mr. Jenkins tried.

And that was first: the smell of heliotrope. It floated up from something on his desk—probably a paper that had lain too long in the same drawer with something belonging to one of the typists, or to Miss Macey, the platinum-blond filing clerk.

It made Mr. Jenkins think of his older half-sister, who had reluctantly taken him in after his mother's death, and the way her room had been in the morning; clothes on the chairs and the floor, spilled powder and innumerable bottles, and—heavily sweet—the scent of heliotrope. He sniffed, disliking the odor.

"Heliotrope," he said, explaining his wrinkled nose to Miss DeWitt, who was taking his dictation at the time.

She said, "Yes."

"Is it yours? Perfume, I mean?" he asked in a firm voice. If it was, he would have to put a stop to it. Tactfully, of course—but he couldn't have it in his office.

But Miss DeWitt laughed. He didn't remember hearing her laugh before, and he felt a small shock of surprise and—yes—pleasure.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I'm strictly an 'April Evening' girl."

Mr. Jenkins stiffened. "A—what?"

"'April Evening.' It's the name of a perfume."

"M'm. Well. I can't say I've noticed your perfume." He made his voice brisk and cold. This had somehow turned into the personal sort of conversation he disapproved of. No point in letting Miss DeWitt slip into bad habits.

"No. I don't wear perfume during office hours."

Miss DeWitt sounded just as brisk and final as he did. But in spite of that (and much to his surprise) he turned sharply away from his desk and looked at her. Later he thought of that as Step Two. First the smell of heliotrope, next the looking at Miss DeWitt.

For he had never looked at Miss DeWitt before. He was aware of her, of course. She spent most of her mornings and a number of her afternoons sitting at his elbow making hooks and curves in her notebook, which later were transformed into neatly typed letters ready for his signatures.

She could spell, she worked overtime without complaint, she always got the number of carbons right, and she never opened personal mail by mistake. (Not that Mr. Jenkins got much; it was, however, a test.)

This had been going on for a year and two months, since the day Miss Twiggs had departed. On that day he had engaged Miss DeWitt. Even then he had not looked at her. Just at her references, which were excellent, and the fact that she wore a dark blue skirt with a fresh white blouse and was generally unobtrusive. That was as it should be.

She was not as old as Miss Twiggs, nor as portly, but even in Miss Twiggs that had taken time. Fifteen years ago, when Mr. Jenkins had been the

office boy, Miss Twiggs had been slimmer and younger.

She had got over it remarkably well, and so, no doubt, would Miss DeWitt. So he had engaged her and never thought of her again.

Until now.

She never wore perfume during office hours.

Why should that thought disturb him? It made him feel, looking at Miss DeWitt, that there must be two of her. This one, in a trim skirt and blouse, and no perfume, and another one who wore—who wore—heaven knows what sort of outfit, and perfume. Because obviously the perfume wouldn't be the only thing.

He looked at her, trying to think what the other Miss DeWitt would be like. He discovered that this Miss DeWitt was—well, attractive. He would go no further. Her red hair was shaped in a shaggy, boyish cut, and her skin, while fair, had a faintly golden quality. He could not see the color of her eyes, for she was looking at her notebook, but he noticed that the length of her lashes was remarkable. And her mouth—

Hastily Mr. Jenkins turned back to his desk. He cleared his throat with a surprising amount of noise and said, "Take a letter!"

Only when Miss DeWitt started noticeably did he realise he had shouted.

"Messrs. Robbins and Wainwright. Gentlemen . . ." he said more calmly.

From the corner of his eye, he saw her pencil move.

But why, he thought, why should she be different once she left the office? He wasn't different. It smacked of deceit. As if she said, "Here I am in my plain office clothes, but ha-ha-ha I'm not really like this at all." And if she had not accidentally dropped that remark about the perfume, he would never have known.

She would have gone her dissembling way, year in and year out—fifteen years, if she stayed as long as Miss Twiggs.

But perhaps even Miss Twiggs—No! He felt his world tottering. Could it be that through all these years there had been two of Miss Twiggs? Never!

"Take a letter!"

"Yes, Mr. Jenkins," said Miss DeWitt. "I am taking it."

He left the office early that evening because he found that he was accomplishing nothing by staying. As he took his conservative grey Homburg from the rack behind the filing cabinets, he heard Miss Macey tell the office boy, "Old Professor's been definitely poison this afternoon. Definitely poison."

So. Old Professor. That's what they called him behind his back. Doubtless, he told himself, because he had been with the firm so long (twenty years it would be in January—since he was fourteen and an office boy), and he supposed there was something in his manner that might, to the unob-servant, seem reminiscent of ivied halls.

Deceiving, certainly, since the only education he'd had since school was by way of evening classes and correspondence courses. Surely the nickname could be regarded as a form of unconscious flattery.



Yet he felt an odd stab of desolation. "Old Professor"—two months after his thirty-fourth birthday. And on the very day his secretary—

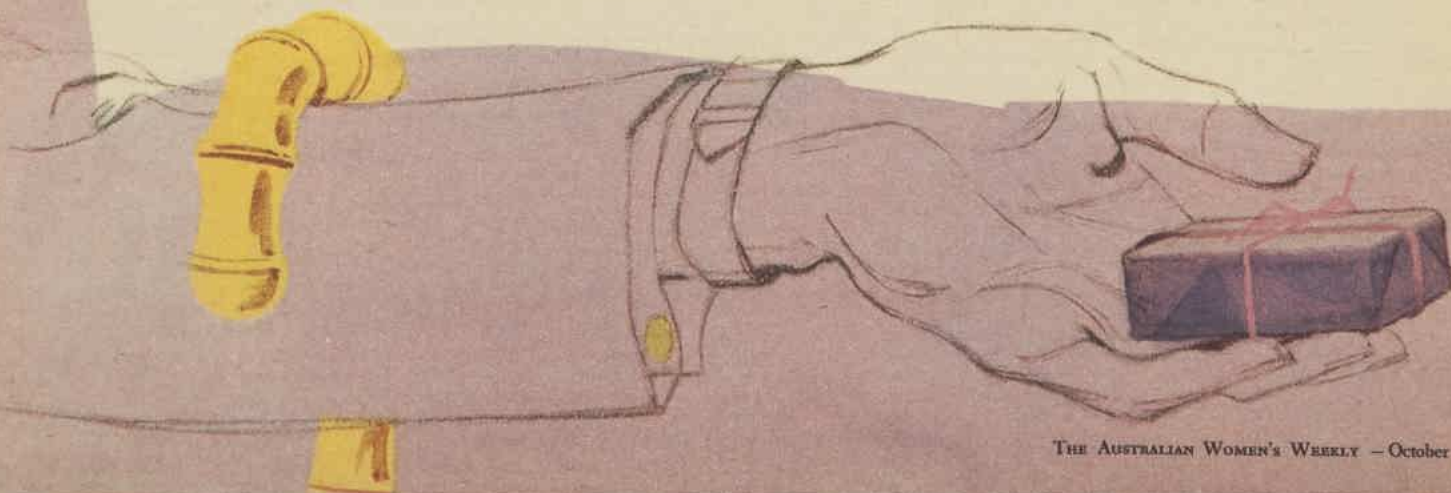
But he would not think of that any more, he told himself firmly. It was a fine afternoon, and he would walk instead of taking a bus. (How many of the younger whipper-snappers at the office could walk a couple of miles without even noticing it?) What possible difference could it make to him, he thought, what she did with her time after office hours? She was capable and efficient—as efficient as Miss Twiggs had ever been, if not more so.

Yes, he had thought that he never noticed Miss DeWitt, but he now admitted to himself that he had noticed her, twice. Once, two days after he engaged her, he had noticed that she did not sniff, as Miss Twiggs had done constantly; and again within that first week he had noticed that her step (unlike Miss Twiggs') was very light.

If she chose to gad about in the evenings, reeking of—what was that ridiculous name?—reeking of "April Evening," it was her own affair. So long as it did not impair her efficiency in the office the next day.

Though it was a mystery to him how she could stay up all night, going from night-club to theatre and back again, and manage to appear in the office the next morning looking as poised as ever, and as lovely.

Yes! (Something rebellious in Mr. Jenkins over-



He fell in love by steps, methodically but very thoroughly . . . Engaging romance.

BY JULIA TRUITT YENNI

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

rode the voice of reason that usually spoke within him.) Yes, lovley!

Mr. Jenkins saw that he was approaching the new French shop, the one with the frieze of nymphs and satyrs over the doorway, which he felt was a shade indecent. The showcase, he saw, was draped in velvet, and a flacon of perfume was mounted in solitary and expensive splendor against its formal folds.

Mr. Jenkins was drawn to the window as if by a hypnotist. Without willing it, he adjusted his glasses so that he could see the name written on the tiny label of the perfume bottle.

"Nuit d'Avril."

Mr. Jenkins knew enough French to translate that. "April Evening."

Step Three then took place. Mr. Jenkins walked into the shop.

Later, thinking back, that was the last event he could set down, definitely, as a step. After that everything happened too fast for even his orderly mind to tabulate. But he was still fully conscious, if not altogether master of himself, when he entered the shop.

He blinked, conscious, in that first moment, of subdued lighting, genteel glitter against velvet, and carpet so deep he felt he might sink completely from sight. A woman in black detached herself from the background and floated across the carpet towards him. Her hair was an astonishing shade of mauve.

"M'sieu?"

"I'd like to taste—" No, that wasn't right. "I'd like to smell your perfume. The one in the window, that is."

She floated off into the semi-darkness again, and he stood ankle-deep in the carpet, assuring himself that he was being very clever indeed. A pity he hadn't thought of this sooner. It was the mystery that nagged at him—knowing that Miss DeWitt wore perfume after office hours and having the knowledge end there.

All he needed was to learn definitely what her perfume was like and he could set her neatly back in her slot and she would again recede into the vague background occupied by Miss Twiggs, the office boy, and the filing cabinets.

The woman approached him again, a delicate blown-glass bottle balanced on her palm. Without a word, and wearing an expression worthy of a priestess unveiling incense before a shrine, she removed the glass stopper from the bottle and touched it delicately to her handkerchief. This she waved twice in the air, heightening the effect of mysticism, and then held it triumphantly forward.

"There!"

Mr. Jenkins sniffed noisily. He realised at once that a sniff was too vulgar a thing to apply to such a scent; he closed his eyes and breathed.

It wasn't really a smell, he thought dizzily. It was like a memory of something you had once smelled—a memory of lilacs and violets and grass after rain and wet roses and other things

To page 69

She held the bottle up, sniffing at it ecstatically. "I—I don't know what to say," she faltered.



NEW!

pin-Quick

by RICHARD HUDNUT

A special Pin-Curl Home Permanent for
soft, casual curls
particularly for modern, short hair styles



SO MUCH EASIER, QUICKER! All you need is Pin-Quick and bobby pins . . . no unwinding . . . no curlers . . . no re-setting. When hair is dry, just brush out. **NO HELP NEEDED!**



YOU'LL BE IN FASHION. It's no effort at all to keep in line with today's softer, more casual hair styles. Just put up your hair in bobby pins—and follow Pin-Quick's simple directions.

You can do it yourself with bobby pins—a perm and set all in one!

If you can put up your hair in bobby pins, you can easily give yourself a new Richard Hudnut Pin-Quick—the pin-curl home permanent specially developed for today's carefree hair styles.

NO UNWINDING—NO RE-SETTING—DRIES IN MINUTES!

No other home permanent is so easy to do as Richard Hudnut Pin-Quick. Just put up your hair in bobby pins, apply the wonderful lanolin-rich waving lotion, follow with Magic Curl-Control and *that is all!* When your hair is dry, take out the bobby pins and your hair is set in your favourite casual style. Dries in minutes instead of hours . . . use a hair dryer, go out in the sun, or sit in front of a radiator, fire or warm oven. Magic Curl-Control makes Pin-Quick the only permanent you can quick-dry. Richard Hudnut's Magic Curl-Control sets the wave in your hair, and curls ends naturally and gracefully in the simple hair styles so fashionable today! Magic Curl-Control works to *lock in* and set each curl. It stays in the hair—is not rinsed out. It conditions the hair, keeps it healthier, springier and stronger.

LOVELY FINAL RESULT! Pin-Quick leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh, with no unpleasant after-permanent odours—smooth, shining, silken-soft. Ask for new Pin-Quick by Richard Hudnut for soft, casual, natural-looking curls.



Chemists and Stores everywhere sell Pin-Quick, the amazing new, simple, easy-to-do home permanent by Richard Hudnut, **12/-**

ASK FOR **pin-Quick**

LANOLIZED PIN-CURL HOME PERMANENT

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

RECENTLY I had cause to check my health inheritance for medical reasons. Because my immediate family were scattered in various countries, and my parents quite aged, I found it a most difficult task. What a splendid idea it would be if mothers kept a case history book so that eventually it could be passed down for family reference. It would be very helpful to know of one's ailments in childhood, etc.

£1/1/- to "Try It" (name supplied), West Heidelberg, Vic.

I DO not believe in periodical pilgrimages to the cemetery with bunches of flowers. Many people regard this as a ceremony to impress people with their love and loyalty. There are so many elderly people who would be delighted with that wasted time spent in their company. It would brighten their dull lives, and a gift of flowers would please them and be appreciated. My flowers, sympathetic greetings, and solicitude go to the living and not to the dead.

10/6 to "Rosalind" (name supplied), Houghton, S.A.

DURING last summer I was amazed to see how many smart young girls in their sleeveless or short-sleeved blouses and dresses lost their well-groomed, fastidious look as soon as they lifted their arms. In this modern age, with so many different chemical lotions for beautifying the fair sex, surely girls can try to get rid of those superfluous hairs which give a disgusting appearance to any girl as well as disappointing her admirers.

10/6 to "Spectator" (name supplied), Scarborough, W.A.

PERHAPS I'm old-fashioned, but it seems to me that occasions such as kitchen teas are becoming far too elaborate for what they are intended to be. Instead of the small, useful little article for the kitchen, everyone seems to try to outdo the other with the giving of presents more suitable as a wedding gift. I am sure that if kitchen teas reverted to the giving of inexpensive gifts which everyone can afford, there would be much more fun at these happy little occasions, instead of some feeling that one present does not compare with the others.

10/6 to "Rilla" (name supplied), Maryborough, Vic.

ONE often meets with rudeness when seeking an interview. On being sent to or ushered into an office, one finds that the person to be interviewed is busy writing, and one is left foolishly waiting while the writer goes busily on, not condescending to notice one's entry. Is this done so that the caller is reduced to a state of humility in their august presence? People who act like this are often busy and often sorely tried, but they are also unpardonably rude. Only necessity, not pleasure, makes people seek interviews, and time is valuable to us, too.

10/6 to Mrs. B. Lynn, Ingham, Qld.

ALWAYS at this time of the year we read in the papers of the sighs of relief and real rejoicing of city mothers because school is in. Do they ever give a thought to the country mother-teacher to whom "school's in" means twice as much work? What we country mothers do is have a hate session for an hour or two, then think of all the things we have to be thankful for, including the correspondence school and its helpful, patient teachers.

10/6 to "Country Mother" (name supplied), Glenrock, N.S.W.

MANY people are concerned by the trend of modern social entertaining. No one of normal perception would care to go back to the so-called "good old days," but there were some gracious features of life then which could well be emulated today, and one of them was thought for the comfort of one's guests. At a recent wedding I attended there was a wait of two hours between the ceremony and the reception. On this occasion the place where the reception was held provided no indoor accommodation for the guests until the bride arrived, and the guests waited out of doors in bitter, cold weather. One wonders why the majority of people invite guests at all if they have no thought for their well-being while showing them hospitality. The solution seems to be the taking of wedding photos at the church itself, or at a later date, or the holding of smaller and more intimate receptions at home, which most people find very enjoyable, and certainly much more comfortable.

10/6 to "Naomi Pneumonia" (name supplied), Adelaide.

Triers, at least

"OBSERVER'S" letter bemoaning the fact that churchgoers do not carry out their Christian principles (*The Australian Women's Weekly*, 31/8/55) recalls to my mind a story told recently by Rev. G. Powell, of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Sydney. A parishioner, he said, was asked by a church worker why he did not attend church. "There are too many hypocrites attending church," he said. "Well, come along, anyway," said the worker, "there's always room for one more." Don't let us be too hard on the regular churchgoer—at least, they're trying to improve. Christian means "followers of Christ," not wholly "Christ-like"—the best of us are only poor examples.

10/6 to (Mrs.) R. E. Hutchinson, Bondi, N.S.W.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MY problem was to keep a box of matches for my exclusive use in the kitchen—left alone I could make a box last nearly a month.

For a long time I had to put out a new box daily, and it disappeared just as regularly. I solved the problem by peeling off the two emery striking-strips, pasting them on a piece of board and putting the loose matches in a saucer.

If anyone takes a fancy to my particular supply, it's a case of carrying round a four-inch square of wood and a saucer. Nothing has been said about the change, but I notice I'm not robbed any more.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. C. (name supplied), Albany, W.A.



CAPE SCHANK (above), between Westernport and Port Phillip, named by Lieut. James Grant in 1800 after Captain Schank, designer of H.M.S. Nelson, in which Lieut. Grant explored the south-east coast of Victoria. Picture by John Lucas, Melbourne.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

See page 69 for Beautiful Australia gift book coupon.

FYAN'S CREEK VALLEY (below) at Hall's Gap in the Grampians, Victoria, with the Wonderland Range in the background. Major Mitchell named the mountains after the Scottish Grampians in 1836. This picture by Pat Carolan, of Brighton, Victoria.





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Leading hair
stylists say

KEEP IT SHORT

The world's top coiffeurs agree that short hair-do's will remain high fashion this summer. The hair may be curled with forehead interest, or straight and slightly longer. Becoming semi-chignon effects and small pin-on pieces for evening are variations of the small rounded head shape. The pictures and story on these pages give the latest news from the salons.



CRESCENT MOON short hair styles (left and above) feature hairline tendrils. The coiffure at left has smooth, uplifted sides and modified back treatment; the one above is forward-swept and freer. Both styles are modern and feminine.



ROUNDED HEADLINES. Both these styles stress the round shape of today's fashion. Note how the hair is cut and set to mould the head in a sheath of clinging shell-like curves.

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Hair fashion still hugs the head



CHIGNONS (real and make-believe). The elegant style (left above) features smoothness, a few wide waves, upward-drawn sides, and a modified back-lift. A strategic hair-piece shown immediately above transforms a daytime hair-do into an evening style.

Line and color are the two outstanding features of overseas hair fashion, says leading stylist Rene Henri, who designed these coiffures.

THE shortest distance between the feminine head and fashion is not a straight line at all, but a rounded one.

Mr. Henri, who recently returned from a world tour of beauty centres, considers the rounded look in hair styles more flattering and more feminine than any shape that has been in vogue for many years.

It's a versatile line, and once the hair has been carefully shaped is just as effective with shoulder-length hair as with short cuts.

Here is a brief outline (with pictures) of overseas hair trends. Sketches show the inspiration of the designs.

Hair styles are still short in Paris, but slightly longer than for some time. Fewer curls are evident, the top and back of the head may be quite smooth.

The majority of top hair-dressers in this centre of

fashion sponsor this new vogue.

Even when the hair is clipped at the nape, it is styled to a line that softens but does not blur the round outline of the head.

However, for the evening a short, sleek little coiffure won't do. The new glamor of Paris is a pretty colored chignon or a hair ornament as a finishing touch.

It is interesting that in Rome the so-called Italian-

By CAROLYN EARLE,
who recently returned from a visit to the U.S.

influence styles continue to enjoy fantastic popularity.

Once regarded as exclusively for the younger set, the basic Italian cut is now established as a style capable of endless variation and adaptable to almost any face.

The Italians claim that every woman, six or 65, can wear a version of this haircut. At the same time the wild, tousled effect of the original design is much less evident today.

If Europe seems lacking in new inspiration, the same cannot be said of America.

In the United States color has gone to the head in a big way, and there are several popular hair-lines.

When I was there recently longer-line fashions featuring back-of-the-head smoothness were being talked about. But generally the idea seems to be every woman for herself, to judge by the different hair styles there.

Glamor baths for the hair, very popular everywhere in America, are expected to become high fashion in Australia this summer.

These tints and rinses, which may be long-lasting or wash out of the hair with the next shampoo, are in smoky or drab tonings with names like pink silver (verging on orchid tones), red ginger (a cross between mahogany and dark titian), and silver smoke (a new color for white hair).

Ash tones are expected to replace platinum as first hair color-choice for blondes.

JAPANESE influence is seen in this attractive hair-do with a sophisticated squared-away smartness from the front.



Remember someone to-day...



Is today someone's birthday? You know a box of "Old Gold" would be appreciated.



Remember that good deed Mrs. "Next-Door" did for you. A box of "Old Gold" would be a pleasant surprise.



Perhaps it's an anniversary. Let "Old Gold" express your affection.



Maybe young Margaret's school work deserves a little reward — she'd be thrilled with "Old Gold".

Say it with "Old Gold" — express your affection . . . appreciation . . . and good taste. Every ½-lb. box of "Old Gold" contains 24 chocolates . . . including 17 different varieties. Also available in 1-lb. and special 2-lb. boxes.



"Say it with 'Old Gold'!" — Australia's favourite assortment.



If you think Milk Chocolates would be preferred — give MacRobertson's "Romance". A delightful box of 24 chocolates — with soft and hard centres, coated with smooth milk chocolate.



A great favourite — a box of MacRobertson's "Scorched Almonds". Finest-quality roasted almonds, lavishly coated with smooth milk chocolate. A lovely surprise gift.



"Clematis" — an attractive tin containing 2-lbs. of fine dark and milk chocolates, each piece gaily wrapped in foil and cellophane.



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*New Sky Atlas
should help
solve secrets
of the stars*

ISLAND UNIVERSE of stars which form part of a sky atlas being compiled in America. This galaxy is Andromeda, a twin of the Milky Way, that holds the earth and its sun.

Professional star-gazers have just come out with some heartening news for persons who want to conquer space. It appears that the Space-men of Tomorrow will never run out of fresh worlds to conquer. There are more stars in the sky than man will ever know.

THAT is the underlying significance of an announcement by the National Geographic Society and the California Institute of Technology that the first section of a new giant atlas of the universe is now ready.

It is the fruit of nearly seven years' work by the National Geographic Society-Palomar Observatory Sky Survey. Three-quarters of the sky has now been mapped out to an unprecedented depth in space of 600 million light years.

One light year is about six million million miles.

"Already," said John Oliver La Gorce, president of the National Geographic Society, "the new atlas has revealed things about the cosmos we never knew before. New comets, near neighbors of the earth, have been found. One faint wanderer circles the sun in only two and a third years, a short round trip compared to those comets.

"Tiny asteroids, mountain-sized chunks of rock, have been spotted on Sky Atlas plates, flying through the solar system like baby planets.

"One cuts across the earth's orbit. Although six others like it are known, astronomers say there is scant likelihood any of them will ever collide with the earth."

Mr. La Gorce raised another mystery which the new atlas may help solve—the origin of the radio signals from outer space which radio-astronomers have recently been investigating.

Palomar astronomers, using Sky Survey plates, have identified some of the signals as coming from galaxies in collision.

And what of the ultimate mystery, the origin of the universe itself?

Mr. La Gorce said: "One of the questions confronting astronomers today is whether the entire universe is constantly and rapidly expanding.

"A quarter of a century ago it was found that distant galaxies not only seem to be speeding away from us, but

GIANT TELESCOPE. Big Schmidt, which Palomar Observatory has used in making the Sky Survey. The Schmidt photographs large sections of the sky for the new survey.

that the farther away they are the faster they appear to recede. If this direct relationship between distance and space should hold true in all parts of space, it would mean that the entire universe is exploding. If all distant bodies actually are rushing away from each other, does this mean they all come from a common centre in some cataclysmic 'birth of the universe'?

"If so, it should be possible to calculate backward and learn how long ago it all began."

The Sky Atlas, said Mr. La Gorce, might help answer such questions. It would also help determine whether the universe could ever be explored entirely.

"If the universe is expanding at an ever-increasing rate," he said, "there must be a point at which celestial bodies begin racing away faster than their light can return.

"Such bodies can never be seen by man, no matter how powerful the telescopes he builds.

"Thus the Sky Atlas may point towards an ultimate, uncrossable barrier to man's visual probing of the unknown.

"But meanwhile it has thrust his frontier farther out than ever before. It is the closest he has ever come to devising what

Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, chairman of the Board of the National Geographic Society, called 'a portrait of creation.'

Mapping for the atlas was done by means of a telescope known to astronomers as the Big Schmidt — after its inventor, German optical genius Bernhard Schmidt, who devised a lens capable of photographing very large areas of the sky with virtually no distortion of the image.

HORSESHOE NEBULA, the dark projection here, is part of the constellation Orion. The flaming patches are very hot stars. These pictures will form part of the Sky Atlas.

Big Schmidt is in effect a gigantic wide-angle camera. Its aperture lens is 48 inches across and its reflecting mirror 72 inches across.

This wide eye to the stars captures on a single photographic plate a sweep of sky equal to 200 full moons. At the same time it records all stars down to a brightness of one-millionth that of the faintest star the naked eye can see.

It could catch the glow of a candle 10,000 miles away.

Yet this is not powerful as such instruments go . . . the 200-inch Hale telescope, also installed at the Palomar Observatory, can "see" about three times as far as Big Schmidt.

But the Hale's field of view is only about one-fourth the area of the full moon. To do the mapping job with the Hale would be somewhat like charting the ocean bottom with weighted lines. What Big Schmidt has done in seven years would take 10,000 years with the Hale.

The completed atlas will comprise 1758 photomaps. It will cost 2000 dollars (£A903) per copy. About 100 have been ordered by various observatories and institutions around the world.

Each plate of the Sky Atlas is 14in. square. Laid out together the whole map would be the size of a tennis court—the universe, in short, cut down to manageable size.

Priceless original plates now are locked three floors below ground in Pasadena, California. A duplicate set is safely buried beneath the huge dome of the Hale telescope.

Many of the space regions photographed in this mapping project have never been seen before by astronomers. Thus the atlas will offer new clues to the size of the universe, how it is made up, how old it is. New celestial bodies—comets, asteroids, stars, island galaxies like the Milky Way—have come to light.

The new atlas will provide astronomers with "an astronomical Bible for 100 years," one expert predicted.

From the Sky Survey, astronomers will more clearly determine the shape of the Milky Way, earth's home galaxy.

Far beyond in outer space there are galaxies similar to the Milky Way. Sometimes they group in clusters. Whereas only a scant three dozen such clusters were known before the Sky Survey, now more than a thousand have been found. They may point to a new general law of nature governing the organisation of matter in the universe.

The atlas maps a volume of space at least twenty-five times as large as ever before charted. It reveals so many billions of heavenly bodies that they may never be counted.

For many decades to come the atlas will be pointing the way to new worlds in space.

THE RED FANTAIL (*Rhipidura rufifrons*) is found on the northern and eastern coast of Australia and New Guinea. It is a pretty, quick-moving bird. The pictures below show the bird feeding its young.



It must be . . .



almost time . . .



for . . .



breakfast!

Some Beautiful Australian Birds



LEWIN HONEYEATER (*Meliphaga lewini*), also called yellow-eared honeyeater, is named after John W. Lewin, naturalist and artist, who published a book on "Birds of New Holland" in 1808. Found in eastern Australia in rain forests and dense, wooded areas, they make their cup-shaped nests of fibre. Their breeding season is from September to January.



DUSKY WOOD-SWALLOW (*Artamus cyanopterus*) is found throughout most of Australia and Tasmania in open forests, particularly in ringbarked country. It is noted for its graceful and soaring flight. Its nest is a rather frail structure of twigs placed in a cleft in the side of a tree or on top of a stump at any height up to 60 feet. Breeds September to January.



BLACK-FACED FLYCATCHER (*Monarcha melanopsis*) is found in eastern Australia from Cape York to north-eastern Victoria and New Guinea in rain forests. Their nests are a deep cup of fibres prettily covered with green moss. They breed in summer from November to February, usually laying two spotted white eggs.



WHITE-EARED HONEYEATER (*Meliphaga leucotis*) is found in eastern and southern Australia in heathlands and open forest. Their nests are an open cup built usually in low shrub, lined with fur. This bird will often alight on one's head and endeavor to remove hair for nest lining. Breeds July to December, laying sparsely-spotted eggs.



SPOTTED DIAMOND BIRD (*Pardalotus punctatus*) is found in eastern and southern Australia and Tasmania in open forests. They make their nests by excavating a tunnel some 12 inches in a bank and build at the end a domed nest of bark fibres. They breed from July until December and have a clutch of four eggs.



BRUSH WATTLE BIRD (*Anthochaera chrysoptera*) is found in southern Queensland, Victoria, South Australia, south-western Australia, and Tasmania. Their open nests of fine twigs are often found in banksia trees. Breeding season is July to December and occasionally in autumn. There are usually two pinkish, spotted eggs.



BROWN PIGEON (*Macropygia phasianella*) is found in coastal northern Australia to southern New South Wales; also the Philippine Islands and New Guinea in rain forests. It eats native berries. Its nest is a scanty platform of sticks. Breeding varies from October to December. There are usually one or two eggs.



SCARLET HONEYEATERS (*Mysomela sanguinolenta*), also known as Blood Birds, are one of the smallest of the honeyeaters. They are found in the rain forests and open forests of eastern Australia. Their nests are tiny cups of fibres placed in the leaves of a tree from 10 to 20 feet from the ground. They breed September to January.

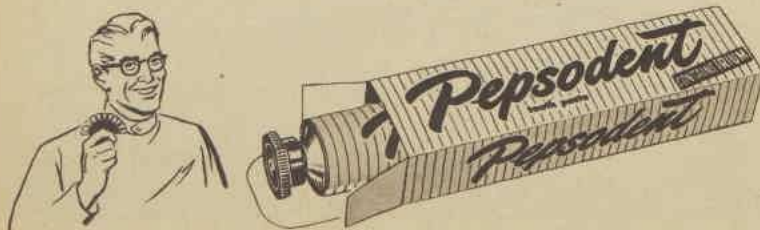
SMILE? *She never should!*



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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Mind if I watch, dear? I won't say a word."

MOTHER



"And when this old wolf had eaten up all the cakes he went to the refrigerator, and . . . are you listening, Mum?"

It seems to me

NINETY-NINE mornings out of a hundred when I walk to the bus stop, a distance of about 100 yards, I might as well be wearing blinkers.

On the hundredth morning, when the sun is shining, when I have had time to drink three cups of tea while reading the paper, when I have found an ironed blouse and both gloves without difficulty, I regard the scenery with fresh interest.

The scenery consists mostly of shop windows, but it is enlivened by the florist's cat and the fruit-stall cat.

These cats are both black, both extremely vain, and they sit outside their domains waiting for the admiration of such passers-by as are fully conscious when setting out for work.

The florist's cat sits against a background of iceland poppies; the fruit-stall cat is no less aware of his effect with rows of oranges above him.

Both of them have been there for years. Probably they have inspired, in their time, a million hopes of lottery wins.

Personally, I am somewhat rigid in my superstitious outlook. I don't consider a regular black cat to be lucky in the same degree as a chance one.

No, the florist's cat and the fruit-stall cat must be regarded as adornments to an October morning. One must hope for no other rewards from them.

COMING home at night, I always see an entirely different set of shops from those of the morning.

At night one's mind tends to run on food, so that the delicatessen and cake shop windows take on a fresh lustre.

The one I like best is the fish shop.

Most of us think that nothing is ever so big and beautiful as it was in childhood.

From this I except prawns. Prawns nowadays are of a magnificence which no exaggeration of memory can surpass.

In these new giant economy sizes they make a very pretty sight along with the lobsters.

Come to think of it, if the black cats do go for a stroll, I'll bet they gaze on the display with even more pleasure than I do.

THE other day I saw a Danish brand of packaged cheese labelled "Little Dorrit" and described as suitable for eating with cocktails.

The manufacturer may know his cheese, but, though it is years since I read "Little Dorrit" I doubt he knows his Dickens.

Like most of Dickens' heroines, Little Dorrit was an excessively modest and gentle creature. Even had she lived 100 years later, she would never, I think, have attended a cocktail party.

David Copperfield's Dora might conceivably grace such a gathering, though I fear that one drink would go to her head. But certainly not Little Dorrit or Florence Dombey.

By



Dorothy Drann

IF you're decorating or redecorating your home, you had better not read the piece I've just seen in an American magazine.

Written by a psychiatrist, Milton R. Sapirstein, it expounds the theory that decorating is the activity most likely to cause a mental breakdown in a woman. So far, so good. Anybody who has the painters in at this moment may agree that the doctor has something. But he goes further, far into that dark region of psychology which is often best left alone.

"As a car is the symbol of masculinity," he writes, "so is the home the symbol of femininity."

And, "Decorating a home seems to present women with a challenge comparable, in some respects, with the challenge war makes to men."

He claims that the furnishings a woman chooses expose her personality and secret fears for all to see.

Some of the conclusions he draws are, regrettably, unsuitable for quotation in a family newspaper.

Among the quotable is his theory that women without curves tend to favor cushiony, curvy furniture as a compensation. (Or they may hide their longing for curves by sticking to straight lines.)

He tells the story of a bow-legged woman, conscious of her defect, who at first chose bow-legged furniture. It worried her, so she switched to things with delicate straight legs.

These disturbed her even more, so she settled for modern tables and chairs set on blocks instead of legs, and recovered from her neurosis.

The whole thing troubles me, because last year I ordered a new chair-cover. When it came home I didn't like it, took it off the chair, and jammed it away in a cupboard, where it still is.

At the time I thought it merely proved that I was not a good chooser of materials.

Now, though the doctor doesn't cite a parallel instance, the incident seems sinister.

If there's a psychiatrist in the audience he can keep his analyses to himself, thank you.

DURING the recent revolution in the Argentine, an Army general who transferred his troops to the rebel side said he did so because he admired the patriotism and fighting spirit of the rebels.

The life of a soldier is often rough, And he follows rules that are trying. Like fighting a cause, no matter how tough,

And sometimes, if needful, dying.

But here is a notion bold and new, Who follows rules that are longest.

Forget your romantic point of view, And switch to the side that's strongest!

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PURE WOOL CLOTHS



CAT-LOVER Catherine Gaskin with some of the cats her fans brought to welcome her to Stockholm during her lecture tour of Sweden and Denmark.

Writing is just a job to noted author

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

Young Australian novelist Catherine Gaskin, author of seven best-sellers, is determined not to let writing stop her from enjoying life.

CATHERINE returns home this week for her first "real holiday" after seven years abroad.

"Writing is a career like any other," she said. "But I don't intend to let it absorb me."

Catherine Gaskin, now 26, refuses to burn midnight oil and to wait for "inspiration" before starting to write. Nor does she allow her current book to dominate her thoughts and her life.

Catherine's London home is a Thames-side flat which she shares with her sister, Moira ("Pip"), also a novelist.

This is as smart as any "design for living" in a glossy magazine, with a mixture of contemporary and antique furniture, deep, comfortable settees, good paintings, and shelves of books.

Catherine's bedroom is a girl's dream, with built-in furniture and a dressing-table

with fitted drawers holding beauty aids.

But the other end of the bedroom is where Catherine the career girl works. There a very modern table holds a typewriter under a white plastic cover, and in the drawers are filed the documentation of years of research.

"Pip is my most severe critic. She edits my work and never hesitates to use a blue pencil," Catherine said.

"I never work in the evening because there is so much to do in London. I go to the theatre, to concerts, and to the ballet.

"And often I have supper parties here when we get back."

The young author has very few girl-friends. "Having Pip is wonderful; she supplies all the feminine company I need," she said. "I like young Englishmen, preferably ones who don't write, and I like

them because they have such an appreciation of all that is fine in life.

"It keeps me on my toes intellectually.

"I love good conversation, and I find that outside a literary circle.

"I like picnics and drives in the country, dancing and good food, whether in a home or a restaurant. I like to try out new dishes and wear romantic clothes, and I find that if I spend my life with other writers we just sit and talk about one another's work.

"No typist would spend her free time talking about the day's work, and that is how I feel about mine."

Catherine has collected a big wardrobe for her holiday — frocks from London and Paris, hats from Italy, and plans to buy her jewellery in New York.

Catherine is coming home through the U.S.A., where she will appear on television.

"I left Australia when I was 19, and promised myself that as soon as I could afford to I would go back," said Catherine. "I'm no expatriate."

She can certainly afford to now—her last novel, "Sara Dane," earned £20,000. "That includes film rights."

"Sara Dane" is at present being scripted and will go into production at the Elstree Studios about next March. It will be filmed in technicolor and CinemaScope.

Before she left for Australia, Catherine saw the film script.

"And that is all the work I am doing this summer," she smiled. "I've been completely lazy, done very little writing, and am thoroughly enjoying myself."

Her next book, another historical novel, is "Blake's Reach." It covers two days during the French Revolution.

"I've written 40,000 words, but I'm not doing another tap until I've had my holiday," she said.

"Neither am I going to do any work while I am in Australia. I'm just going to drink in the whole country."

"Drinking in the country," to Catherine Gaskin, means gathering material for further novels.

"My next one — when I've finished 'Blake's Reach' — will be written around the period of the beginning of the gold rush, so I'm going to have a holiday at Ballarat.

"After that I shall visit Tasmania, as I plan another historical novel based on the early days of settlement there."

Catherine has blue eyes, dark hair, and peaches-and-cream skin. She is only five feet tall.

"Too pretty to write all those books," was the first reaction of the Danes when she toured Denmark.

"I lectured on Australia," she said, "and I've been appalled ever since on how little I knew."



AUSTRALIAN AUTHOR Catherine Gaskin in her London flat before leaving for Australia. Dozens of china and glassware cats share the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves with a large library of modern fiction and reference.

Scholarship winner

Our £500 prize will give overseas training to young dancer

By HELEN GORDON,
staff reporter

Pretty, 15-year-old Marilyn Jones, of Newcastle, N.S.W., winner of The Australian Women's Weekly's Grand Ballet Scholarship, is described by the adjudicators as "a talented young dancer with ballerina qualities, and a great future as a prima ballerina."

THE scholarship examination was held recently in Sydney as part of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

Commenting on the scholarship entrants, the adjudicators, Miss Margaret Scott and Miss Consuelo Alba, said: "The winner has the long neck,

slim, straight legs, and general good stage appearance which are so important to a dancer.

"We feel she has great possibilities which tuition at Sadler's Wells will fully develop."

The scholarship entitles Marilyn to become a student at the Sadler's Wells School

of Ballet. She will receive £200 to cover her fares to England, and £300 when she arrives in England to commence her studies.

When Miss Margaret Scott announced the scholarship results to the excited audience in the Empire Theatre, Sydney, Marilyn was too overwhelmed to do anything but smile and gasp.

The other three finalists—Jannette Liddell, 20, of Melbourne, and Marilyn's ballet classmates, Barbara Krouthen, 16, of Sydney, and Margaret Lyons, 15, of Sydney, crowded around her, kissed and hugged her, and pushed her out on to the stage to receive her certificate in her stocking feet.

"Lucky kid," they said. "Isn't it wonderful?"

In the confusion of congratulations and kisses Marilyn mislaid her certificate, and was nearly in tears because she thought she would not be able to collect the prize.

When she learned that the certificate didn't really matter, Marilyn was happy again, but still a little dazed.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I just can't believe it. I don't know what to say."

"Going to England! ME! Dancing at Sadler's Wells! I've dreamed about that. I might even see Margot Fonteyn, my favorite dancer. It's too much to realise all at once. I feel awful in the stomach just thinking about it."

"I haven't thought about when I'll go. I haven't had time to think about that. Mum might come with me. Would you like to go to England, Mummy?"

Looking as starry-eyed and bewildered as her daughter, Mrs. Jones said: "England? I don't know. I'd like to. I haven't thought about it. You were lovely, dear."

Encouraged by her mother, Marilyn has been studying ballet since she was four years old.

"When I was two I didn't walk properly—I was always standing and walking on my demi-points, you know, on tip-toe. Mum thought that might be significant, so when I was old enough she had me taught."

Since she left school Marilyn has spent all her time studying and teaching ballet.

She travels from Newcastle to Sydney four times a week to study at the Lorraine Norton Studio, and uses her spare time to teach ballet to a small group of beginners.

All scholarship competitors danced two solos—one clas-

sical and one demi-character solo of their own choosing.

Marilyn danced an adaptation from "Sonata" to music by Chopin for her classical solo, and "The Little Heath Rose" to Schubert for her demi-character. She wore costumes made by her mother.

Another finalist, Jannette Liddell, who is principal corymba dancer with the "Paint Your Wagon" company in Adelaide, took three days' leave to fly to Sydney and dance a variation from "Aurora's Wedding" and a demi-character solo based on "Jedda."

"The people in the company bullied me into working for the scholarship," she said. "They were wonderful. Everyone helped in making my costume. Helene Pirance arranged the choreography for me and scored some of John Antill's music for my 'Jedda' dance."

"That I've done as well as I have in getting as far as the finals is all due to the people in the company."

"It's nice to be back at the Empire. I met my fiancé, Darryl Stewart, here when we were both playing in 'South Pacific.' I was Liat, the native girl, and he played Lieut. Cable for a while."

As Jannette waited backstage for her turn to dance, the Empire's stagehands and electricians came over to wish her luck.

"She's a good kid," they said.

"It's just like being home again," Jannette said.

Third-place winner, 16-year-old Barbara Krouthen, of Forest Lodge, who danced "Ballade" and "Dance of the Red Shoes," comes from a ballet-conscious family.

"My grandmother says she was a ballet dancer," Barbara said, "but I don't think she was a real ballet dancer. She had something to do with circus, and she can still do the splits at 62."

"My mother wanted to learn ballet when she was quite young, but her father was a strict, old-fashioned Irishman who didn't approve of it."

"Mum coaxed him into taking her to the ballet one night, but it was very unlucky. One of the dancers lost her tutu on stage, and that was the end of it for Mum."

The adjudicators' general comments on the scholarship competitors were criticisms of the girls' teachers rather than of the dancers.

They said: "Music was often badly chosen. The dancer would be dancing quite serenely while the music worked up to a crescendo that only a stageful of dancers, working hard, could sustain."

"The standard of the classical solos was quite high, but the demi-character solos, on the whole, were not well arranged."



ADJUDICATORS Miss Margaret Scott (left) and Miss Consuelo Alba congratulate shoeless winner Marilyn Jones. Marilyn removed her toe shoes to rest her feet, had no time to replace them before receiving her certificate.



FINALIST Jannette Liddell, of Melbourne, wore brown greasepaint, peach-colored tights, and an emerald-green wrap-around tunic for her demi-character solo, based on the aboriginal girl, "Jedda," from the Australian film.



BACKSTAGE, Sydney finalists Margaret Lyons, of Artamon, and Barbara Krouthen, of Forest Lodge, practise their steps while waiting for their turn to dance their solos.



WINNER of the £500 Australian Women's Weekly Grand Ballet scholarship Marilyn Jones holds a classical pose in the pink-and-green costume she wore for her demi-character solo. Marilyn is 15 and comes from Newcastle.



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The table linen at the front of the photograph shows some of the decorative applications of the Borletti Zig Zag movement.

By moving the levers grouped on the right of the machine the needle can form stitches forwards, backwards or sideways. This close grouping of levers unique on the Borletti makes it extremely easy to concentrate on the fabric itself while creating a steady flow of fancy stitches like these.

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AUSTRALIAN spastic girl Shirley Keene at her news editor's desk of Spastic Society News, London.

A chronicler of courage

By
ROSE MARY
WILTON

Spastic Australian artist Shirley Keene, who came to London three-and-a-half years ago to study art, has made her name in another field — journalism.

SHIRLEY has become news editor and chief reporter on the "Spastic Society News," a bright little paper with a growing circulation of 12,000.

To Shirley this is more than success—it's a personal triumph over physical handicap and shyness which enables her to move easily in the rush-and-tumble newspaper world where meeting new people is all in a day's work.

It's a job demanding poise, personality, and alertness.

And this 30-year-old spastic—a blue-eyed blonde—has proved she has them all.

Shirley's life-long struggle for elusive self-confidence was a losing battle when she first arrived in London. For she couldn't find a job at all, let alone a job which was at all mentally stimulating.

"Nobody wanted a spastic," Shirley said simply. "Eventually I got work examining cheques in a nice printing office. But, believe me, it was not a very satisfying way to earn a living."

Shirley stayed in this job for three years. Annual trips to the Continent relieved the monotony, and she worked at nights and weekends to send

home weekly stories to an Adelaide daily newspaper.

She steered clear of tourists' delights, and wrote about the lesser-known attractions—the quaint church in Chelsea where residents are encouraged to bring their pets to church, and the Saturday morning hustle and bustle in the "barrow" markets.

Her quick, alive sketches, full of humor, caught the atmosphere of these places.

To be quite ready for opportunity when it came, Shirley began a rigid "improve-yourself" campaign whenever she felt depressed.

She haunted art exhibitions (she had won art scholarships in Adelaide at the age of twelve, and had her first exhibition at 22), read books by the hundreds, shopped, and did all her own housework.

She learnt to type—a painfully slow process for a spastic requiring lots of concentration.

The executive position of news editor on the "Spastic Society News" six months ago did not just fall into Shirley's lap. She fought for it.

"In the end they gave in because I screamed so hard," she laughed. "Months ago I wouldn't have dared—so it was a pretty good sign of confidence."

Shirley proved more capable than she had dared hope.

She brought out her first paper practically alone—the big Christmas appeal was on, and no one had time to help her much.

Items in the paper include film news, spastic success stories, spastic activities in Australia, "easier ways for a spastic to use eye make-up," etc.

Shirley feels sure that her trips to the Continent helped her to gain confidence in herself.

"The people are so natural," she says. "For instance, if they notice my hand shaking, they stare at me with interest and ask why."

"I'm more self-conscious in England, where people seem embarrassed and look away. They sneak a second look when they think I'm unaware."

Shirley wants to do a lot more painting before she returns to Australia.

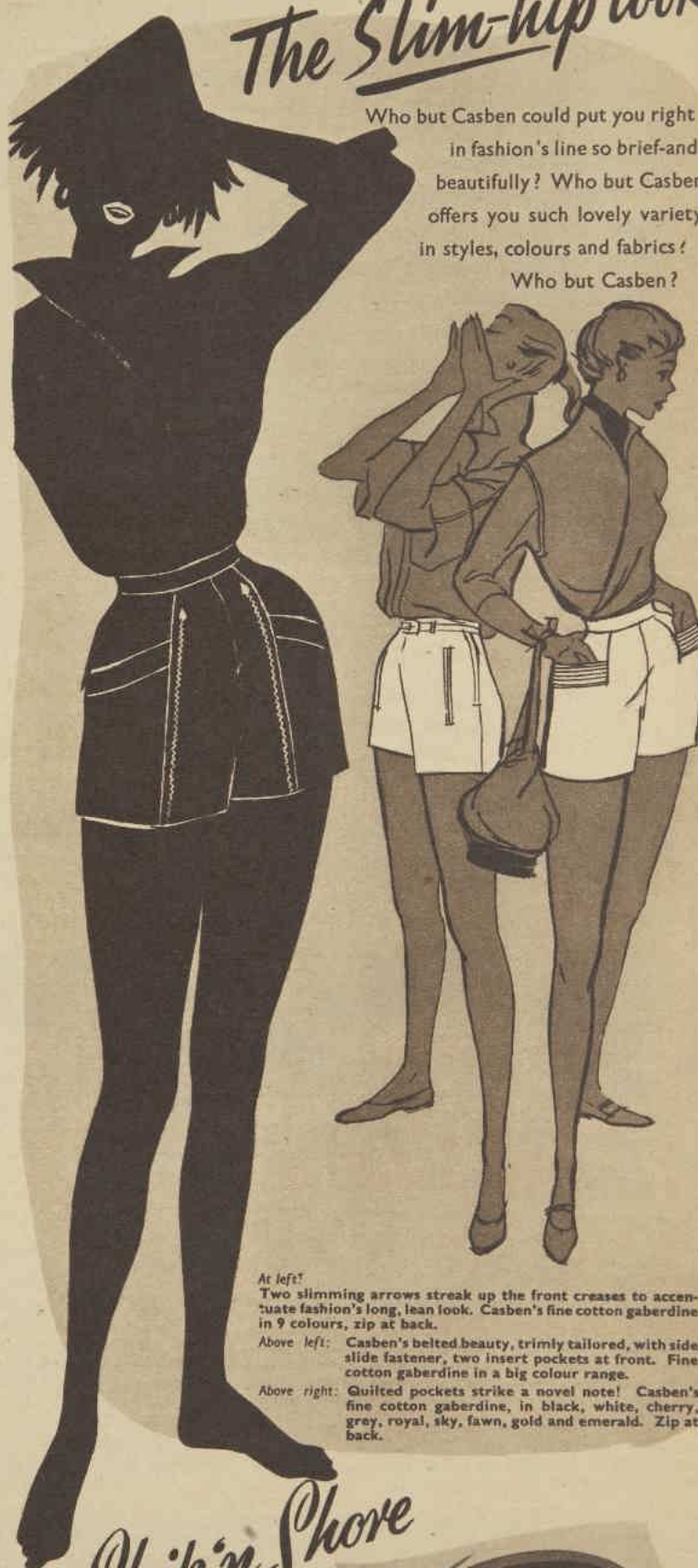
If things progress at the present speed she will probably go home a "successful artist abroad"—as well as journalist. She may also be a "fashion plate."

For she designs her own clothes on the latest fashion lines. "It's terribly important to dress well," Shirley says.

"You see, there's always the chance someone may be staring at me because I'm attractive, and NOT because I'm a spastic!"

Choose the shorts with *The Slim-hip look*

Who but Casben could put you right in fashion's line so brief-and-beautifully? Who but Casben offers you such lovely variety in styles, colours and fabrics? Who but Casben?



At left: Two slimming arrows streak up the front creases to accentuate fashion's long, lean look. Casben's fine cotton gaberdine in 9 colours, zip at back.

Above left: Casben's belted beauty, trimly tailored, with side slide fastener, two insert pockets at front. Fine cotton gaberdine in a big colour range.

Above right: Quilted pockets strike a novel note! Casben's fine cotton gaberdine, in black, white, cherry, grey, royal, sky, fawn, gold and emerald. Zip at back.

Ship 'n' Shore
PLAYCLOTHES
BY

Designed by
Stylist Ackerman



AT FASHION STORES EVERYWHERE

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6 delicious big helpings of Carnation Jelly Whip for less than 2/- ...

CARNATION MILK, jelly crystals, hot water — that's all! Couldn't be simpler, couldn't be quicker — and you get at least six big serves of pure goodness. Let the kiddies come again — there's nothing finer for them than dishes made with delicious Carnation Milk, double-rich and country-fresh!

RECIPE

All you need for this generous family dessert is

- 1 packet jelly crystals or tablet (any flavour you like)
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup icy-cold Carnation Milk.

Dissolve jelly crystals in the boiling water, allow to cool until thick and syrupy. Whip chilled Carnation Milk until thick, and then blend in jelly mixture. Allow to set.



More delicious summer sweets . . quickly, inexpensively made with double-rich Carnation Milk.



STRAWBERRY SURPRISE: Delectable, and so simple. Dissolve 1 packet strawberry (or any other flavour) jelly crystals in 1 cup of boiling water. Beat an egg with two tablespoons sugar. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Carnation Milk with half cup of cold water, add to egg and sugar. Beat into jelly while warm. Add passion fruit if desired. Set in ice chest or refrigerator. The family won't let you forget this one!



LEMON DELIGHT: Here's a recipe you simply must try! Dissolve 1 packet lemon (or other) jelly crystals and quarter cup sugar in boiling water. Add two tablespoons lemon juice. Allow to cool. Whip one cup chilled Carnation Milk until stiff, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, whip until very stiff. Add jelly mixture, whip until fluffy. Fold in 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Chill until set. Result — pure delight!



JELLIED ICE CREAM: Chill 1 tin Carnation Milk in freezing tray until soft crystals form through milk. Meantime, dissolve 1 packet jelly crystals (we used Pineapple) in half cup boiling water. Allow to cool. Whip Carnation Milk until stiff, add jelly and one tablespoon sugar. Whip 1 minute. Freeze rapidly. Makes two full trays of wonderful, melt-in-the-mouth ice cream with your favourite fruit jelly flavour.

Carnation MILK

from contented cows.

Carnation is fresh liquid milk . . . pure, wholesome, unsweetened country milk. Only water has been removed to condense it to double richness. If the recipe calls for milk, use Carnation

to add smooth, creamy, extra nourishment and flavour to all your cooking. Buy three tins from your grocer today — one for cooking, one for creaming, one as a standby.

Available in two convenient sizes: the tall 14½ oz. economy size and the new 6 oz. table size, perfect for creaming and small-family meals.



PREMISES COMING DOWN
REMOVING 92
NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY
TO SECURE BARGAINS

OLD PICTURE shows Edmund Coote outside the store he founded with William Angus in 1895. In the early years of this century the firm moved to the second of their three sites, all in George Street, Sydney.

When love laughed at locksmiths

By AINSLIE BAKER,
staff reporter

In 1895, when wedding rings were half an inch wide and sentiments such as "This and the giver are thine forever" were frequently inscribed inside them, two young Scotsmen opened a jewellery store in George Street, Sydney.

"Hearts united, live contented."

UNCERTAIN of their reception, they prudently placed in the tiny window additional stock—a number of pairs of Indiana socks and other mercery.

Next month, the jewellery firm still bearing their names, Angus and Coote, will celebrate its diamond jubilee. It has grown from a single-fronted 12ft.-wide shop to a six stories and basement.

To Edmund Coote, the jeweller and engraver (William Angus was the watch-maker), fell the task of engraving the popular sentiments of the day on the rings and brooches he and his partner soon began to sell in gratifying quantities.

The firm's records show that among the most popular were "Our love be so, No ending know," "Where hearts agree, There will thee be," and

Edmund Coote did the job while the customer waited. It was also his helpful custom to leave his bicycle propped up against a lamp-post outside the shop, so that if anything wanted was out of stock he could pop out and get it from a warehouse.

The enterprising young Scotsmen tagged their enterprise "The Reform Price Jewellers." It worked up a profitable clientele among gold-miners, who sent nuggets to be mounted in the centre of crossed-pick-and-shovel brooches for their womenfolk.

"Diamond engagement rings cost from £3, and if the diamond was small you could have a ruby or garnet on either side to build it up," said Mr. Mark Barnett, now the firm's general manager.

It was not the fashion for ladies to accompany their betrothed when the engagement ring was bought. The appearance of the ring frequently accompanied the proposal of marriage.

At left and below are some items from the jewellery catalogue of 1913. The accompanying descriptions reflect the unselfconscious sentiment and health fads of the era before World War I.

The Engagement Brooch, "Love Laughs at Locksmiths"



NOTE—This design represents the triumph of love over all obstacles. The handle of the key is a scroll on which the date of the engagement will be engraved free, while to represent the lower end of the key, we will have the two initials of the engaged pair. This brooch will be beautifully made in 14ct gold for the reasonable price of 25/-, in form an ideal engagement gift.



NOTE—Four Heart and Locket "Kiss Design," a very romantic sentiment. The heart is made of 14ct gold, and the locket will hold a photo, miniature, or gemstone. 35/-



NOTE—Rhematic Ring, made in the shape of a wedding ring. Price, 5/-



NOTE—Reverend Mother's Style Rhematic Ring of superior appearance. This Ring is a 3 x 3 1/2 size and is made in 14ct gold. Price, 4/-

Rhematic Rings

For Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia

A TRUE NERVE STIMULANT

These rings are scientifically made from specially prepared metals, with little and copper wire forming a complete electrical battery. They may be worn on any finger.

The medical treatment of the finger connects the body, causing a gentle current of electricity to circulate throughout the whole body, thus relieving the nerve and muscles. This mild continuous current is electrically put out and stimulates the blood and nerves, but does not have a harmful effect upon the mind. Every day a Rhematic Ring should be removed from the finger and cleaned on the inside to remove any perspiration or very fine emery chain. It is allowed to corrode, in warm water, therefore the inside of the ring is made of the best metal. Water will not affect its curative properties. There is no pain in the system. Water will not affect its curative properties. There is no pain in the system. Water will not affect its curative properties. There is no pain in the system.

We have four different styles of Rhematic Rings, so that those who want something a little bit out of the ordinary need not confine themselves to the old style, electric plain ring. All these rings look like gold, and will last for years, retaining their curative properties. May be had in any size to suit a man or woman.



with back-breaking drudgery...
and steamy-hot laundries!



IN WITH THE FAMOUS HOOVER washer

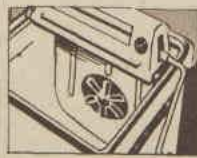
WHY MORE WOMEN OWN A HOOVER
THAN ANY OTHER WASHER



It does big washes faster. You can fit a full week's wash for the family into an hour or so. When you've finished, the Hoover rolls out of the way—into a corner.



It washes cleaner than you can by hand. An exclusive Pulsator set in the side of the tub gently loosens the dirt with an action exactly like boiling. No pre-soaking or rubbing is needed.



There's nothing to stretch or tear the clothes. In the Hoover it is the Pulsator that does the work: it never comes in contact with the clothes but sends the soapy water surging through them.



It is easily filled and empties itself. Filled direct from the water tap by a length of rubber tubing. Empties in two minutes by means of an automatic pump built into the machine.

The greatest
household blessing of all!

Why be a slave to dreary washdays when a few shillings a week can bring you a Hoover and set you free! No other purchase at anything like the price could add so much to your life. With over 50 makes of washers on the market it's easy to pay more and get far less. So remember these facts: Hoover gives you Australia's fastest washday, Australia's whitest wash and Australia's No. 1 washer value. That's why more women own a Hoover than any other make. Talk it over with your husband! He knows Hoover means sound engineering—it's a name he trusts.

ONLY £66/15/-

Easy Terms of just a few shillings per week



The washer that
husbands prefer to buy
... because they know
and trust the name of
HOOVER

HW.27.WW143e

Page 25



ENGAGED. Sara Hordern and Baillieu Myer, who announced their engagement in Melbourne during Show Week, at "Kamillaroi," home of Sara's grandmother, Mrs. Clive Baillieu. They plan to marry in Sydney in December.



LEAVING St. Mark's, Darling Point, are Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Finlay. Reception was held at the Rose Bay home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Lennox Teece.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE, Dr. Lennox Teece, escorts his daughter, Prudence, up the steps of St. Mark's, Darling Point, for her wedding with Mervyn Finlay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Finlay, of Woollahra.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE family engagement party for Sara Hordern and Baillieu Myer was held at "Kamillaroi," Melbourne home of Sara's grandmother, Mrs. Clive Baillieu. It held memories for Sara's mother, Mrs. Sam Hordern, because, as June Baillieu, she was married from "Kamillaroi."

Sara is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern, of Bellevue Hill, and Baillieu is the son of Mrs. Sidney Baillieu Myer, of Toorak, Melbourne, and the late Mr. Sidney Myer.

The engagement was not altogether a surprise... for several months "Bails" has been wearing down the airways between Melbourne and Sydney. He's received an amusing telegram from the airway terminal saying, "Don't expect to see you so often now. Congratulations."

LADY SLIM, wife of the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, will be the guest of the A.J.C. committee at luncheon on Derby Day, October 1, at Randwick. On behalf of the committee, Mrs. Alan Potter—who is the wife of the A.J.C. chairman—will welcome more than forty guests. The luncheon will be held in the Queen's Room, first used during the Royal visit last year.

MORE than twenty charms collected from every country she visited are a fascinating reminder of six months' tour for Cecily Fynmore, of Vaucluse. Cecily and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fynmore, arrived home last week in the Dominion Monarch. Cecily tells me that Scotland was her favorite port of call. Although the Fynmores spent only four days there, they certainly managed to see a lot of the country... travelling by car, they covered two hundred miles each day.

THERE'LL be a very pretty wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on October 5, when Diana Berkman and Lloyd Martin are married. Diana has chosen an all-white wedding, with the only touches of color in the pink bouquets carried by her three bridesmaids—Jan Ryder, Ann Dunlop, and Ann Barr. Diana is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Berkman, of Point Piper, and Lloyd is the son of Mr. and Mrs. David N. Martin.

OCTOBER 1 is the departure date set by Janet Venn-Brown, of Killara, who will leave London to spend three weeks in Italy before embarking on the Oronsay for home. After more than four years overseas, lots of reunions with relatives and friends are in store for Janet... and there are some new members of the family to greet her. The newest is six-weeks-old Louise Cox, daughter of Janet's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Cox.



WED IN BRISBANE. Noel (Boy) Thompson, of "Bugilbone," Burren Junction, and his attractive bride, formerly Margaret Youngman, of "Taabinga," Kingaroy, Queensland, leave St. Andrew's, South Brisbane, after their wedding.



CONSULAR PARTY. Zoe and Alex Redler with Madame Silvio Danco (centre) at the party to celebrate Guatemala's national day given by the Consul-General, Dr. Adam Redler, and Mrs. Redler at their Double Bay home.

YOUNG travellers Airlie Garrard, of Crenorne, and June Anderson, of Double Bay, are sending back enthusiastic reports of their stay overseas. Airlie and June are in Scotland now, they're just back after two months in Europe. One of the highlights of their stay there was the time they spent in Brussels as guests of the Argentine Consul, Senor Eduardo Echaugue, and his daughter, Analia.

SATURDAY, October 15, is a date for the garden enthusiast's diary. From 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. the beautiful grounds of Mrs. T. A. Field's home, "Mahratta," Warrawee—on the corner of Pacific Highway and Fox Valley Road—will be open for inspection. Proceeds will aid Royal Flying Doctor Service of Australia, North Shore Auxiliary.

Anne



COUNTRY INTEREST. Peter Cudmore and his bride, formerly Jennifer Glasson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Glasson, of Gunnedah, at St. James' Church, King Street. Peter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cudmore, of Quirindi.

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Yet do not dim the view

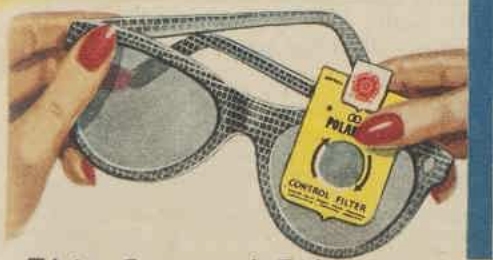


Yes—only Polaroid Sunglasses cut out reflected glare, yet do not dim the view! All other sunglasses (even the most expensive), rely on their dark colour to dim-out glare; trouble is, they dim-out the view as well! Polaroid Sunglasses are completely different. The scientific lenses eliminate reflected glare, but let the rest of the light come through. Polaroid Sunglasses are unique—and so much better. Prove it for yourself—then buy the shape that suits you best from the smart range of new Polaroid Sunglasses.

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Every pair of genuine Polaroid Sunglasses is clearly marked, and also has a 'control tag' attached. This tag contains a small circle of Polaroid lens, which enables you to prove, with the aid of the unique "Blackout test" that the sunglasses you buy are genuine. Just place the tag over the lens and rotate.

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light chairs . . . Rubber Cushion Slides to absorb shock and eliminate clatter, noise and vibration. Ask your dealer to help you select the type of Caster you need to solve your particular floor and furniture problem.

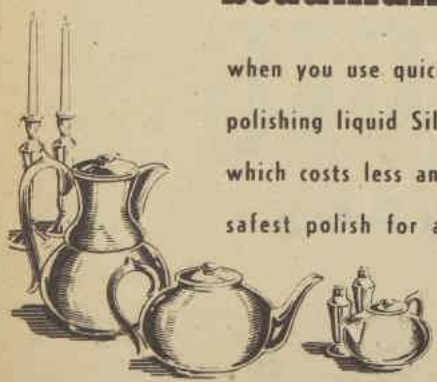


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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Many people still send letters to this page requesting personal replies, and most of them courteously enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Once again, then, I must say regretfully that I am unable to answer letters personally.

PLEASE don't ask for personal replies, and please don't send the stamped envelopes. They're a waste.

Here is this week's first letter.

"As I am thinking of becoming a nurse, could you possibly forward in the self-addressed envelope a list of Sydney hospitals and addresses?"

A., Narrabri, N.S.W.

I am sorry I cannot answer personally. I suggest that you get a Sydney phone directory and look up "Hospitals." Nearly all the hospitals you would need are listed there.

"While I was out with my boy-friend I said good-night and smiled at a man I know. He said good-night to me, and I was very much surprised after we had walked on a little way when my boy-friend seemed annoyed with me. When I asked him what was wrong he said that I should not have spoken first, but should have waited for the man to speak first. My mother says I behaved in a proper

way, and so does my father. However, we seem to be at loggerheads still, and thought we would ask you to settle the question for us."

"Slightly Worried," N.S.W.

Be prepared for the loggerheads to continue. And I must warn you that unless your boy-friend's sense of humor comes good, he won't like what I say.

This is that he might as well admit it's not etiquette he cares about, but the fact that you're giving the smile and the good-night to another man. In other words, your boy-friend is jealous.

On the point of etiquette, you behaved quite correctly. It's the woman's privilege to be the first to extend the greeting to a man friend. Strictly speaking, a man should wait for a woman acquaintance to bow first.

"Would it be right to continue friendship with a boy when I have been told that while I am at college he has been going with other girls, although I am doubtful if he has? While I'm home he behaves as if nothing ever happened. I am 15½ and he is 18. My parents thoroughly ap-

prove of our friendship. Also could you tell me how to get introduced to a girl or boy when they are complete strangers? I would like to meet a girl who lives not far away."

"Typical Teenager," N.S.W.

Forget the gossip and continue the friendship. You have quite a lot to lose by discontinuing it simply because of something you have heard and don't really believe, anyway.

In any case, if the gossip were true, have you an understanding that neither of you has dates with other boys and girls? If you haven't this understanding, I don't see that you have any claim on his sole attention.

The best way of meeting someone you don't know is to get a mutual friend or acquaintance to introduce you.

In the case of a girl, this is easily done, because you can come out in the open and tell your friends that you would like to know her. Follow this by asking if they know someone through whom you could meet.

"In my school we have an inter-form stamp competition based on the number each person can collect. Would you please publish this request and ask readers to send used stamps to Six A, c/o Glennie Mem. School, Herries St., Toowoomba, Qld.?"

Penfriends

A MENTION of this page in a Trinidad newspaper has brought some inquiries from young people there who want Australian penfriends. They are all keen correspondents. Here is the list:

Sonia Ramdhan, St. Andrew's High School, Sangre Grande, Trinidad, B.W.I., aged 15, would like to write to boys and girls from 15 to 21 years old.

Phyllis-Claire Granger, 87 Mucurapo Rd., Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I. She is 23;

DISC DIGEST

AFTER two years on Broadway, Cole Porter's "Can Can" has closed down and gone on tour. Following a shaky start, it soon won the public, and the London production has also been playing to packed houses. It is the latter production which I've heard on LP (PMDO-1017), and I was delighted with the freshness of Porter's score. Irene Hilda and Edmund Hockridge are the stars.

PORTER'S music is always suave and polished. This show is no exception, and very soon you're going to fall in love with "C'est Magnifique," "Allez-vous en," "I Love Paris," and "It's All Right With Me." The comedy numbers — "Never Give Anything Away," "Come Along With Me," and "Never, Never Be An Artist" — are in Porter's usual witty and sophisticated style.

GORDON JENKINS and His Orchestra also have a top-notch Extended Play disc without vocals (SEGO-70001), his arrangements and playing surpassing that of the Coliseum Orchestra in the above LP. There's also some fascinating piano. This 7in. disc is a spellbinder, and one I think you'll really have to acquire if you want to keep abreast of what's new in musical comedy. It's called "Can Can Musical Highlights."

—Bernard Fletcher.

hobbies are singing, dancing, movies, collecting records and stamps.

Alma Lam Ser, Fyzabad, Trinidad, B.W.I., aged 20, Chandra C. Trebohan Singh, Eastern Main Rd., St. Joseph, Trinidad, B.W.I. Chandra is 18; hobbies include table-tennis, dancing, cycling.

Close of £2000 cookery contest

Judges of our £2000 Cookery Contest have begun the task of checking the thousands of favorite recipe entries. All those post-marked September 30 will be included in the judging.

THE contest, which asked for your favorite recipe and a 1/- stamp, attracted entries from all parts of Australia and New Zealand.

All proceeds will go to the Barnardo Homes in Australia, which are giving this country some of its finest new settlers.

This week's £10 progress prize in the contest was won by Mrs. J. Critchley, of Glenrock Station, Scone, N.S.W.

Her recipe was for an unusual and delicious sweet, Manitau and Ice Cream de Luxe.

MANITAU

Three ounces dark cooking chocolate, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons hot water, 2 egg-whites, ½ cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Place chocolate, butter, and hot water in the top half of a double boiler. Cook over gentle heat until chocolate is melted. Stir well, and allow to cool. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating until fluffy. Fold in vanilla, chocolate mixture, sifted flour, salt, and walnuts. Pour mixture into a

lamington-tin, lightly greased and dusted with flour. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Turn on to a wire cooler, and while still warm cut into rounds with a fluted cutter. Prepare ice-cream de luxe.

ICE-CREAM DE LUXE

Half-cup chopped raisins, ½ cup rum, 1 pint fresh milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 junket tablet, 1 dessertspoon cold water, 4 tablespoons powdered milk, 1 extra dessertspoon fresh milk, 1 teaspoon golden syrup.

Chop raisins and combine with rum. Cover, stand over-

night. Warm milk and sugar, add junket tablet crushed and dissolved in cold water. Stand in a warm place to set, then beat in powdered milk. Warm the extra fresh milk, dissolve golden syrup in it, and add to junket mixture. Stir thoroughly, pour into refrigerator trays. Freeze until firm around edges. Remove from trays, beat until mixture doubles in quantity, then stir in raisin mixture. Return to trays and freeze until firm.

To serve, cut ice-cream into blocks slightly larger than the circles of Manita. Place Manita on to the ice-cream. Dust lightly with sifted icing sugar. Pipe a cream rose on top and finish with half a walnut.

FAMOUS MODEL COMES HOME

"No steadies for me. I want to be a career woman," said Jean Maley before she sailed for England in 1953 to try her luck at modelling.

JEAN MALEY is the pretty Western Australian who, despite the handicap of total deafness, chose modelling as a career. When she left home it was her firm intention to earn enough money to go to America for the best possible advice—perhaps even a cure—for her deafness.

Two and a half years later she has arrived back in Western Australia, bringing with

her an enviable reputation as a London model and a permanent "steady"—her English husband, John Cope.

They will settle in the West, and, after the birth of their baby in November, Jean, anxious to begin modelling again, has plans for starting her own modelling school.

Like his wife, John Cope is deaf, but, unlike his wife, he was not born deaf. John contracted scarlet fever at the age of seven and lost his hearing after the illness. He speaks beautifully, and is anxious for Jean to practise her speaking. He will not converse with her in deaf-and-dumb language but makes her lip-read.

They met at the Deaf Club in London two months after Jean arrived in England. Fifteen months later they were married at the Trinity Church, Kensington, by the Rev. McKenzie, the minister for the deaf.

The service was in sign language, and in sign language Jean and John promised to honor and cherish until death did them part. Jean's matron-of-honor was a fellow model, Marilyn Ridge, and John's best man was a friend of long standing, Carl Seath. Neither of the attendants was deaf.

After a honeymoon in Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands, the young couple returned to London, where John worked as a precision-instrument maker with the famous

firm of Smith's Clocks. Jean continued to pose for London's exclusive magazines as a model and go on trips to the provinces to model for big manufacturing firms.

She gave a series of lectures, too, for deaf girls who had ambitions, like herself, of becoming models.

What Jean doesn't realise, and would never be able to convey to her hopeful students, is that she has one of the sweetest dispositions and loveliest personalities ever to appear on a modelling platform.

Her very affliction keeps her unaware of so many of the sorrows, unhappinesses, and deceptions of the world. It is this quality of sweetness that shines through all her work and her relationships with other people.

By
WINFRED BISSET,
staff reporter

Her husband, John, has the same quality.

Jean Maley has come a long way since she first appeared, at the age of 18, as a fashion model in Perth.

She has poise-plus now. Her long hair has been shingled into a sleek, head-revealing cut. She knows exactly how to move, and her shy smile has much more confidence.

But it would be a wrong assessment to say that these changes have spoilt her in any way. Jean is happily married, and she looks it.

From her mother she learnt to fight her disability, from her fellow models she was given the encouragement to carry on with her modelling, and from her husband she has learnt the joy of happy marriage.



ABOVE. Famous model Jean Maley (right) with her mother, Mrs. H. R. Maley, and her husband, John Cope.



LONDON WEDDING of Jean and John was the culmination of their romance. Best man is a friend, Carl Seath.



FIRST SHOW. Jean Maley, at 18, as she appeared in her first Perth mannequin show.

Remember this Shape to keep in good shape



She holds in her hand the secret of better sleep. It's one of the 12 shock absorbers that support all edges of your Springwall mattress.

TIED MUSCLES REALLY REST ON SPRINGWALL—because it gives support at the 4 vital pressure points.

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BEST WISHES TO THE LUCKE FAMILY
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Guaranteed for 10 years against structural defects.



Why this shape is so important!
Cut-away inside view of side-walls in a Springwall mattress, showing 6 of the 12 scientifically-shaped shock absorbers. Their resilient one-piece construction absorbs the shocks that cause mattress sag. It firmly anchors the entire sleeping surface—at the edges and from edge to edge. It adds years of sleep comfort and extra years of wear.

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Note that shape! It explains why famous U.S. Foster D. Snell Testing Laboratories rate Springwall FIRST in all three primary factors specified by American doctors in a recent nationwide survey. Springwall: FIRST for firmness . . . FIRST for correct sleep posture . . . FIRST for maintaining sag-free support years longer than ordinary innerspring mattresses. It explains why Springwall relaxes, rests, supports you as doctors say a mattress should for relaxing sleep . . . and as only Springwall can. To ensure ideal relaxing sleep, look for the Rawson Springwall label on your mattress.

AT ALL LEADING STORES IN 4 STANDARD SIZES
2' 6" . . . from £15/19/6 3' . . . from £17/19/6
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Spring base extra

Rawson Springwall mattresses — "DREAMAKER," "POSTURGUARD," "DE LUXE POSTURGUARD," "VERTEREST" and "VERTEPEDIC"

FIRST BY LABORATORY TEST

Foster D. Snell laboratories ranked four leading U.S. mattresses, taking Springwall FIRST in all three factors specified by orthopedic specialists.

SPRINGWALL	SPRINGWALL	SPRINGWALL
MATRESS C	MATRESS C	MATRESS A
MATRESS B	MATRESS B	MATRESS C
MATRESS A	MATRESS A	MATRESS B

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Featuring Chrome Cases with Stainless Steel Backs. Featuring Rolled Gold Cases with Stainless Steel Backs.



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PERFECT FOR PRESENTATION..



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NOTE: Prices of all watches shown above are standard prices throughout Australia and do not include attachments.



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Judged by the highest standards of Swiss precision craftsmanship, "ORIS" has definitely been proved "THE BEST WATCH IN ITS CLASS" in the world. Repeatedly, "ORIS" watches have more than held their own in Swiss official tests.

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French, but she can't cook



GISELE BOUGRIER, French film editor now living in Sydney with her husband, Jacques, makes these attractive dolls in her spare time, and sells them. She couldn't cook when she migrated to Australia, but says she likes it and is learning fast.

Australians generally are under the impression that all Frenchwomen are superb cooks. French film editor Gisele Bougrier is the exception. She could not cook, and was not interested in learning until she came to Australia.

MADAME Bougrier, a tall, red-haired woman with a wide smile, spent many years in France's film industry, editing the films of some of Europe's top directors.

Now she spends her time editing newsreels and short features, practising cookery on the pressure-stove in her caravan at North Ryde, Sydney, and looking after her husband, Jacques, a sound engineer turned garage attendant.

"I never had time to cook until Jacques and I came to Australia," Madame Bougrier said. "Always we ate in restaurants, and I didn't think of cooking."

"Now we are living in our caravan, nowhere near restaurants, and I have to cook. I am surprised. I like it."

"Sometimes I cook and it is good. Other times it is terribly bad, and we can't eat it. But I keep trying, and I am getting better all the time."

The Bougriers have a good word to say for Australian food.

"I like the roast dinners very much," Gisele Bougrier said. "I had not tasted anything like them before, and I do not find them hard to cook."

"But I cannot eat your sausages and your sandwiches—no French person could eat your kind of sandwiches."

"But your beer, it is a lovely drink. Jacques and I have found the wine a little strong, and no one can drink water with meals, so we didn't know which way to turn."

"We tried lemonade and many soft drinks, but they were not quite right with the food. Then we tried beer—just a glass of beer with the meal,

and it was perfect. The beer in France is not so nice."

During World War II Madame Bougrier worked for the French Resistance.

"I lived on in Paris until the Nazis told everyone to collect working cards to work for them. My brother and I decided not to do that because it meant he would probably have to go to Germany in a labor gang, and so we left."

"We lived for five months on an island in the Loire until the Germans started army manoeuvres right where we

By **HELEN GORDON**,
staff reporter

were. Then we lived in the forests in eastern France.

"The Maquis were organising then, and they took my brother in with them and sent me off to Paris to collect false ration tickets for them and to relay messages."

"After a while the police caught me, and I spent five months in gaol. All that is past now, but I was glad to get out of Europe. Nobody smiles there any more, everyone is in a hurry, and never takes any time to live."

"Anyway, I have lived in Paris for 32 years, and I have had enough of it. This place is fresher and quieter, and I love the bush."

In her spare time Madame Bougrier makes dolls and paints designs on chiffon scarves.

"I sell them," she said. "This is not my profession, dressing dolls and painting, but my husband and I are waiting for television to come, and hoping we will find a place in it somewhere."

"I can't understand why there is no big film industry here, the country is perfect for it."

"I have just finished working on 'Guardians of the Surf,' a film about lifesavers, and it was very good."

"All I have done since I came to Australia three years ago is to work on newsreels (I learned all my English from them), and edit a few features for the Armed Services' recruiting campaign, and one or two shorts."

"I worked in a department store, too, when we first arrived. The people were so nice. I could not speak to them except in French, but they helped me all they could."

"I like this country more than I can tell you, but it will not be perfect for me until television comes, and Jacques and I can get the sort of jobs we were trained for."



GISELE experiments with an omelet in her caravan home. She likes roast dinners.

SUNLIGHT MADE THE PICTURE



Watch out for those extra dirty spots . . . muddy marks on the knees . . . grubby little collars and sleeves . . . and just plain backyard dirt. A gentle rub with Sunlight before your clothes go into the copper or washing machine makes sure of a wash that's clean ALL OVER — Sunlight clean! Sunlight is good golden soap, known for years for its dirt-removing activity.



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EXTRA WASHING POWER

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MY TWO BABIES' FUR TOYS ARE ALWAYS GETTING GRUBBY. GETTING THEM SOFT AND CLEAN AGAIN IS EASY WITH A SOFT BRUSH AND SUNLIGHT SUDS

Mrs. M. M. Grant, Church St.,
Harrisville, Via Ipswich, Q'd.



CHANGING THE PICTURE
IN AN OLD TRUNK I FOUND FOUR GOOD OIL PAINTINGS COVERED WITH GRIME. A RAG AND SUNLIGHT SUDS SOON HAD THEM LOOKING LIKE NEW AGAIN

Mrs. N. Gillespie,
32 Froggatt St.,
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For details listen to "Dr. Paul" 2UW-48K and country stations

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in TOOTAL fabrics
famous for good behaviour

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Checked for
fashion ✓
colour ✓
wash ✓
wear ✓



left
TOOTRESS

is the exciting new rayon with a tiny fleck woven into it. Use it for this flyaway skirt. It's washable and wearable like all TOOTAL fabrics, and crease-resistant, too!

Vogue Pattern, 8618.



left
LYSTAV

again, in plain yellow, for a becoming cap-sleeved dress with a loose boxy jacket. So simple, when it's LYSTAV, to give it a quick dip in the wash-tub!

Vogue Pattern, S.4598.



right
TOBRALCO

the world's best-loved cotton is the choice for this bright little orange bloomer suit, and for the chic, casual, sleeveless shirt. They'll both be so easy to wash and wear you'll find them "perfect play-clothes."

Vogue Pattern, 8618.

centre
LYSTAV

striped in yellow and strewn with ferns, makes a cool dress with a flattering "frame" neckline and unpressed pleats. LYSTAV is the celebrated crease-resistant rayon so easily washed and so wonderfully hard-wearing.

Vogue Pattern, 8578.

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INDIGESTION POWDER
(also available in tablet form)
Proved over years
in thousands of cases
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First Favourite
with housewives



for 60 years—
genuine

PHILIPS



BABY LOVES

the delightful, creamy
lather of Cuticura Soap.
The gentle cleansing and
pure, soothing touch of
this mildly medicated Soap
is ideal for your baby's
precious skin.
Use emollient Cuticura
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bath and at every
change to soothe
baby's soreness
and deal sweetly with nappy
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SOAP

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FOR CAMP OR
CARAVAN...



Inflatable Air Beds & Chairs in sizes
types and colours to suit almost every
need. L.L.O. Guaranteed.

ASK AT ALL SMART STORES

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

New summer trend—
a sleeveless one-piece
designed for indoor
and outdoor wear.

THE fashion flash above
answers the reader's
letter below. Here is her
letter and my reply.

"COULD you let me have
a design and paper pattern
for an easy-to-laundry,
cool, sleeveless summer dress?
I would like a design that is
neat enough to wear shopping
locally, as well as round the
house."

The sleeveless, scooped-neck
one-piece (right) is chosen in
reply to your letter. The dress
is back-crossed with a pert
front tie, and is trimmed with
ultra-large skirt pockets. Worn
with a hat and gloves the dress
would be smart enough for the
city and, as illustrated, quite
perfect for golfing, shopping,
gardening, and local market-
ing.

A paper pattern for the de-
sign is obtainable in sizes 32in.
to 38in. bust. See lines under
the sketch for further details
and how to order.

"I AM attending a mannequin
parade to take place in
the evening and would like
an idea from you about the
newest evening fashions. I
like American styles better
than French designs."

A noticeable and very new
trend in New York fashion
houses is an evening dress with
a draped, short-in-front skirt
reaching to below the calf at
the back. The silhouette owes
its inspiration to the hobble
skirts of pre-World War I.
Teamed with this narrowly
draped skirt is a smooth,
sleeveless bodice-top finished
with a high, square neckline.
A design in this category looks
best in satin.

"WOULD you please suggest
new styles for a beach
holiday? I have a bathing cos-
tume and cottons for night,
but want a suggestion for
something new for times I am
not wearing my bathing cos-
tume."

Bare-legged fashions have
taken over for resort wear.
The dress with a thigh-high
skirt is very new—its bodice-
top smartest when sleeveless



with a square-cut neckline. A
brief all-round pleated skirt to
wear with separate tops also
comes into this new fashion
category. Very brief shorts
worn with a long-sleeved
blouse and a sleeveless over-
blouse worn with knee-length
shorts are other new fashions
you might consider for your
holiday.

"PLEASE help me with the
following problem. My
bridesmaids are to wear full-
skirted ballerina-length frocks
in white lace, and I want the

D.S.164: One-piece dress in
sides 32in. to 38in. bust. Re-
quires 5yds. 36in. material
and 2yds. bias binding.
Price, 3/9. Patterns may be
obtained from Mrs. Betty
Keep, "Dress Sense," Box
4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

skirts trimmed with a contrast
but can't think of an idea."

A low-placed sash made in
yellow chiffon would look ef-
fective on white lace. The girls
could then wear wide-
brimmed, yellow crinoline
hats and carry sheaves of yel-
low and white spring flowers.

"Morning-Bath Freshness"

LASTS ALL DAY LONG!



Protect yourself against your most intimate
enemy with Odo-ro-no for a full 24-hours!

ONLY ODO-RO-NO gives you such safe,
sure protection from perspiration and
unpleasant odour for a full 24-hours
a day! Quick-acting, gentle Odo-ro-No
won't harm your skin or clothes—and
gives you a wonderful, secure feeling
of "morning-bath" freshness all day
and all night! Go and buy
Odo-ro-No next time you're
shopping—start using it right away.
Odo-ro-No ensures that you're
always "nice to know"!

Odo-ro-no

ODO-RO-NO CREAM—2/7; 4/6
ODO-RO-NO SPRAY—6/3



How to treat

There is nothing like heat
to relieve the agony of
joint and muscle pain. If
you get a painful arm or
shoulder or knee, lie or sit
with an infra-red lamp
explained above. This is a
warming the painful area
for long enough to let you
move the
muscle
or joint
more
easily.

Joint and Muscle

Each time you do this,
movement becomes easier
and less painful. If you
like, you can make a useful
lamp at home yourself,
simply by mounting a lamp
holder in the bottom of a
lightweight box of handy
size so that you can put an
ordinary large electric
globe inside the box. The
warming rays can then be
directed right at the point
of pain. To accelerate the
treatment, get a tube of
Menthoid Creme from your
chemist—it costs only 9/6

—containing the powerful,
deep-penetrating hormone,
adrenalin. Rub Menthoid
Creme into the painful
areas, then use the lamp as
explained above. This is a
wonderful treatment for
rheumatic pains, strains
and sprains and fibrositis
as well as for long-standing
muscle and joint pains.
Keep yourself warm all the
time and repeat this treat-
ment as often as you can.
If these
directions
are not
quite clear
to you,
write to Menthoid Adrenalin
Creme, Box 4263, G.P.O.,
Sydney, and British
Medicinals Pty. Ltd. will
reply at once.

Pains

Beauty in Brief: MAKE-UP TO YOUR HAIR

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Before bleaching the hair completely, women are wise to direct
some thought towards the grooming changes required to carry off
a light top-knot attractively.

IT may call for a programme of new
make-up, different clothes colors, and
even a change in personality.

Let us concentrate here on the beauty
angle. Experts stress that it is a mistake
to lighten the natural complexion just
because the hair takes a paler tone. The
true skin, covered with a film of match-
ing foundation, always looks better.

Subtle eye make-up and the proper
use of lip and cheek rouge are desirable.
Eyebrows lightly defined with brown

pencil create a more harmonious effect
with blond hair. Match eyeshadow to
the color of the eyes and wear less of it.
Remembering that black eye cosmetics
tend to make a blonde appear hard,
switch to brown mascara if need be.

Lighter, brighter shades of lipstick
pick up gold highlights in the hair. Soft
pastels, true reds, and crushed rose
shades are all good selections.

Pastel rouge to match or mix with
lipstick colors is best for blondes.

OSMAN

PRE-SHRUNK GINGHAM

can't shrink!



First time—or forty-first—out of the wash tub, Osman pre-shrunk gingham is still lettuce-crisp, perfectly fitting. Osman gingham simply can't shrink—it's well worth while every stitch you put into the making. Osman ginghams are in lovely stripes, plain shades and the gayest checks you can imagine. For you, for the children, for busy days and lazy days. You can plan your summer wardrobe on the slimmest budget, for Osman ginghams are so economical.

Ask for OSMAN pre-shrunk GINGHAM

See the words "OSMAN pre-shrunk" on the measuring tape in every roll

OSMAN

BARLOW & JONES LTD., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

"They'll whisper about you."



Perspiration
odours do
offend

Play safe—
use

MUM

Nobody likes going to the pictures by themselves. It's more fun going with a certain somebody... somebody you like well enough to hold hands with!

Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower, then you can be sure of social acceptance.

And MUM stays creamy to the bottom of the jar.

MUM

keeps you nice to be near

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

MUM Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3 eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing—nor will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply; the merest touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.



Worth Reporting

THE Hospital Auxiliary Committee of Dirranbandi, southern Queensland, has written to us in an effort to clear the good name of Dirranbandi.

The letter reads: "... you may be able to assist us with our problem of nursing staff shortage at our local hospital. The root of the trouble seems to be that the general opinion of Dirranbandi is 'just a black plain—no trees—and a few houses scattered about.' This is by no means the case ..."

The letter goes on to give a few statistics about Dirranbandi—population 800, situated on the western edge of the Darling Downs 400 miles west of Brisbane, with daily train and air services to Brisbane.

There are ample recreations for any of the nursing staff—tennis, ping-pong, badminton, swimming—and the local graziers and their wives are always willing to have the girls visit their properties for their days off.

In the town itself there is a picture theatre, shire hall, two hotels, ambulance, three stores, two cafes, six stock and station agents, three churches, as well as other buildings usually found in a country town... the gardens and trees are a picture during most of the year.

The shortage of trained nurses in Dirranbandi is so great that the Dirranbandi Hospital is in danger of being closed to all but outpatients.

The Hospital Auxiliary is doing all it can to make Dirranbandi attractive to nurses by offering them all amenities, plus a quarterly-paid bonus, in addition to their salaries.

An added inducement, the cause of all the hospital's troubles, is the "high incidence of marriage on the staff... there are at least 30 married women living in the town and district who are trained nurses, and most of them were once attached to the Dirranbandi Hospital."

BOASTING that he has never had to change a wheel in his life, a male car owner we know with an aversion to motor repairing has explained the successful tactics he puts into practice when trouble crops up on a Sunday drive.

Making a dash into the roadside bushes, he takes shelter there while his wife summons the automobile patrol, has the trouble remedied, and then calls that all is clear and in running order again.

She caused some tense moments

THE atmosphere was tense recently out at Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney.

Three members of the Vinegrowers' Progress Association of the Sunraysia district, around Mildura, visited the hospital to present a 56lb. box of sultanas to the children.

A Press photographer was there, so one of the young patients—a little girl of three—was brought out to receive the sultanas and pose with them for a picture.

The vinegrowers smiled encouragement. Matron Gardiner coaxed, and the photographer waited. The young lady stared severely at us all, and ignored the sultanas.

Two minutes passed and everyone became more tense. Then the little girl relented, perhaps she felt a bit sorry for us, or maybe she was just hungry. Turning on the sultanas, she began to shovel them out in handfuls and cram them into her mouth.

The photographer took the picture, the vinegrowers relaxed, the hospital got the sultanas, and we came back to our office feeling worn out.

RIFLEMEN choose odd containers for their equipment.

Gala day at a Sydney rifle range brought out such diverse specimens as haversacks, needlework baskets, boxes originally designed to hold chess pieces, canvas airline bags, fishing baskets, and a carved camphorwood chest.

Only one or two lucky riflemen had the real thing—"shooting cases" with proper compartments for the bullets.

Braces with a difference

A FRIEND of ours rang one of Sydney's exclusive stores asking for a pair of braces for her son to wear on his wedding day.

"I want something luxurious," she said. "Do you have anything a bit more high-class than those police and firemen's braces?"

"Certainly, madam," the salesman said. "We have the best braces in the world. I will send you some. They were designed for Queen Victoria's Consort, Prince Albert, and the design has not been altered."

"The Duke of Edinburgh wears them."

"If your son were to visit a barber shop on the east coast of Japan, and happened to remove his coat, it would be obvious to everyone present that he is a man who knows fine things."

Family dictates fashion trends

WHAT teenage Australian girls will wear to the beach in summer is dictated, in part, by a teenage girl and her two young brothers.

They are Jacqueline Jools, 15, and her brothers Nicholas, 13, and Michael, 10, children of clothing designer Peggy Jools.

Mrs. Jools said: "My daughter Jackie is what I call a typical teenage girl. She is plump, would like to be slim as a stick, yet loves food, and doesn't want to diet."

"So I try out all my new teenage designs on her. If she likes my swimsuits, skirts, and playsuits, I know most of the other girls of her age will like them, too."

"The boys, Nico and Michael, always tell me what they think about my designs. When they don't like them, I don't make that design."

BOOK NEWS

By Susan Barrie

"ADVENTURE IN PRAGUE."

by Salomon Dembitzer, is a book of very short stories notable mainly for their highly individual literary style and the author's sensitive handling of poignant situations.

Each of the stories shows a strong sense of drama as well as a consciousness of human miseries, frustrations, and injustice. Each is therefore in a minor key, with an inevitable feeling of melancholy.

There is the tragic story which gives the book its title, the tale of a young girl, poor, shabby, and friendless, so disillusioned that she takes her own life.

Salomon Dembitzer, known to Australian readers by "Drama in Ostend" and "Visas for America," is noted in Europe for his poetry, fiction, and criticism.

Now resident in Australia he still writes in German and his books appear in translation.

"Adventure in Prague" is not everybody's cup of tea. It is, perhaps, more of a collector's piece.

Our copy from the publisher, Villon Press, Sydney. Designed and produced by Edwards and Shaw.



Whitetex
"COTTON DAZZLERS"

... in
exclusive
Australian
designs

Gay, colourful!

Whitetex "Cotton Dazzlers" for children of all ages—boys, girls and mothers—are sold by all leading stores... and they are NOT expensive!



LOOK FOR THE NAME Whitetex

plain or printed—summer or winter!

SORE
FEET

USE THE ONE AND ONLY SAFE EFFECTIVE



Vaseline is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chemibrough Mfg. Co. Canada



Makes baby's hair GROW CURLY—4 weeks' treatment. 3/6 Everywhere.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Special Feature CHRISTMAS GIFTS

• On this and following pages are ideas for gifts you can make inexpensively in good time for Christmas.

HUCKABACK towelling is the material used for the apron, cushion cover, towels, and placemats shown at right. Stitch diagrams and a color chart on page 32 will aid you in the simple embroidery which is actually a modernised version of old-time huckaback work.

Here are the directions for making:

BLUE APRON

Six skeins each black and pink (677) Clark's stranded cotton; 1½ yds. huckaback towelling 16in. wide; 1½ yds. matching grosgrain ribbon 1in. wide; Milwards tapestry needle.

Turn under narrow hem along two short sides and sew in place.

Design is worked on horizontal loops 1½ in. up from lower edge. Follow diagram 3, rep. from A to B design. Turn under selvedge at lower edge and work blanket st. (fig. 1) with black along edge. With pink whip st. (fig. 2) along blanket st. Gather top edge in to 16in. and sew grosgrain ribbon in place for waist-band, leaving 14½ in. free at each side for ties.

Use 6 strands of cotton; 4 can be used if so desired.

WINE PILLOW

Three skeins ecru (609), 2 skeins chartreuse (946), 1 skein blue (868) Clark's stranded cotton; 14in. square cushion; 2 pieces huckaback towelling 16in. square; zip fastener; Milwards tapestry needle.

Design is worked on vertical loops, starting at lower right corner, follow diagram 5, rep. from A to B across piece and from A to C to top of piece.

Embroider other piece the same way.

Press: Sew 3 sides together, inserting piping if desired. Insert pillow and sew 4th side or sew in zipper.

GREEN TOWEL

One skein each white, yellow (490), gold (515), burnt orange (967), orange (628), Clark's stranded cotton; a huckaback towel or 2-3rd yard huckaback towelling 16in. wide; Milwards tapestry needle.

If necessary turn under a 1½ in. hem at each end of towel. Working

Continued on page 36

CROCHETED HANDKERCHIEF EDGINGS

Blue and white edging

Materials: 2 balls No. 40 (shade 521); 1 ball No. 40 (white) Coats Mercer crochet; Milwards steel crochet hook, size 5-22; rolled edge handkerchief 12in. square.

1st Round: Attach white to any corner of handkerchief, make 3 d.c. in same corner, d.c. closely around, making 3 d.c. in each corner. Join.

2nd Round: Sl-st. in next d.c., in same d.c. make d.c., ch. 2 and d.c.; * ch. 2, skip 1 d.c. in next d.c. Rep. from * around, making d.c., ch. 2 and d.c. in centre d.c. of each 3 d.c. group at corners. Join and break off.

3rd Round: Attach blue-green cotton to any corner sp., in same sp. make d.c., ch. 2 and d.c.; * ch. 2, d.c. in next sp. Rep. from * around, making d.c., ch. 2 and d.c. in each corner sp. Join and break off.

4th Round: Attach white to any corner sp. and work as for last round. Join and break off.

5th Round: Attach blue-green cotton to any corner sp., insert hook in same sp., thread over and draw loop through sp., and loop on hook, draw loop on hook out to measure ½ in. (loop st. made), holding last loop on hook, insert hook in same sp., thread over and draw loop through, ch. 1 tightly, draw loop on hook out to same height as previous loop (another loop st. made), make 3 more loop sts. in same sp., make a loop st. in each sp. across side, make 5 loop sts. in next corner sp. Complete other sides and corners the same way. Join and break off.

6th Round: Attach white to centre loop st. at any corner, in same st. make d.c., ch. 3 and d.c.; * ch. 3, d.c. in next loop st. Rep. from * around, making d.c., ch. 3 and d.c. in centre loop st. at each corner. Join and break off.

7th Round: Attach blue-green cotton to centre loop at any corner, ch. 6, tr. in same loop, * ch. 3, tr. in next loop. Rep. from * around, making tr., ch. 3 and tr. in centre loop at each corner. Join to 3rd ch. of ch. 6. Break off.

8th Round: Attach white to centre sp. of any corner, in same sp. make d.c., ch. 3 and d.c.; * ch. 3, d.c. in next sp. Rep. from * around, making d.c., ch. 3 and d.c. in centre sp.

at each corner. Join and break off. 9th to 16th Rounds incl.: Rep. 5th to 8th rounds incl. 2 more times.

17th Round: Attach blue-green cotton to 2nd sp. preceding any corner sp., d.c. in same sp., * ch. 5, skip next sp. in next sp. make dbl-tr., ch. 5, tr. in last dbl-tr. made and dbl-tr.; ch. 5, skip next sp., d.c. in next sp. Rep. from * around. Join and break off.

18th Round: Attach white to any d.c., d.c. in same place; * ch. 3, d.c. in next sp. ch. 3, in next loop make d.c., ch. 3 and d.c.; ch. 3, d.c. in next sp., ch. 3, d.c. in next d.c. Rep. from * around. Join and break off.

Green lace edging

Materials: 2 balls green (623) Fils a Dentelles No. 70; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 6; rolled edge handkerchief 12in. square.

FIRST MOTIF

Starting at centre, ch. 10. Join with sl-st. to form ring.

1st Round: Ch. 7, (dbl-tr. in ring, ch. 3) 11 times. Join to 4th ch. of ch. 7.

2nd Round: Ch. 4, dbl-tr. in next dbl-tr., * ch. 7, d.c. in next dbl-tr., ch. 7, dbl-tr. in next 2 dbl-tr. Rep. from * around. Join.

3rd Round: Ch. 11, * dbl-tr. in next dbl-tr., ch. 5, d.c. in next sp., ch. 4, d.c. in 4th ch. from hook (picot made) ch. 9, d.c. in 4th ch. from hook (another picot made), ch. 1, d.c. in next sp., ch. 5, dbl-tr. in next dbl-tr., ch. 7. Rep. from * around. Join to 4th ch. of ch. 11. Break off.

SECOND MOTIF

Work as for first motif until 2 rounds have been completed.

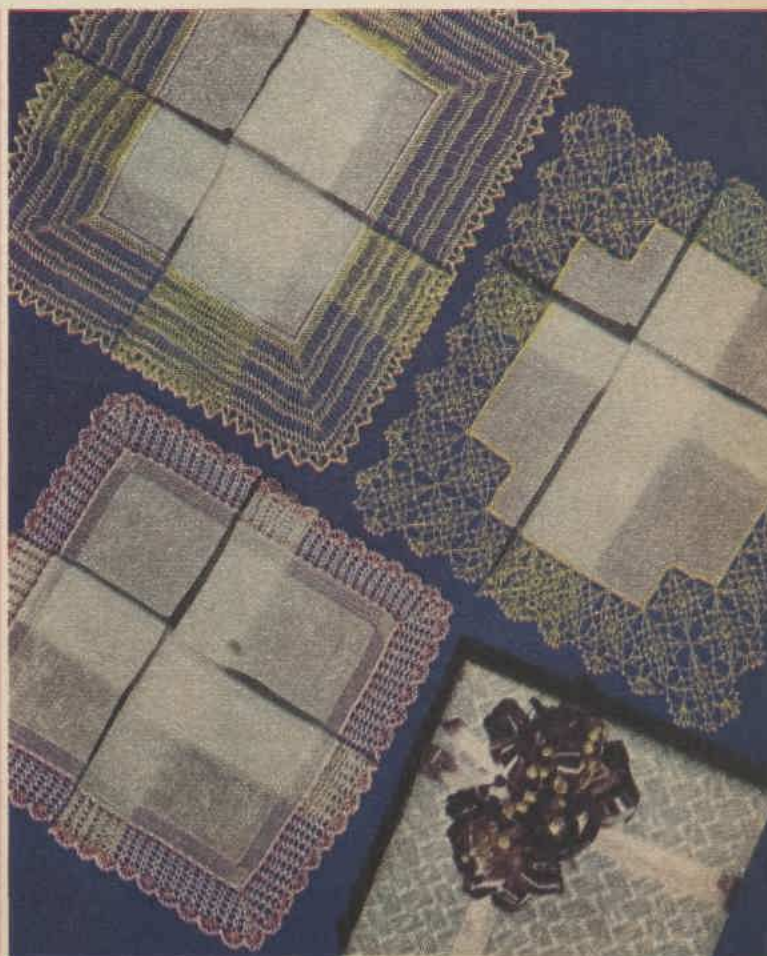
3rd Round: Ch. 11, dbl-tr. in next dbl-tr., ch. 5, d.c. in next sp., ch. 1, picot, ch. 5, picot; ch. 1, d.c. in next sp., ch. 5, dbl-tr. in next dbl-tr., ch. 3, sl-st. in corresponding loop on first motif, ch. 3, dbl-tr. in next dbl-tr. on second motif, ch. 3, d.c. in next loop, ch. 1, picot, ch. 2, sl-st. in corresponding loop on first motif, ch. 2, picot, ch. 1, d.c. in next sp. on second motif, ch. 5, dbl-tr. in next dbl-tr., ch. 3, sl-st. in next sp.

Continued on page 36



• Unusual embroidery designs (above) make smart and colorful Christmas presents. These attractive items can be quickly made from colored cottons. The blue apron is an ideal gift for the housewife who entertains. The cushion cover, guest towels, and placemats, with modern stitches that go well with contemporary furnishings, are wonderful gifts for young marrieds.

• A gift idea every woman will love are these dainty sheer handkerchiefs (right). The green edging is made of crocheted flower motifs sewn to the rolled handkerchief edge. The pink-and-white handkerchief is in a delightful shell-stitch pattern, while the turquoise-and-white handkerchief is made of rows of cobweb crochet. The edges are equally effective in white or in pastels.



TOY DUCK TO DELIGHT A CHILD

THIS inexpensive and colorful toy, crocheted in wool, will make you a welcome Santa to any child.

Here are the instructions for making:

Materials: 5oz. yellow 1oz. each emerald green, scarlet, and tangerine, Patons "Fire-side" Fingering (this is the only wool which should be used); 2 large blue buttons for eyes; stuffing; No. 11 Parfrey crochet hook.

Tension: 5 d.c., 1in.; 5 rounds, 1in. Use double wool throughout.

BODY

Starting at neck with yellow, ch. 2.

1st Round: 8 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. around.

3rd Round: * d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

4th Round: * d.c. in next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

5th Round: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 8 d.c. evenly around.

6th and 7th Rounds: d.c. in each d.c. around.

8th Round: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 4 d.c. evenly around. Rep. last 3 rounds 7 more times. Work even in d.c. until 48 rounds have been completed.

Next Round: d.c. in each d.c., dec. 8 d.c. around. Rep. last round until 16 d.c. rem. Stuff firmly. Sew up opening.

HEAD

Starting at centre of face using yellow, ch. 2.

1st Round: 6 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. around.

3rd Round: * d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

4th Round: * d.c. in next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

5th Round: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 6 d.c. evenly around.

Rep. round 5 until there are 66 d.c. on round. Work even for 24in.

Next Round: d.c. around, dec. 6 d.c. evenly spaced. Rep. last round until 12 d.c. rem. Stuff firmly. Sew up opening. Sew head to top of body.

WINGS (make 2)

With yellow, ch. 27.

1st Row: d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in each ch. across, ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: d.c. in each d.c. to within last 2 d.c., ch. 1, turn.

3rd Row: d.c. in each d.c. across, ch. 1, turn.

4th Row: d.c. in each d.c. to within last 3 d.c., ch. 1, turn.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 more times.

Next Row: d.c. in each d.c. across. Break off. Make another piece in same manner. Sew pieces tog. Sew wings to sides of body as pictured.

TAIL

Starting at tip with yellow, ch. 2.

1st Round: 4 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. around.

3rd Round: * d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

4th Round: * d.c. in next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

5th to 9th Rounds: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 4 d.c. evenly around, ch. 1, turn at end of 9th round.

Short Rows: 1st — d.c. in next 23 d.c. ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: Rep. row 1, inc. 4 d.c. evenly across.

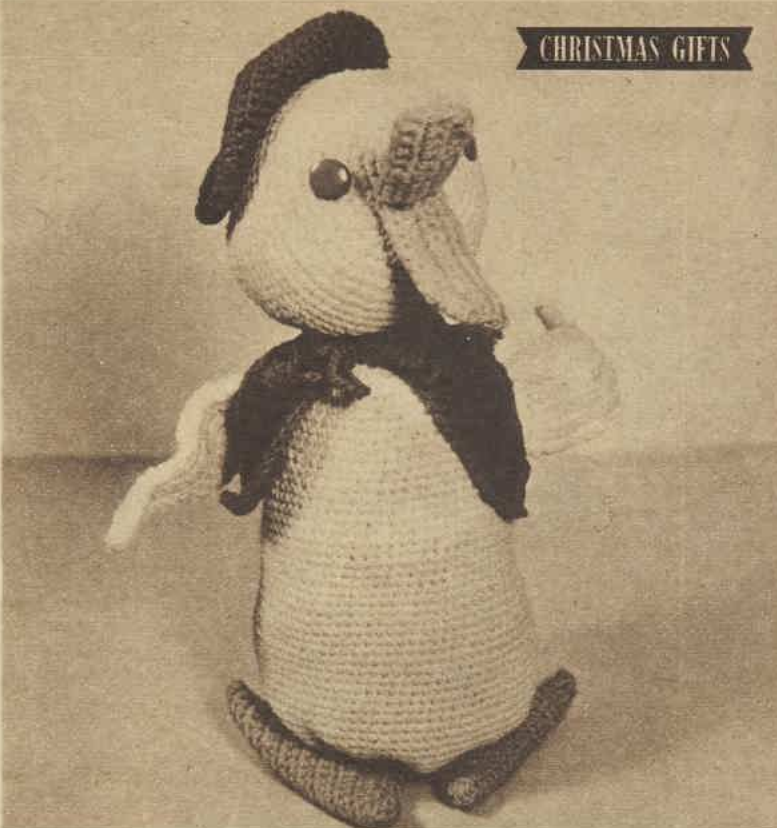
Break off. Stuff tail firmly. Sew to back of body, having short rows at bottom.

FEET (make 2)

Using single strand of tangerine, ch. 33.

1st Row: d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in each ch. across, ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: d.c. in each d.c. across, ch. 1, turn.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Rep. last row until piece measures 34in. Break off. Fold piece into a triangle. Cut a triangle of cardboard the same size. Insert cardboard and sew edges tog. Sew feet to bottom as pictured.

BILL (make 4 pieces)

Using single strand of tangerine, ch. 13.

1st Row: d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in each ch. across, ch. 1, turn.

2nd to 5th Rows: d.c. in each d.c. across, ch. 1, turn.

Break off. Sew 2 pieces tog.; sew bill to head as pictured.

HAT

Starting at centre using 2 strands of scarlet, ch. 2.

1st Round: 4 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. around.

3rd Round: * d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

4th Round: * d.c. in next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

5th Round: Rep. round 3.

6th to 12th Rounds: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 8 d.c. evenly around.

13th and 14th Rounds: Work even.

15th Round: * d.c. in next d.c., d.c. in next d.c. of 13th round (long d.c. made); rep. from * around. Sew to head.

JACKET

Back.—Using single strand of green, ch. 30.

1st Row: d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, * ch. 1, skip 1 ch., d.c. in next ch.; rep. from * across, ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: d.c. in 1st d.c., * ch. 1, d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * across, ch. 1, turn. Rep. last 2 rows 3 more times. Break off. Seam shoulders. Seam sides for 2in. from lower edge. Using double strand of scarlet, d.c. closely around outer and armhole edges. Using scarlet, make 2 chains 9in. long. Sew chains at corner of neck for ties. Sew eyes in place as pictured.

Shoulders.—1st to 8th rows. Skip 1st d.c., * d.c. in next d.c., ch. 1; rep. from * across, ending d.c. in last d.c., ch. 1.

AMUSING little duck is easily crocheted from vivid green, tangerine, and scarlet fingering-wool. Any child would be pleased to find this toy in a Christmas stocking.

FRONT (make 2)

Ch. 18. Work as for back until piece measures 3in.

Shoulder.—1st row: Skip 1st d.c., * d.c. in next d.c., ch. 1; rep. from * across, ending d.c. in last d.c., ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: d.c. in 1st d.c., * ch. 1, d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * across, ch. 1, turn. Rep. last 2 rows 3 more times. Break off. Seam shoulders. Seam sides for 2in. from lower edge. Using double strand of scarlet, d.c. closely around outer and armhole edges. Using scarlet, make 2 chains 9in. long. Sew chains at corner of neck for ties. Sew eyes in place as pictured.



When you take
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at night—

*the colour
stays on!*



A brand new kind of lipstick, straight from its sweeping success in the United States! Coty "24" Lipstick glides on in a fast, fluid motion (no need to force it on) and the colour goes in! No more pale, washed-out "morning" look. As a matter of fact, when you let Coty "24" set itself, you are all set for a full 24 hours, morning, noon and night. No blotting—ever. No lipstick smears—anywhere. And, very important, too—Coty "24" is definitely non-drying; a delightfully smooth base carries the marvellous new colouring. Once it has set—without blotting—the surface cream disappears, but the colour is there, for a full 24 hours!

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Refill—7/6

EXQUISITE EVENING STOLE

THE glamor look of this evening stole gives no hint of how easy and inexpensive it is to make.

Materials: One yd. 36in. wide organza; 2yds. 1in. wide embroidered ribbon.

Cut organza in halves lengthwise, then cut ribbon into four equal lengths.

Place two short ends of organza right sides together with edges even and seam half an inch from the raw edges. Press seam open and then press to one side. Trim under seam to 1in. Turn in edge of upper seam and place over this raw edge. Baste and topstitch in position.

Place two strips of ribbon across each short end of stole, 5in. from the end and 2in. apart. Stitch in position close to edges of ribbon.

Make 1in. hem on all raw edges of stole.

FILMY STOLE to go over cocktail or evening frocks is made from a yard of organza and two yards of colorful embroidered ribbon for trim.

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Ready to
make



PACKAGED PRESENTS



Here is something special — an array of packaged gift ideas. Each ready-to-make article comes in a cellulose packet with full instructions for making, with trimmings where required, and illustrations showing different kinds of stitches for the embroidery. When you have chosen the colors, you can use leisure hours to make expensive-looking presents for Happy-Christmas gifting.



No. 985. — Lace-trimmed scunties with bow motif (above) are cut out ready to sew in white, magnolia, pastel-pink, or blue slipper satin, and in white, pastel-pink, green, or lemon bubble plisse. Lace and embroidery applique transfer are included. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 in. waist. Price, 23/6. Postage, 1/3 extra.

Bedroom cushion covers (above and right) cut out ready to make in pastel-pink, blue, magnolia, or white slipper satin with 3 in.-wide picot-edged, coffee-colored net frill for trim. No. 986, heart-shaped cushion cover, and No. 988, circular cushion cover, measure 8 in. x 8 in., and No. 987, oblong cushion cover, measures 5 in. x 8 in. before lace is attached. Price, 13/9 each (postage, 1/-), or set of 3 may be had for 39/6. Postage, 1/3.

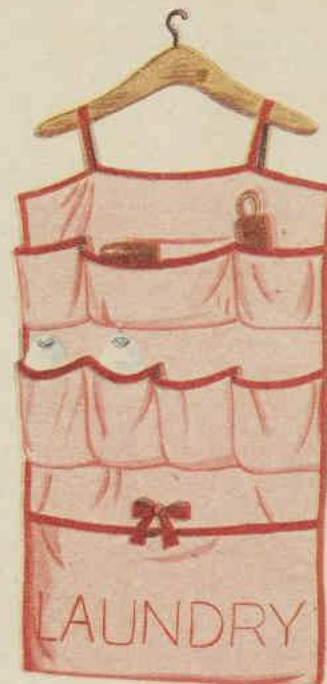


No. 989. — Instead of a Christmas card send one of these dainty handkerchiefs. The three designs are traced on white, blue, lemon, pink, or green Irish linen. Edges can be hem-stitched or bordered in simple crochet. Each measures 11 in. x 11 in. Price, 2/9 each or set of 3 for 7/9. Postage, 6d.



No. 990. — Unusual sunflower design cushion cover traced on good quality headcloth is available in lemon, natural, blue, pink, or green. Full instructions for the embroidery are included. Price, 9/9. Postage, 6d.

For the embroidery, you may order Clark's Anchor stranded cotton. All shades and white available. When ordering allow 6d. for each skein.



No. 991. — Capacious bedroom tidy (above). The traveller would also appreciate this as a gift. It is cut out ready to make in white, natural, blue, lemon, pink, or green headcloth, which washes beautifully. Bias tape in a contrasting color is included, with instructions for making. The tidy, which measures 26 in. x 17 in. when completed, costs 17/9. Postage, 1/6.



No. 992. — Every woman will love this smartly checked hostess apron with its crisp white organdie frill trim. It is packaged cut out ready to make in pink, mauve, green, blue, red, or black and white check fabric. Price, in any desired check, 8/3. Postage, 6d.



No. 994. — Snow-white or pastel-toned huckaback guest towels (right), daintily embroidered, are available in white, blue, lemon, pink, or green huckaback, traced in readiness for quick, easy embroidery. Price, 6/3 each, or set of 3 for 18/9. Postage, 1/-.



No. 993. — Basket design duchesse set traced on white or cream Irish linen and on blue, lemon, pink, or green sheer linen. Centre mat is 11 in. x 14 in.; others are 8 in. x 8 in. Price, 8/11. Postage, 9d.

Packaged presents may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address is Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; and New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

EASY-TO-MAKE ALADDIN DOLL

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Children who know the fairy tale of Aladdin and his Lamp will be especially pleased at Christmas by this Aladdin doll.

As illustrated, Aladdin is made from scraps of yellow and red leather, with blue fabric for the trousers, black velvet for the skull-cap, and embroidered silk for the pigtail.

By keeping to the correct proportions (see diagram below), this doll can be made in any size. Begin with the head and make the body proportionate to it.

The lamp could be a gold-painted teapot from a toy set.

Here are the instructions for making:

From pliable yellow leather cut out a circle approximately 5in. in diameter with a rectangle roughly 4in. square attached to it.

Now take about 20in. strong wire, bend in half and pinch bend. Wrap this in cotton wool to form a round head and cylindrical neck and body.

Wrap circle of yellow leather round face and secure with long stitches laced across back of head and neck which is formed by the 4in. square.

Fold in darts at sides of face to shape at about ear level. Cover these stitches and back of neck with a piece of yellow leather, and join at ear level. Stitch ear pieces in place.

A skull-cap is made by a 5in. circle of black velvet gathered around the edge and stitched on top of head over the yellow leather. In the centre of this sew a plait of black embroidery silk for the pigtail.

Draw mouth and nose in red ink, mark eyes, lashes, and eyebrows with black ink. Paste strip of white paper in mouth for teeth.

The body is made from a rectangle of red leather 6in. wide by 11in. long, doubled over at the shoulders, where a slit for the neck enables neck wire to pass through.

Side seams are overcast on right side and body stuffed tightly with cotton-wool.

Legs are made by wrapping a piece of blue fabric around waist and cutting off in front. This measures the width of the body. The length is the same as that of the doll from top of head to lower edge of red body.

Make a slit between legs to about three-quarter the length of legs. Overcast the edges to edges already meeting at front. This forms two tubes of material three-quarter the length of the legs.

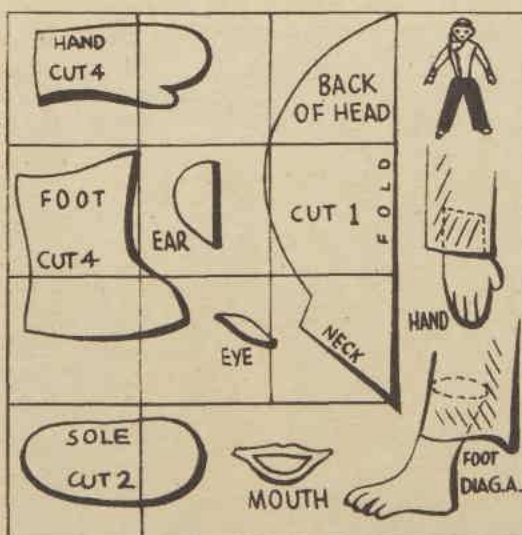
The remaining quarter of the front two edges are overcast together.

Now wrap the two ends of wire projecting from body in



DOLE (above) has a jacket and hat of red leather, blue fabric trousers, and "skin" of yellow leather. The nose and mouth are drawn in red ink and the eyes and lashes in black ink.

DIAGRAM (right) gives a pattern for the hands, feet, soles, head, and ears of the doll. Shows how the feet and hands are attached, and gives the proportionate sizes and shapes for drawing the eyes and mouth. To make a doll of the size suggested in our article the squares should be four times the size of those in this diagram.



cotton wool and push each down into a trouser leg. Fill legs tightly with cotton-wool.

Cut feet as in diagram, overcast on wrong side, turn, and fill with cotton-wool. Sew firmly into place under trousers.

Cut two strips of red leather in proportion to body

for arms. Overcast up insides. Pass a length of wire through shoulders, wrap ends in cotton-wool and push through arms. Pack arms tightly with cotton-wool. Stitch to shoulders.

Stitch hand pieces together and stuff. Sew in place under sleeves.

Cut a narrow strip of red leather and attach round neck to make a mandarin collar. Place circle of leather on head for hat.

Trim sleeves, edge of jacket, and trousers with contrasting braid, and neaten off any raw edges of material.

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CUTEX

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D216



Anyone can make these
for only a few shillings

FANCY DRESSES



BALLERINA COSTUME will delight any little girl and make her the belle of the fancy-dress ball. Easily and quickly made, the ballerina costs very little, particularly if old mosquito-netting is washed, crisped with starch, and pressed. The netting can be dyed pastel pink, blue, green, yellow, or lilac, too.

● On these pages are illustrated some fancy-dress costumes for children that can be made easily and quickly at home. Simple directions are given for the making here and on page 42.

THIS year in "Letters From Our Readers" a mother protested against fancy-dress balls for children on the grounds that parents were often unable to afford the costumes. This letter created lively correspondence. Many readers gave suggestions for costumes that could be easily and cheaply made. Most readers protested against stopping fancy-dress balls because this would deprive children of the fun they have in dressing up.

Here we illustrate some of the suggestions, together with a few of our own. Each outfit is simple to make, and with imagination and ingenuity the costumes will cost only a few shillings.

BALLERINA DRESS

This enchanting dress (illustrated at left) can be made from an old mosquito net, washed and starched, or from 2yds. of 90in. mosquito-netting. The top is cut from a slip pattern to fit the child, and the layer of net is mounted on any white material suitable for the lining.

For the skirt cut three strips measuring 19in. x 90in., and fold in halves (9½in. x 90in.). Gather all three along the double edge, stitch to edge of bodice waist. Make two small frills of net to cover the narrow shoulder straps, and another two to tie round the wrists.

Tie a narrow black-velvet ribbon around the neck and a ribbon with tiny flowers sewn on it around the head.

PIRATES

(Illustrated at lower left)

This type of costume is suitable for both boys and girls. Old jeans, multi-colored patches for headscarves, trouser patches, cummerbunds, and old shirts or "T"

shirts make the basic part of the costume.

Earrings, eye patches cut from black painted cardboard, and a black cardboard flag with the skull and crossbones on a bamboo pole add realism to the outfit.

A cutlass may be worn in the cummerbund. This can be cut out of 3-ply or cardboard and painted silver.

COOLIE

(Illustrated below, centre)

An old pyjama suit can be used for this costume if the trousers are dyed black and the top orange. If preferred, a pyjama pattern can be used to make the outfit in a new material. Strips of black material, 2in. wide, will be needed to trim the mandarin collar and the edges of the coat and sleeves.

The coolie hat is cut from a circle of orange cardboard 15in. in diameter. Slit the circle from the centre back to the centre of the circle and overlap to give the coolie shape. Sew securely. Make a black plait of crepe paper and fasten to underside at the back of the hat.

Make a fan by folding a strip of cardboard concertina style and catching it at one end with cord or a black shoelace. The moustache can be drawn on with an eyebrow pencil.

BROWN TEDDY BEAR

(Illustrated below)

This is an ideal costume for smaller children. A pyjama suit can be dyed dark brown and worn with matching angora gloves and plain brown socks. The headdress is a brown hood made from crepe paper with two small circles of the paper drawn in and sewn on the front for ears.

Continued on page 42



PIRATE SUITS, popular with both boys and girls. The making takes little time, so they are favorites with mothers who are asked for fancy-dress costumes at the last minute.



COOLIE COSTUME in bright colors can be made from old pyjamas dyed and bound with contrasting material. The hat and fan cost only a few pence for the cardboard.



TEDDY BEAR OUTFIT. The suit can be made from dyed pyjamas or brown colico. The hood is made from stitched crepe paper, and brown gloves and socks are used.



INDIAN square and boy (above) are a good idea when there is more than one in the family to be dressed up. Sugar bags or dyed hessian trimmed with red, green, yellow, or blue braid, or ribbon, strings of beads, a headband, a feather, and some wool for a wig are needed for this Indian costume.

*

GINGER MEGGS and Min with the parson (right) would make an excellent costume for a group of children going to a party together. Old clothes can be cut down for the boys, and the girl's costume takes only a very small amount of material.



HAWAIIAN HULA SKIRT for a little girl is made of pieces of ordinary brown paper stitched together and cut into long strips. Bare feet with paper flowers around the ankles and wrists, colorful paper leis around the neck, and a hibiscus complete the effect.

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EVERY THURSDAY

but a shrill voice repeated the slogan as she ran across in front of them. It was perfectly obvious that this was an attempt to parody, to satire, to bring into contempt everything that the afternoon had stood for.

Simultaneously both Yvonne and her father recognised the grinning features of Michel, half hidden by the rhododendrons.

The Bishop, puzzled, leaned forward, his eyes straining through his glasses. Politely he murmured: "Charming! Charming! A delightful fantasy!"

It was at this point that M. Blanchard showed something of the qualities that had brought him to the position of Mayor. Something had to be done at once, that was obvious. After a quick glance towards his wife, he cleared his throat and said: "Your Grace, ladies and gentlemen! We have all enjoyed an afternoon of rare and generous hospitality. Long live the Count! Long live his fair and lovely daughter! Well now, it is my privilege and duty to present the prizes, as climax to an afternoon that we of this commune will long remember."

Without looking towards the Count, and quickening his talk, he continued: "First prize for the novel goal-shooting competition, maximum gained seven points, lovely goose, formerly Count's property, His Lordship the Bishop..."

Sufficient wits had been recovered for applause to break out among a fair proportion of the villagers.

In the shrubbery, Michel's mouth dropped open; only now was it dawning upon him that his carefully planned interruption, the sabotage he had plotted with such confident cunning in Dieppe, had turned into a fiasco. Compared to the events immediately preceding it, Lisette's artistically contrived satire upon the game had already been half forgotten.

It had been all her fault; she had spent so long darning herself up that they had arrived too late. He moved stealthily, like a Red Indian, towards Herubel's marquee.

The Bishop was holding up his hand for silence.

"I must thank Monsieur le Maire," he said, "for his words and I must express my gratified surprise at winning such a delightful little game or competition. But I do not think that the goose and I can share the little car which will take me home. One goose in the car is quite enough." He paused, but there was no laughter, only the same gaping silence.

"So I am going to bequeath my prize to Rigoville, to Father Leclerc, who will auction it for the Restoration Fund, which all of us, I know, have so much at heart. Nor can I leave without thanking from the bottom of my heart Monsieur le Comte, whose generosity will in this way bring added and much-needed funds for the rebuilding of your cherished church. And now, my dear children, one last thing: let me give you my blessing, since by some oversight you did not appear at Benediction."

The villagers dropped to their knees on the lawn. Left standing were some twenty or thirty, conspicuous among them the Count, Yvonne, Isobel, and Mrs. Lappiter. Mme Dufau was still sitting on the ground, too weak to rise. Michel was pouring himself a strong Calvados in Herubel's marquee, oblivious to Lisette's sobs which he could hear from somewhere behind the rhododendrons.

The blessing over, the Bishop bowed to the Count, beckoned to the Cure, and disappeared round the corner to the front of the house.

Struggling to her feet, Mme Cloquet rushed indoors and in less than a minute was out again. Whatever her religious

Continuing

convictions, she was the Count's servant. With a hand that trembled she handed him a deep and undiluted glass of whisky and, as he drained it in terrifying, angry gulps, he was watched fearfully by his daughter Yvonne, lovingly by Mme Dufau, and with a glimmer of friendly understanding by the indomitable Mrs. Lappiter.

Ronnie Simpkin had been told to report at UNESCO before nine-thirty on the Monday morning. Breakfasting lightly off black coffee and brandy, he pondered upon the harshness of a fate that had flung him unprepared into what he understood to be a maelstrom of cultural activity, a kind of remittance man in reverse, expected to justify his existence in an atmosphere quite alien to his character. After a last despondent glance at himself in his bedroom mirror, he hurried round to the immense building in the Avenue Kleber, near the Arc de Triomphe.

On a pillar he saw inscribed in large capitals the words: UNITED NATIONS EDUCATIONAL SCIENTIFIC AND CULTURAL ORGANISATION (although inside the building it was a strict rule of the house that "Organization" should always be spelt with a "z"), and with a last despairing glance at the spring sunshine he passed through the swing door.

In the main hall there was a babel of conversation in diverse tongues.

He had come up to Paris late the previous night, dozing fitfully in the car on the way and not feeling at all well, his physical condition aggravated by memories of Jacqueline's pigheaded resistance in the course of a scamper through the de Gournay grounds after Yvonne's party. He had managed to lure her away without much trouble, and he had led the way to a small copse standing well back

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from, and out of sight of, the Chateau. It had seemed to him at the time that Jacqueline shared his mood of romantic excitement, but when he had begun to put this to the test, a sudden streak of Norman caution had turned the tall, willowy creature into a die-hard prude.

While she could not help but be flattered by the ardent attentions of this handsome Englishman, and despite the portents to which she had listened so avidly in the soothsayer's tent, she showed very plainly to the astonished Ronnie that there were certain limits beyond which, for the moment at any rate, she was not prepared to go.

After a brief and bitter struggle they walked moodily back to the Chateau, where Michel had bounded happily forward and seized Jacqueline from Ronnie's charge; for the young French artist had now completely abandoned Lisette.

Clearing up later, the servants found among the rhododendrons a sash that had been torn to ribbons as if by a maniac, and a lacrosse stick that had been smashed across its middle. Mme Cloquet had consigned these curious remnants to the dustbin.

Before leaving Rigoville Ronnie had said goodbye to a jubilant Yvonne, already recovered from the monstrous incursion of the Bishop. She appeared to show no signs whatever of fatigue, and, unlike Jacqueline, her eyes sparkled with goodwill towards men.

"Now don't forget, Ronnie," she had said. "You've admitted that you know dozens of lovelies in your Embassy, and you're bound to be seeing some of them. It's quite obvious now that the scheme is well and truly launched, so be an angel and talk to them about sending a team down here. I'm sure they'd love the outing and they could easily be back in Paris the same night."

Now that we've got funds we can go straight ahead. I wish you wouldn't look so stubborn and glum—anybody would think you'd been bitten by a snake. After all, I'm not asking you to play!"

"Oh!" Ronnie had groaned. "I wish you wouldn't be so bright. Frankly, I couldn't care less whether your infernal game comes off or not. I am a sick man. Thank you for a wonderful party," he had added bitterly.

Standing bewildered in the main hall of UNESCO, he caught a glimpse of Bertie Ringwood, through whose influence Mr. Simpkin Senior had obtained Ronnie's temporary appointment.

Mr. Ringwood was a corpulent, pleasant, bearded man, a novelist in his spare time, who had never sunk so low as to obtain permanent employment anywhere, but whose talents as a translator were sufficiently high for him to work several months a year in UNESCO.

The generous, tax-free salary, far in excess of his simple requirements, enabled him to spend the rest of the year in peaceful independence not far from Chartres where, with unflagging zeal, he churned out a stream of romantic novels under a different name.

"We've plenty of time for a coffee," he explained, leading the way down to the basement canteen. "None of the big shots arrive much before twenty to ten. Besides, you don't want to be over-keen. One mustn't panic." He told Ronnie about the hours of work: nine-thirty to one o'clock, with a nominal hour off for lunch and the final break at six-thirty.

"But of course nobody can really lunch in an hour," he said. "That's just silly. On the other hand, never have an empty desk, most important. Must have something on the desk, old boy."

Around them in the canteen

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FANCY DRESSES . . .

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INDIAN DRESS

Use hessian or sugar-bags to cut out the dress from a slip pattern with an opera top. In cutting, allow for a lap-over on the skirt (note illustration on top of page 41). Fringe the bottom and one side of the skirt, decorate with rows of colored braid, tape, rick-rack, or colored ribbon, or a mixture of any of these as long as the colors are bright.

The wig is made from two skeins of black wool cut and stretched out flat to a width of about 9in. Machine a piece of black tape about 9in. long across the middle of the wool to make the parting. Now place on the child's head, with the tape down the centre parting, and pull wool down flat on either side. Make two plaits over the ears and tie with bright ribbons.

To complete the costume, tie a multi-colored band around the head and finish with a painted quill at the back. Strings of colored beads around the neck add realism to the dress.

INDIAN BOY

This costume is made in two pieces — trousers and sleeveless jacket made from dyed hessian or sugar-bags.

The side seams and around the bottom of the trousers are fringed for 1in., and a strip of fringing is sewn around the armholes and across the yoke of the jacket.

The headdress is a band of plaited crepe paper, a painted feather, and two side plaits also made from crepe paper. A small cardboard or 3-ply tomahawk completes the picture.

PARSON

An ordinary suit with a doubled straight piece of material starched and fastened around the neck forms the basis of this costume.

A waistcoat can be worn underneath the coat for better effect, and an old black hat turned up all round makes a parson's hat.

HAWAIIAN SKIRT

Take four sheets of brown paper 36in. x 24in., double the paper over lengthwise, giving a crease 24in. long (the waistline) with a drop of 18in. Sew by hand with large stitches along the crease 1in. from the folded edge.

Now lay the paper flat on a table and with a ruler and a light pencil mark off lines

1in. apart from the stitching to free edges. Cut through all thicknesses of paper along these lines.

Hang a couple of paper leis around the neck and leis around the wrists and ankles.

Tuck a hibiscus in the hair.

GINGER MEGGS

This is a simple costume to make. All that is needed is a waistcoat to wear with the shirt and pants, and a red wig made from 2 skeins of wool. Stretch wool out flat and stitch a piece of tape about 9in. long across it to form parting.

Cut ends of wool and mount on a stocking top which will grip the child's head and keep the wig in place.

MIN

This simple dress can be made from brightly striped material folded in halves with a piece cut out for the neck.

The neckline and Peter Pan collar can be cut from a dress pattern. Stitch up the sides, leaving holes for the arms. Tie low around the body with a sash.

The little muff can be made from scraps of material, and an old turn-up hat over a wig finishes the costume.

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a thrilling difference in your hair. You find "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo rinses out of your hair quickly and completely leaving it fresher than you've ever known — soft . . . shining . . . clean.

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In 3 sizes: Small 2/11 large 4/6, handy SHIP-PAK 1/2, at chemists and stores.

on that sunny Monday were a couple of dozen or more UNESCO workers, of various grades, drinking hasty cups of coffee in silence, some of them dipping croissants in their cups and plainly seizing this opportunity to break their fast.

At precisely twenty minutes to ten there was a move to go and they joined the jostling crowds round the two lifts in the main hall. Mr. Ringwood and Ronnie forced their way into the "express" lift which did not stop before the fifth floor, sharing it with two silent Africans, a clattering group of Spanish women, an Australian or two, several Frenchmen, and a tall American with a dazzling tie to whom Mr. Ringwood bowed.

On the sixth floor Ronnie was led to a door marked "Mr. LAZENBY," with the words "Chief of Translators" underneath, and here he was introduced to his superior, Mr. Ringwood sliding backwards out of the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Simpkin," said Mr. Lazenby, glancing at his watch. "You won't mind my saying, by the way, that we start work here at half-past nine? Not a rebuke, merely a reminder. Do sit down. Now let me see . . . you're P-two, I presume?"

Continuing . . .

"I'm . . . I beg your pardon?"

"P-two?"

Ronnie sat in silence, wondering whether he was making the right impression. This was the kind of thing that Ringwood should have warned him about. Had he a code number? Was there a password?

"P-two?" he queried.

"Well, perhaps you're P-three," Mr. Lazenby said, apparently not offended. "Never mind. Let's see now . . . I've found you a desk in six-eight-two, there's a terrible shortage of space, can't think why with all these cuts. You'll be in with a Monsieur Baveaud and a perfectly frightful old dragon called Suchard. We all hate her. Quite inhuman." He smiled encouragingly. "I'll take you along to the room and introduce you. Then I think you'd perhaps better go down to Personnel on the fifth and straighten yourself out. You've probably done this kind of work before, so you'll understand that there are certain formalities. For the life of me I cannot clearly remember what they are. However, you'll find that everyone is very kind, very kind . . ."

M. Baveaud and Mme Suchard

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ard greeted him coldly. Until that morning they had shared the small room without interference, but now that the third desk had been installed, at which Ronnie was to work, space had suddenly become cramped. Although the sun was now shining with increasing cheerfulness, all the windows were shut and there was a musty, indefinable smell as of an unswep larder.

As soon as the social formalities had been completed the two returned to their work: Mme Suchard sitting up straight as a ramrod, M. Baveaud's bald head bent low over a typescript.

Ronnie was directed to Personnel on the fifth floor, where he was told to sit down while a blue card was written out and signed, then handed to him. This stated that he was now a bona fide if temporary member of the organisation and he put it carefully into his wallet. He was then asked how much it had cost him to reach Paris.

"Nothing," said Ronnie. "I was given a lift."

Personnel frowned and put away an expenses form. In its place a very much larger form was produced, and handed over to him.

"Please fill that in some time this morning and return it to us," he was told. "Now, if you'll wait a moment I'll fix a time for the medical."

"The medical? But I'm quite fit. At least I think I'm fit." He fidgeted with his tie and Personnel smiled—a surprisingly warm, human smile. She was an English girl and looked young to hold an executive position.

"Medical is on the fourth," she explained. "You can't miss it. There's a huge red cross outside the door. They'll be expecting you . . . just a minute." She rang through and made an appointment for him at eleven o'clock.

Back in Room 682 Ronnie eyed his form with distaste. There seemed a great deal to answer and he had already filled in an immense document in triplicate before joining the organisation. One question in particular startled him, and he read it through carefully, twice.

It asked him to give his next of kin or indicate the person to whom, in the event of his death before the expiry of his contract, he wished to leave his money.

In desperation he turned to M. Baveaud. "Excuse me, Monsieur Baveaud, I am here on a fortnight's contract. Am I indeed expected to make what is tantamount to a Will?"

"That is so," said M. Baveaud.

Ronnie toyed with the idea of leaving his money to the graceless Jacqueline, if only to shame the girl (after his death) into realisation of the depth of his feelings; but at the thought of any investigations that UNESCO might care to make—or to which, for all he knew, it was regularly subjected—he changed his mind and made his father residuary legatee of his fortnight's salary.

He was just completing this form when the phone rang and he was sent for by Mr. Lazenby.

"Ah! I was beginning to wonder what had happened to you. Well, never mind, Mr. Simpkin: by sheer chance a document has just come in from the pool, an admirable exercise for the . . . ah . . . beginner. I've glanced at the first page and it doesn't look as if it will offer any serious obstacles. No need to rush it, remember, accuracy first. We in this department maintain certain . . . well, yes, certain standards, and I am glad to say we have a very good name."

He glanced keenly at Ronnie and Ronnie tried to glance keenly back, but the effects of his debauch in Rigoville the day before had not yet fully worn off. He was perfectly willing to appear alert, if that was what was expected, but a certain degree of bewilderment crowding upon lassitude made this physically difficult. He noticed that Mr. Lazenby had a huge cup of black coffee on his desk, and wondered how this was done. He was seized with a nightmare feeling that Mr. Lazenby at any moment was going to point a finger at him and thunder: "You too can be a success!"

Instead, however, his chief pushed the document across to him with the words: "Well, Mr.

words did exist: he had hitherto remained ignorant of them in both French and English. This was Lazenby's genuine idea of something simple to start on, it was going to be a long fortnight.

The first page, however, he could tackle with confidence. He braced himself to his typewriter and found that his refusal to co-operate with him was absolute. Sometimes three keys would jump out together; at others, it would slip a line. He fought off an insane longing to throw it on the floor and kick it. Mme Suchard's sighs became audible and it was clear that she was being distracted by his ineptness.

To his great surprise M. Baveaud said, "Ha! Ha! Ha! He is an old one, that typewriter." The Frenchman smiled at Ronnie with indulgence.

IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

This week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation has been won by Mrs. A. W. Christian, 30 Grosvenor St., Sandy Bay, Hobart.

This is her entry:

"The phrase 'In the twinkling of an eye' is used of an extremely brief moment of time."

"It comes from Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, chapter 15, verses 51 and 52, where Paul is describing the return of Christ: 'We shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump.'"

Readers are invited to send in Bible quotations whose frequent application has made them part of everyday language.

Each entry must state the book, chapter, and verse from which the quotation comes, and an example of modern usage.

Send entries to Bible Quotations, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Simpkin, there you are. If you have any difficulties, ask Monsieur Baveaud. If there is any serious query, come to me. But you'll appreciate of course that I'm pretty busy . . ." He replaced a large reference work among the others that stood between book-rests on his desk.

Ronnie returned to his room with the manuscript, which was pinned to a bright yellow card a foot square and covered with hieroglyphics, apparently in code. It was the French original of speeches made some months previously to a commission of experts convened by UNESCO at Ankara to investigate the problem of arid zones with special reference to central Anatolia.

The first page was simple enough: an eminent Turk expressed his pleasure at seeing such famous scientists gathered together in his country, praised UNESCO for its enterprise and trusted with confidence that practical and far-reaching benefits would result from the papers that they would be privileged to hear.

This seemed straightforward. It was when he turned the page (and he wondered immediately whether Mr. Lazenby had done so) that his heart sank.

Without further preliminaries the Turk plunged into fantastically complicated statistics and calculations, employing words and whole phrases of scientific jargon that might as well have been written in Russian or Urdu for all that Ronnie could make of them.

"Monsieur Baveaud," he said weakly. "I wonder if you could assist me? Is it possible to borrow a dictionary?"

"The library is on the fourth, Monsieur. Or you can borrow that of Madame Suchard. She will be charmed, I'm sure." His bald head dropped again.

With a look of venom Mme Suchard indicated the large Larousse on her desk. Ronnie was surprised to find that such

University City. They will send us a print for more careful examination . . . Please dress."

Back in the waiting-room an enormous Englishman was awaiting treatment, bleeding horribly from the elbow, while what appeared to be either a Chinaman or a Korean was grimacing as his foot was bandaged in the nursing-room. A South American girl, coming round slowly after a dead faint, was being led to a couch. Finally an appointment was made for Ronnie to visit the hospital the following morning at nine o'clock: there he would be properly photographed.

Coming so soon after the making of his last will and testament, this extraordinary concern for his health alarmed him. The nurse smiled at him cheerfully enough, but then these people were trained to smile professionally, even when they knew the patient to be at the brink of death.

Normally blessed with the best of health, he already felt out of sorts. He was about to light a cigarette but checked himself, putting the case back into his pocket. Making his way back to his office, he took the stairs up to the sixth floor with measured caution; it did not seem to him, now that he came to think of it, that he was breathing quite regularly.

"Ah, but you must understand," M. Baveaud explained when he asked the French translator about what he had been through. "Here at UNESCO we have great health benefits, free treatment, pension schemes, all of the best. They have to be careful. Of what use to take on sick men, you understand? But if you prove to be authentically ill, or should you suffer an accident, you will find them most kind. A splendid medical service, splendid. Why, even these spectacles that I wear are a present from the United Nations, I am glad to say."

In his absence an envelope had appeared on Ronnie's desk, and opening it he found his contract, of which he was expected to sign and return one copy.

It was headed: "Notice of Personnel Action: Mr. Ronald Simpkin No. 17,856," and he was interested to learn from it that his "Level Step" was P.2/3 (which solved the early references of Mr. Lazenby) and that his salary was no less than 5000 dollars a year, effective for 14 days. His post—and he hoped that he did not have to memorise it—was T-F.45.7854 and the document told him the Division and Section that he worked for.

"All spaces for allowances (Dependents, Children, Pension Fund, Medical Benefits Scheme, etc.) were disappointingly marked 'Not Applicable,' but under 'Remarks' came the welcome phrase: 'Plus a salary adjustment of 338 dollars per annum. Subject to passing medical examination.'"

Resolutely Ronnie started to work out on a spare sheet of typing paper just what weekly salary he was earning in French francs. His first calculation established him as a millionaire and a second attempt made him out to be virtually a pauper. Yet the final result, which he obtained three times in succession, was gratifying enough: it seemed that he was earning nearly £45 a week in French currency, tax free. He was engulfed in a wave of enthusiasm and loyalty to his new employers.

Looking up, he was astonished to find that he had concentrated so hard on his calculations that both Baveaud and Mme Suchard had slipped away without his noticing; yet it was only 12.30. What typically French lack of discipline! Throwing open the windows

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MORE AND MORE AUSTRALIANS

are enjoying the natural way to regularity—without purgatives



BREAKFAST IN THE CANTEEN, like breakfast at home, begins the same way for thousands of Australians. This nut-sweet breakfast cereal keeps them regular the natural way, without medicines.

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with relief, he went back to the Turk's discourse.

But at this point a fascinating new problem crossed his mind: if he was right in assuming that he was earning well over £40 a week, how much was he earning per hour? With this additional mathematical poser he occupied himself happily till one o'clock.

Lunch hour! He rose to go. At £40 a week one could entertain a little. Things were not so bad. The United Nations owed him a Pernod. But once again his eye fell on the words: "Subject to passing medical examination." He stubbed out the cigarette he had lit so absent-mindedly and replaced his case in his pocket.

As the days of the first week passed without further summons to the medical department on the fourth floor Ronnie presumed that he was less tubercular than he had feared and tried to settle down as best he could to a type of life hitherto unknown to him, a sedentary but regular existence involving far more work than he had anticipated.

Struggling with the manuscripts supplied to him by Mr. Lazenby, he cultivated a mild friendship with M. Baynaud and conducted guerrilla warfare against Mme Suchard. Despite the blazing beauty of Paris in springtime Mme Suchard would never on any occasion allow the windows to be opened, and whenever she left the room, even for a few minutes, Ronnie opened them as wide as possible.

Her expression of revulsion on re-entering the room always seemed to make this worth while; but what Ronnie did not realise was the amount of harm he was doing himself for the sake of a breath of fresh air. He was unversed in the bitterness of intrigue inside in-

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ternational organisations of this scope. Mme Suchard, as a permanent employee, was in a position to undermine the prospects of this youthful and ingenious "temporary."

Every afternoon the English translators gathered together for a social cup of tea, ignoring the trolly from which tea was sold to the main body of the staff at the exorbitant price of 25 francs a cup, and it was at these meetings that Ronnie observed with pleasure that culture for the sake of culture was by no means predominant throughout the staff.

Several of the girl translators were gay, well turned-out, and even worldly. They seemed to own cars as a matter of course and divided their conversation between office scandals, breathlessly exciting week-ends either just accomplished or in store, and the current delights available in Paris. Mr. Lazenby, whose initial references to punctuality had so chilled Ronnie's temperament, turned out upon closer acquaintance to be entirely human.

Each day at UNESCO ended punctually at 6.30, when with few exceptions the polyglot staff of over seven hundred persons surged down the broad stairs or packed the lift, to reform in swirling groups in the main hall or gather in the basement bar. From now until he went to bed, Paris lay at Ronnie's disposal.

There was only one cloud on his immediate horizon: the sordid matter of finance. It had seemed to him, when he had toiled up his salary, that he was a wealthy man, for the sum far exceeded anything that his father had ever handed him in the form of an allowance; but living with his parents in the country had not

prepared him for the financial demands of the capital.

Here in Paris the simplest meal seemed to cost a fortune. One could not, for sheer shame, offer a girl ordinary wine from a cafe, nor could one take a girl to the small and half-secret haunts known to UNESCO employees—tawdry little restaurants round the Rue Lauriston—where they



"I never was one to gossip, but I do like to spill what I know."

normally ate when on their own.

UNESCO, naturally enough, did not pay its temporary employees in advance and before his first week was over Ronnie found himself asking his friends to help him out. These sums, small enough in themselves, quickly began to aggregate to a figure alarmingly near to the total which, he estimated, he would receive from UNESCO at the end of his fortnight.

The danger signals began to multiply. Ronnie, who had no

wish to run into unnecessary trouble with his father, decided to spend Sunday at Long-champs with Esther Learoyd.

"Meet me at the Grillon, dear girl," he told her over the phone, "and we'll wander out to the races. It'll be like old times."

He had met Esther Learoyd during his "London period," shortly after leaving school, and had often gone racing with her. She was the only girl he knew whose father owned racehorses and their luck had been phenomenal. There had even been a time when he had very nearly fallen in love with this stocky, dark-haired English girl, to whom National Hunt meetings in the winter seemed to offer difficulties no more serious than those afforded by the Flat.

He had heard that she had been posted to the Embassy in Paris, not so much because she was in need of money but because her father looked upon the appointment as a sensible economic method of giving Esther a glimpse of the wide world.

She seemed as attractive as ever as she swept, a little late, into the Grillon bar.

"Ronnie! How lovely to see you again! What on earth are you doing in Paris?"

"You're looking superb!" said Ronnie. "What can I offer you on this radiant day?"

"A glass of champagne would be delicious! Dear me, what fun! Ronnie, you look tired."

"I am earning my living. . . . Louis, bring us two glasses of champagne. . . . Esther, I am no longer a parasite, but a working man. Tell me, how are you enjoying Embassy life?"

"Ronnie, your immense health!" She raised her glass. "Darling Esther!"

This is excellent, thought Ronnie: without trouble we have slipped back into that easy camaraderie which enlivened our teamwork on so many British racecourses. It was too early yet to ask whether she had done much racing in France, but she had this remarkable flair, and he felt confident that she would not let him down.

As they drove out to a restaurant beneath the trees on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne he explained his own position: as a dutiful son he was complying with his father's wishes and working at UNESCO.

When she laughed at this, he refused to be hurt, explaining that the work was temporary, well paid, and interesting. The bill for lunch came to just over £4.

Immense crowds had by now begun to converge upon the course, looking its best in the spring sunshine. The chestnut trees were in blossom and the sun gleamed on the little windmill at the far turn, on the long, low totalisator stands and above all on the dresses of the mannequins.

This was a big day and the President of the Republic was in his private little stand, guarded by giants in plumed helmets. All Paris was on parade, idling on the green lawns and greeting each other beneath the trees.

To Ronnie it was nothing new, but to Esther it came as a surprise to find that when the first race was about to be run, most of the crowd were not in the main grandstand facing the course but were packing the stairs and balconies facing exactly the opposite direction.

"I must say, it's understandable," Esther murmured as more and more groups of young women, very tall, swept

through the iron gates. "My dear Ronnie! Jug look at that dress over there—is Dior going dotty, or would that be a Fath?"

"I don't know at all," Ronnie muttered. He was careful to hide a faint but growing sense of irritation. Had they been in England Esther would by now have been striding to the paddock, race-card in hand, nodding here and there to trainers or owners whom she knew, her mind intent upon the matter in hand, while he would have been fulfilling his usual role, keeping a sharp eye on the fluctuating odds.

Admittedly there were no bookies here, if one discounted a few clandestine operators, but surely this was no moment to relax and admire dresses. He studied his own card with blatant concentration—the first race had now been run and the steaming horses were treading their way daintily back through the crowd—but Esther, falling in with the prevailing mood, seemed to have no eye for anything but the fashion parade.

"It's fantastic, fantastic," she kept saying. "Ronnie, how sweet of you to bring me!"

"What about the second race?" he asked bluntly. "It's a big field, but all the more chance of a nice gamble."

Dark little men were slipping like eels through the crowd handing out flimsy yellow strips of paper to their clients, giving the approximate odds.

Esther glanced at her card without much attention. "Oh, I don't know. Emplou looks rather nice at the weights, I imagine. Goodness! Look at that hat!"

But Ronnie merely smiled. "Listen, Esther, I'll join you here or in the stand—at the

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NEW CARPET NOZZLE—raises the dust

As this nozzle moves backwards and forwards across the room, the movement causes a special rubber agitator to disturb dust and dirt deep down in the carpet pile, cleaning the carpet right through.



PRESTO—it starts PRESTO—it stops

A light tap of the foot on the carrying handle turns it ON. A second tap of the foot turns it OFF. No stooping, no bending.

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The extremely efficient motor provides powerful . . . yet quiet operation due to the special silencing muffler which eliminates irritating noise.



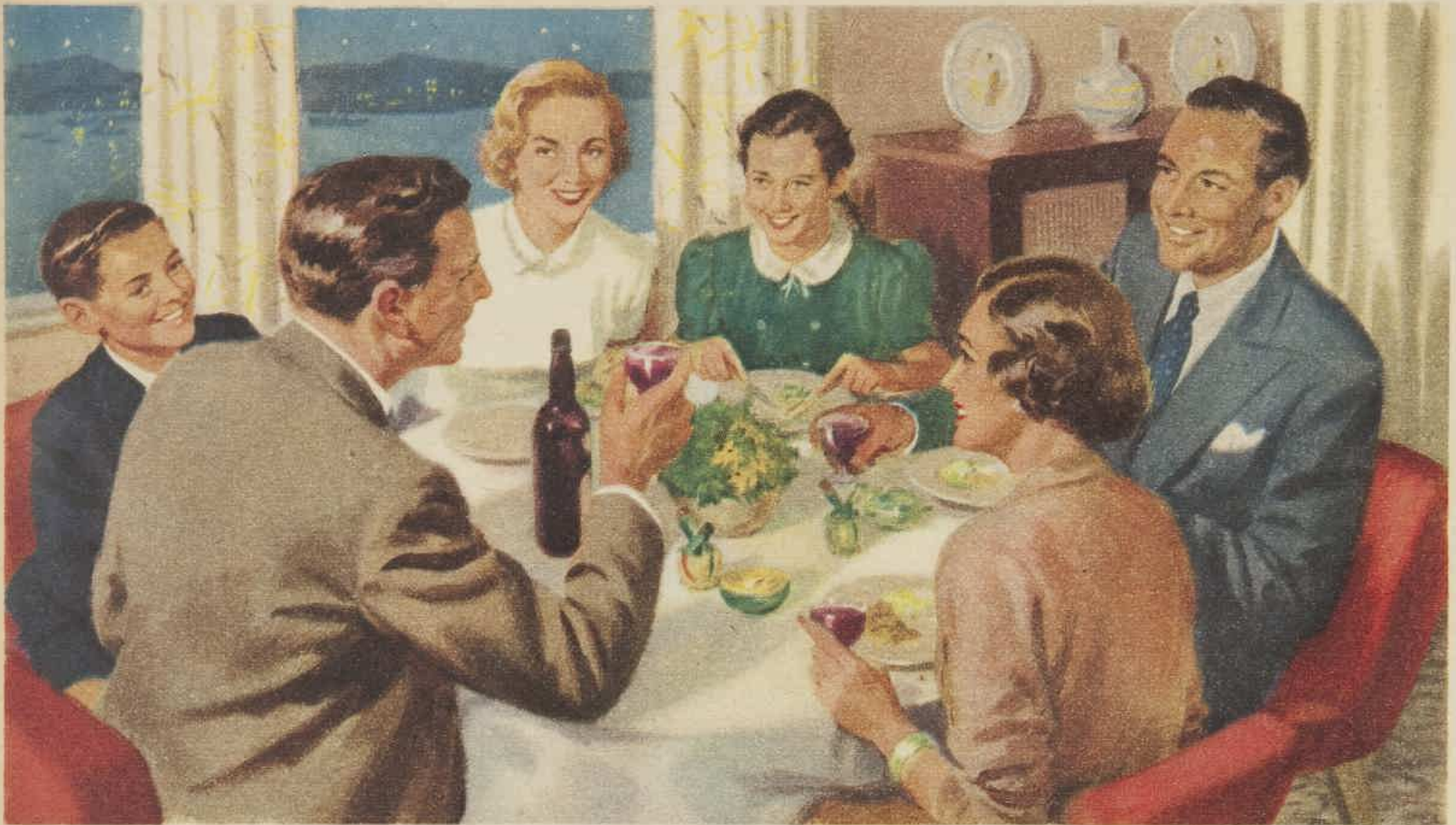
Easily removed DUST BAG

The cleaner stands on its end, permitting easy access to dust bag. The special wire frame enclosing the dust bag also enables you to empty the contents easily and efficiently.



PLUS ALL THESE ATTACHMENTS

WINE makes dinner so much nicer!



The meal hasn't been served that cannot be improved with wine. Besides the sheer pleasure of drinking wine for its own sake, wine adds to the enjoyment of food.

Rich, mellow white or red table wines lend charm to the family dinner table and make a gracious gesture of hospitality when you have friends. Expensive? Definitely not! The bottle of wine that *makes* your dinner will cost a mere fraction of the meal itself. In fact, you can *save money* by choosing a cheaper cut of meat, or leaving out that fancy dessert, and serving wine instead.

Smart housewives use wine in their cooking, too. Wine brings out flavours beautifully . . . gives cooking the extra touch that makes all the difference. (And you won't mind the children eating a wine-cooked meal because all the alcohol in wine evaporates during cooking.)

WHITE



There's a variety of tastes in delicious white wines, ranging from the semi-sweetness of Sauternes to the fresh dryness of Chablis, Hock and Riesling. Most people prefer white wines served very cold with oysters, fish, chicken or egg dishes. But there's no "rule" about it. You can drink wine the way you like it.

or RED

Mellow Claret and Burgundy are the two main types, and they give that something special to a meal. Usually, red wines are used with grills and roasts, but it's all a matter of taste. Wine is for sheer enjoyment—drink it the way you prefer it.



Life is more pleasant with WINE

—AND THE RIGHT WAY WITH WINE IS THE WAY YOU LIKE IT!

AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WINE BOARD

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WINE is the drink—any time!



SHERRY is a versatile drink that will help you relax after a hard day's work, give you an appetite, or save the situation when friends drop in unexpectedly. It's never out of place to serve Sherry, because it's the traditional offering to a guest and the popular accompaniment to a quiet moment at home. Sherry may be sweet, dry or in-between.

SPARKLING WINES like CHAMPAGNE (or sparkling Hock, Moselle or Burgundy) help to set the mood for gay occasions—or when you feel like "something special." Sparkling wines—enjoyable any time—are specially nice before or during meals.



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This attractive booklet FREE. It's yours, just by sending your name and address to:

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" 155C, G.P.O., Brisbane
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" T1650, G.P.O., Perth
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THE WONDERFUL THING ABOUT WINE IS THAT IT IS SO **INEXPENSIVE**. A BOTTLE OF WINE MAKES ANY MEAL GLAMOROUS FOR ONLY A FEW SHILLINGS.



AW.14 FPCWW

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 5, 1955

bottom of that big staircase.

"Arrived?"

"Yes, dear. Yes, dear."

He hurried over to the totalisator, where long queues of men and women less fashion-conscious than Esther had already begun to congregate. Should he start humbly at the 100 franc windows, aim at the 500 franc windows, or take life by the throat at 1000 or 5000 francs?

Esther had not given the impression of a girl who had studied form minutely. On the other hand the queues at the 100 franc windows were enormous.

He went straight to the 1000 franc windows, said: "Number three to win," collected the ticket, and began to struggle back to Esther.

In the stand, as the race was run, he could not help clutching Esther by the arm as *Emploi* came up by half a length. He was smoking furiously, his lungs forgotten, as he shouted the jockey's name, Poicet, at the top of his voice.

"Darling girl! Darling girl!" He gave Esther a squeeze.

"Win a fortune?"

"Don't know—but I had a pound on him to win. Oh, happy day!"

"Well done."

"I've just realised! I quite forgot to ask what you wanted to back. I'm dreadfully sorry."

"Never mind, Ronnie—you run away and collect. I'll be by that big tree again. The dresses are beyond belief."

He collected the satisfactory sum of 6480 francs. What a sweet girl she was! But she would still require careful handling: this preoccupation with clothes was something altogether new and disturbing. She had hardly glanced at her racecard since coming to the meeting.

By the time that he found her again she had become surrounded by a group of friends, and as she reeled off the introductions he tried hard not to look at his watch. Out of the corner of his eye he could see

Continuing

the jockeys in the paddock mounting for the third race.

The fatuous conversation continued—babble, babble, babble—Embassy gossip, talk of clothes, of hats. Ronnie ground his teeth. Then, while they were still chattering, the horses began to file past them.

"What a lovely grey!" said Esther. To his astonishment he realised that she was not referring to a dress, but a horse. Number seven.

Without a word of apology he plunged into the crowd, heading for the tote, where he flung himself at the back of the smallest queue; but before he could place his bets a series of bells trilled and the windows clamped down. He was too late; and it was as much as he could do to control his fury when the grey won without being seriously challenged.

Suddenly Esther, standing beside him, shouted: "Moir! Moira!" and a tall blonde a few yards below them turned and cried: "Esther!" It was soon obvious that they had been to school together and, before Ronnie could do anything to stem the tide, they were borne away in a flood of reminiscence.

With a happy laugh Esther turned to Ronnie and explained: "Isn't that extraordinary? Moira and I were at Hol-lowden together—same class, same house, same everything. Moira was captain of hockey. Well, well! We must go at once and have a drink—come on, Ronnie, be a dear, escort us somewhere where we can sit down."

With all his faults Ronnie had the makings of a gentleman, and he led the way out of the stand. But, after ordering their coffee and brandy, he excused himself. For this next race, the fourth, he had been given a really hot tip by friends in the UNESCO canteen and could therefore fend for himself.

He put 2000 francs on the animal, win only, and in solitary glory watched it come in

The Rigoville Match

from page 45

fourth. The coffee and the brandy for the girls had come to just under 1000 francs with tip. A rapid calculation, taking in the champagne at the Crillon and the lunch showed that his 6000 franc win was already more than wiped out.

The strain began to tell, but he refused to allow himself to become excited. At the same time, the phlegm of the French crowd surprised him; they were

hard to smile, but felt that he was baring his lips in a sneer.

"Oh, you poor Ronnie! But I thought you knew all about racing in France. Let's have a look. Will you excuse me, Moira, while I just run my eye down this list?"

He had put a pencilled tick against the runners and Esther's brows, for the first time that afternoon, contracted in curious study. She rejected the French paper giving the form which he slid across the table.

"Redemption," she said at



rather less demonstrative than the British. Fortunes, as always, were being won and lost, but with a quiet good humor, an absence of drama, that slightly annoyed him. By the time of the last race his self-control was ebbing.

"Listen, Esther, my very dear sweet girl," he hissed, "if you have now seen all the dresses you want to see and have sufficiently reviewed your school days, could you terribly kindly cast a glance at this list of runners and give me some sensible indication as to what a modest punter ought to do?" He tried

last, "is properly and decently bred—and if he's at all like his sire he'll appreciate running on top of the ground. All Redeemer colts like the going to be firm and this one should have stamina from his dam. But I must warn you that some of these runners are quite unknown to me—these two Boussacs, for instance. Really, Ronnie, I'm not sure, not sure at all."

With this vague statement Ronnie had to be content. "At the bottom of the stairs, then," he said, and hurried away.

There was nothing for it now; the afternoon had been frittered away and calamity lay round the corner. Redemption, he saw, was by no means favorite, yet the name might prove fitting enough. On the large indicator boards with their flickering signs Redemption stood at eight to one, then changed to tens. The public had less reverence for its breeding than Esther had shown.

He hurried to the 5000-franc window and said as casually as he could: "Number eight to win."

His situation was too desperate to fool around with place bets. He put the ticket into an inside pocket, for luck. By now he was chain-smoking.

He solaced himself with a quick brandy on his way back to the stands. Esther and Moira were again deep in conversation and it was clear that their surroundings were purely incidental; they were reliving happy childhood days and in spirit the English fields and Kentish lanes round Hollowden enveloped them. They paid little or no attention to him as he led the way up the stairs to the grandstand.

The field was already under starter's orders by the time they had fought their way to a place. At the "Off!" Ronnie threw away a half-smoked cigarette and lit another. Many of the race-goers and all the mannequins had by now gone home, but there were still thousands of people there. In the middle distance, pale grey and very solid, the evening clouds began to gather.

"I wonder if old Hawky is still teaching geography?" mused Esther.

"Shouldn't wonder," said Moira. "Remember when she caught poor little Nancy cheating?"

At the distance number eight was leading: it was one of two horses that Charlie Smirke had flown over from England to ride and Ronnie began to cheer him home. But in the last furlong, after they had turned the corner, it was steadily overhauled by a gigantic chestnut.

The two horses passed the post together and instantly a sign went up: "Photo."

"I can't bear it!" said Ronnie.

"You mean you backed it?" asked Esther innocently.

"I don't think I can stay up here any longer. Let me offer you another coffee."

As they fought their way down the stairs again a shout from the crowd seemed to strike the backs of their necks. "Number eleven!" The chestnut had won.

"This," said Ronnie, "is the end of the house of Simpson." He could not even bear to calculate what the day had cost him. His hand began to fumble in his inner breast pocket.

"It was a pretty dirty race," Esther remarked. "I don't know whether you noticed, coming round that last bend

Suddenly a siren wailed over the course, and Ronnie's heart gave three irregular thumps, stopped beating, and then began to thump again furiously.

"Objection," smiled Esther. "Not very surprising really. What went on at that last bend was nobody's business."

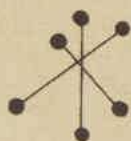
The minutes that followed seemed like years. Ronnie ordered coffee for the girls, brandy for himself. Another sudden shout from outside and he closed his eyes. He was not given to prayer; a mere formless hope slithered across his mind.

Somebody at the door, a thousand years later, shouted: "Objection sustained!" Esther laid her hand on Ronnie's and said: "Well done! Order us another coffee before you go and collect."

At the tote window an elderly Frenchman in a sad blue beret counted out the sum of 74,860 francs. Say £275. The price must have gone out even farther before the start. Ronnie remembered to say: "Thank you! Thank you very much!"

Over dinner that night, in a tiny Montmartre restaurant high up on the hill they

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WETTEX Sponge Cloth

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GIANT (double) 7' 6"

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Wettex Sponge Cloth is that clever cloth that has become so popular throughout Australia (actually, it's known all over the world). Its fame is its hygiene: made of glass smooth plastic fibres (yet so soft and strong) it refuses to trap and hold grease and dirt. Not like ordinary cloths! A simple rinse in clear water after use—now and again a boil—and it's always clean.

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**TWIN-O-MATIC
HEATER MODEL**
95 Gns. (93 Gns. in S.A.)



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FILLS... **EMPTIES**... **WASHES** and **WRINGS** as well

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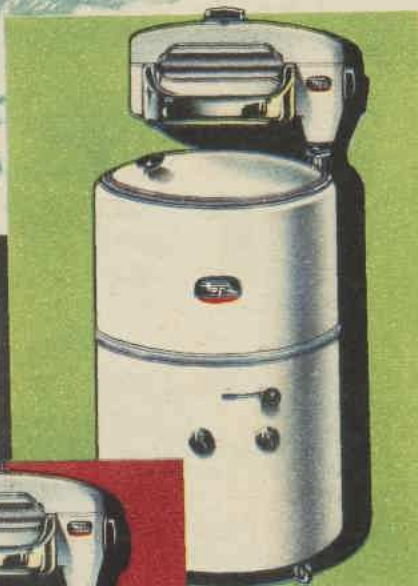
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Operates automatically at the turn of a switch... no effort... no back-aches... no dippers or buckets required. Has other Pope features like the "Aquavane", dependable power wringer and the big seamless aluminium tub. Gives a cleaner, fresher wash... leaves you a brighter, fresher woman.

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Featuring the exclusive "Aquavane" that gives deep undertow three zone washing. Power wringer that damp dries clothes gently — thoroughly. Deep skirt protects children's fingers from mechanism. One piece aluminium tub takes biggest wash with ease. Australia's biggest and the best you can buy.

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MODEL**
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has quality
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GARDENING

OCTOBER is the time to . . .

Sow and plant flowers and vegetables . . . check roses for disease . . . top-dress new lawns . . . plant citrus trees, shrubs, and vines.



OCTOBER is a busy month for gardeners in all parts of Australia.

There is still time to plant out corms of gladioli, achimenes, agapanthus, caladiums, gloxinias, and tuberous-rooted begonias. With the exception of agapanthus and gladioli, which thrive outdoors, these plants should be potted up and placed under glass.

Two parts of good sandy loam, one part leafmould, one part sand, and a very little well-sieved cow manure is sound potting mixture for the others. All need a compost that is adequately drained but holds moisture fairly well.

Roses will require much attention this month, regular spraying for aphid control being the principal chore.

A close watch should be kept on new growth of varieties susceptible to mildew. When the tell-tale whitish spots appear use any good finely divided sulphur.

During long dry spells roses should be watered well, too, and all weed growth drastically destroyed by hand or light hoeing.

Sweet-peas in New South Wales, South Australia, Victoria, and Western Australia will still be making a good show and will require sound watering, spraying with fine sulphur to check mildew, and regular tying to their supports.

Azaleas also paint the landscape everywhere in this month and will need spraying with D.D.T. or E605 to check the ravages of the rhododendron lace bug, which causes fading of the foliage.

Go over early azaleas and remove all seed pods or the flower flush of the bushes will be much reduced next season. Mulch the bushes with a two-inch layer of compost or leaf-



DUTCH VARIETIES, Arc de Triomphe and Oberhybern are two of the loveliest kinds of gladiolus.

GLADIOLUS, Parthenia (left), Lady Killer, and Atom show some of the varieties available to gladiolus fanciers. These pictures were taken at the Sydney Gladiolus Show last year. This year's show will be held on November 24 and 25 at the York Motors Showroom in William Street.

mould to keep the roots moist and to reduce the necessity of constant watering.

Dahlias are planted this month in many places. Last season's old tuber clumps should be forced to sprout by placing them under heaps of wet soil in a shady place.

When good shoots or sprouts have formed at the base of last season's stems, divide them with a small saw or strong-bladed knife, leaving a shoot to each tuber or two, and then plant out in well-prepared soil at least six inches deep.

Bear in mind that dahlias need an open, sunny position and good, rich soil. They should be staked at planting time.

Seeds of zinnia, aster, balsam, celosia, amaranthus tricolor, cock's-comb, cosmos, African marigold, petunia, mignonette, portulaca, tithonia, viscaria, eschscholtzia, and brachycome can still be sown.

The vegetable garden will also need much attention this month.

Tomato plants can be set out or more seed sown, and short rows of carrots, parsnips, beets, and white turnips sown in soil that was manured for winter greens last summer.

French beans can also be sown now with safety everywhere. Watch early bean sowings for black aphid and spray with D.D.T. if these pests are seen under the leaves. Sow more climbing beans, too.

In well-prepared hills (heavily manured) sow seeds of cucumbers, marrows, pumpkins, squashes, and both rockmelons and watermelons. Four or five seeds to each hill should be followed by thinning out later.

Other vegetables for October sowing include rosellas, tree tomatoes, cape gooseberry, capsicums, egg plants, endive, peppers, herbs, lettuce, radish, rhubarb, salify, sweet corn, celery, okra, and mustard. Cuttings of sweet potatoes can also be made.

Lawns should be growing apace now and thin stands of grass can now be given the first light top-dressing of sandy loam.

From four to five pounds of sulphate of ammonia per 1000 square feet of lawn will give them a good start if they suffered badly from winter frosts. Apply when the soil is wet and water in well.

Peaches, plums, nectarines, and apricots should be thinned out to improve the size of fruit. Small fruit of poor quality is the result of allowing too many on each branch.

This is also a good time to plant out passion vines and to give all established fruit trees a mulch of old manure all round for several feet.

Plant more citrus trees this month and give them plenty of space. Allow 15ft. to 20ft. each way between trees.

Finish shrub and vine planting before the weather warms up, and, in warm districts, don't overlook the claims of such lovelies as luculia gratissima, chalice vine, quiscalis, coral vine, stephanotis, all of which do best if planted while the weather, soil, and air are warm and fairly humid.

For the bright little frocks you love to wear choose

Merriespun

—it keeps its sparkle always

♪ Sweet

♪ Sweet

♪ Sweet



Available at all leading stores

Gay stripes or brilliant florals — whatever your favourite type of print — you'll find it in wonderful Merriespun.

And no matter how often you wash Merriespun — no matter how often you wear your favourite dress — the colours stay bright — the fabric stays fresh.

Buy it by the yard — or in ready-to-wear dresses. Either way, Merriespun costs so little you can have a dress for every day of the week and still have some money in your dress budget.



It's Cool!

The exclusive fuzz free finish of Merriespun never feels warm against your skin. A Merriespun summer is polar cool.

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*** Passion-fruit Filling!**

It's another "TONGALA" dream recipe! — Passion-fruit Filling, made with smooth, creamy "TONGALA" Condensed Milk. There's magic in it... and compliments too! Try it at your next party gathering—but make sure you use "TONGALA" Condensed Milk. Its homogenised, pasteurised, farm-fresh flavour makes good things taste better.

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TONGALA
HOMOGENISED
Sweetened Condensed MILK

*** Passion-fruit Baskets**

1/2 lb. Biscuit pastry
1/2 tin "TONGALA"
Condensed Milk
Juice of one lemon
2 at 3 passion-fruit

FREE! ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A SET OF "TONGALA" RECIPES



WORKING WIVES



"Any woman can manage a home and a job if she has a strict routine for the housework—and keeps to it," said Mrs. P. O'Farrell, of 97 Bream St., Coogee, N.S.W. Mrs. O'Farrell, a manicurist at a Sydney beauty salon, added: "I find the outside interest stimulating and the money is buying new furniture for our home."

HAND CARE IS HER BUSINESS

Asked how she kept her own hands so beautifully soft and smooth with all her own housework to do, Mrs. O'Farrell answered: "It is the weekly wash that plays up with most women's hands. I've always avoided trouble by using a washing powder I've proved to be gentle—Persil. Persil gives the sweetest, cleanest wash of all and is wonderfully kind to my hands."

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watched whisky being poured over the mushroom-covered breast of their chicken. Then the whole chicken was set alight.

"Darling old Esther," said Ronnie. "What a girl you are! True blue."

They drank each other's health. The wine and the excitement made Ronnie careless in this talk. He described the fete at the Chateau, the absurd plan of little Yvonne (though he did not mention her by name) and the way the village had become involved, despite itself, in the de Gournay scheme.

"But Ronnie," said Esther, "I must tell Moira! She's just the girl. She's a first-class hockey player, knows thousands of people in Paris, and... oh, we'll raise a team at the Embassy without the slightest trouble. What enormous fun!"

"If you mention this to a single soul, I'll kill you." "Rubbish! You wouldn't kill a fly—it's part of your notoriety charm... I can hardly wait for the day."

After dinner they climbed down a narrow, winding staircase to the ground floor, gripping the rope which was thoughtfully provided for those who had dined well.

"And now, my darling and dashing Ronnie, I must go home—after a very lovely day."

"Home?" asked Ronnie. "Not home?"

Jacqueline in the woods, Esther in the taxi... the same unaccountable prudence. What was coming over people these days—or was he growing old? Outside the flat on the left bank where she lived Esther kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"God bless," she said as the door opened. "I'll ring Moira early tomorrow. Sleep well—and thanks again for a lovely day."

At his little hotel just off the Avenue Kleber the night porter handed Ronnie his room key and a letter.

"Monsieur has all he requires?" It was the night porter's inevitable and automatic plea. Ronnie knew that he had only to say, "Well, I am a trifle lonely," for companionship to be discreetly provided.

"Everything, thank you," he said stiffly. "Coffee at eight, as usual, please."

"Very well, Monsieur." The night porter bowed despondently.

In the small lift that took him to the third floor Ronnie glanced at the letter. The address was written in the round and careful hand of Yvonne.

"My dear Ronnie," the letter ran, "I do hope that work isn't proving too tedious. Papa and I often think of you, seriously we do, it can't be much fun to sit in an office all day, and probably a stuffy one, after the fresh air and loveliness of Normandy."

"As you will have guessed already, this is to remind you of your promise. I don't know any of the people at the British Embassy myself. Papa is strangely reluctant to take the initiative on my behalf, so it really is rather up to you. I feel sure that your present attitude is something of a pose. After all, Ronnie, my ambition is a fairly harmless one!"

At this point he threw the letter on the bed. This was going to be a long and boring message, and he would need a cigarette. From the cupboard he drew a bottle of brandy and poured himself a nightcap, diluting it with water from the tap. He had chosen this modest hotel because it lay close to his office, charged reasonably by modern Paris standards, and the two-minute walk in the mornings would save both transport fares and time.

But the furnishings of the room nauseated him and the offence they gave to his sensibility became a constant irri-

Continuing . . .

tant. He settled down in the solitary wicker-work armchair and picked up the letter again.

"Everything is fairly quiet down here," it continued. "I now have more volunteers than I need, and in Mrs. Lappiter one with whom I could almost do without. She wants to pay for all the equipment, to design all the tunics, and in fact do everything short of leading us into battle! As for the Bishop, I don't know what his real intentions were in visiting the Chateau, but he has set the seal on my respectability and has left such enemies of mine as Mme Dufau in an agony of rage."

"Old Blanchard and Herubel are nevertheless cooling off, the former because he now thinks that as Mayor he should have been appointed as organiser from the start, the latter because of the ferocious—I can think of no other word—enthusiasm of his daughter Jacqueline. The poor little scatter-brain—or shouldn't I say that, Ronnie?—has formed the astonishing notion that to become a hockey player is something like becoming a film star. All womanly jealousy aside, she will certainly be something to watch!"

"Strangely enough, she has a very good eye, and if I were not intent upon playing centre-forward myself I should have to have her there. She is impetuous, takes the most dreadful risks"—Ronnie snorted and took a gulp of brandy—"but she has what I believe are called match-winning potentialities. Like Mrs. Lappiter she is also taking an indecent interest in the problem of what we are to wear."

"Michel dropped in on Wednesday to apologise for that dreadful red-headed creature who cavorted across the lawn brandishing a lacrosse stick. Who and what on earth was she? He also tried to pump me about plans, but since I know that he shares your own archaic notions I told him as little as possible."

"I do wish he wouldn't wear such filthy clothes. Someone ought to explain to him that even quite good artists, nowadays, occasionally wear clean shirts."

"As for poor Papa, I am afraid he has not fully recovered from those final shocks and the 'Vatican intrusion' as he calls it. I rather agree that the way the wicked little Bishop scooped the goose from under everyone's nose was disgusting, and Papa's only thought is of revenge. He also seems rather distressed about the lawn, and I suppose I should have foreseen what would happen to it. Mrs. Lappiter has called no fewer than three times, and on each occasion Papa has just had time to run for shelter to the gunroom, shouting to Mme Cloquet to say that he was out."

"Negotiations over the field continue. In this part of the world, as you know, it is usually fatal to hurry things, but I am beset by this sense of urgency, which leaves so little time to bargain and haggle. I don't think that we'll get that field by the Dieppe golf course, and Blanchard is being absurd about his football ground. However, we are well ahead with equipment, dress, and training!"

"Ronnie, I'm sorry if this seems too long a letter, but it's dreadfully important that you play your part in Paris. With all those lovely girls you know at the Embassy, I'm sure it wouldn't be hard for you to find someone to organise an Embassy team. It doesn't have to be a crack team, you know, and who ever takes over in the Embassy would do all the work, you wouldn't be involved any more. Be an angel, I beseech you!"

The Rigoville Match

from page 47

"Your mother and father are both well, but I dare say you've heard from them direct. Papa, Mme Cloquet, Victoria, and Yalta all embrace you, as I do myself. Please write soon..."

Ronnie drained his nightcap with a grimace and went to bed.

On the following morning, the Monday beginning his second week at UNESCO, Ronnie was sent for by Mr. Lazenby.

"Well, Simpkin, I dare say you're anxious to know whether this is to be your last week or whether the contract is to be extended," Mr. Lazenby began. "Let me see now: where did I put it?" He shuffled the pile of papers on his desk.

"Ah! Here we are. I am reporting on you favorably to Couteau—he's head of the division, as you are aware—but of course that needn't mean a thing. And I may as well warn you, strictly between ourselves of course, that that old horror Suchard is trying to make trouble. However, anything that she says against you I shall regard as in your favor—we are speaking confidentially—so don't be unduly worried about that. Considering the salary she earns it is incomprehensible that she cannot find a less repulsive form of perfume. Incomprehensible."

Ronnie sat in silence.

AFTER a pause, Mr. Lazenby continued dreamily. "Baveaud is right, and it's a pity that his wife is going to leave him. He has had this liaison with a girl in Education for so long now that you would have thought the situation was stabilized. She's a pretty little thing, no doubt of it, but one mustn't be taken in by the French passport. She was born in Besarabia, as you've probably guessed. There are some quite extraordinary people on the third floor... Well now, what are you working on now?"

"The library symposium, Mr. Lazenby. It's not very easy. I gather it was written by a Scandinavian, in English in the first instance."

"Ah, yes. D. & P. were having some trouble with it, I believe. If you're in trouble, go and see them."

Ronnie knew that D. & P. referred to Documents and Publications, on the fifth floor, with whom he had already established friendly contact. The English editor of this department was a white-haired and distinguished novelist whose loyalty to UNESCO did not stifle a profound sense of humor and they had laughed together over some of the wilder problems of syntax posed by the library symposium in its original form.

But they also knew that the symposium was being taken very seriously by Education, two floors down, and Education would be responsible for its final publication in English, French, and Spanish. In due course, eminent librarians all over the world would receive the finished work: it was a grave responsibility. Already many weeks of intense labor had been put into the task of making it intelligible.

"Well," said Mr. Lazenby, "as soon as you've finished that I shall want you to assist me with this symposium on Education through Art. There are about forty articles of varying quality, but they have all been paid for and I am sharing them out. It's a great thing for you that we have work on hand, it strengthens my case for extending your contract. One of the articles is quite dreadful: I have

read it in the original German, and it is so packed with mystical allusions that I think I shall honor old Suchard with the task of transmuting it into her native French. Now when can we lunch together?"

That particular Monday was impossible, because Ronnie had already arranged to lunch in the UNESCO restaurant with an extremely pretty French girl in Mass Communications. If she were to prove as delightful as she looked, he might ask her to dinner more luxuriously later in the week.

She was a blonde and almost as tall as himself, with a figure of breathless perfection. He regretted at once having chosen the basement dining-room, for it was intolerably hot, rather noisy, and packed with acquaintances from various departments.

On production of his blue card, he had been able to purchase luncheon tickets at the door, and this somehow put the whole affair on to a sordid semi-factory plane which was atmospherically incorrect; but he had made the rendezvous before his triumph at the races the previous day.

Yet even in this uncongenial dungeon she was exciting as a personality, and conversation ran easily.

Over coffee she said: "Why do you not see if there is a vacancy in our department? Extra staff is always taken on during the summer and autumn."

"I should love to," said Ronnie. "But I scarcely know what Mass Communications means, or mean."

"It is such a pity that you must leave UNESCO so soon!"

"I know. I find it all most... most absorbing."

"In Mass Comm.," said the girl, "we are a happy family. No petty jealousies, you understand. And when you are an executive there are opportunities for travel. How much I should like to see the world!"

"Ah, yes," said Ronnie. "Travel." He felt that he was losing the thread of the argument.

"Sometimes," she said, "South America!"

"Good gracious!"

"Yes, we have a girl, Public Relations, very clever, just back from South America."

"One of the translators, in my department, is being flown to India."

"Ah! India!"

The girl cupped her exquisite

To page 53



JUST TELL THE WIFE

to buy FORD PILLS
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
for only 5/6
EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

Crocheted or knitted

Directions are given here for making two useful gifts from cotton yarn—a child's playpants and an unusual needle-case. The pants are knitted, the case crocheted.

HERE are the instructions for the playpants illustrated below:

Materials: Two balls white, 1 ball blue (shade 8), or any two colors—Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton, No. 8; 1 pair each of Nos. 11 and 12 Milwards "Phantom" knitting needles; 1 yd. ¼ in. elastic; 2 buttons.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in.
Directions are given for size 4 (22 to 24 in. chest). Size 2 (20 to 22 in.) is given in brackets.

PATTERN

1st Row: With white p 1, * cotton over, sl. the next st. as if to p, p 1, rep. from * across row.

2nd Row: With blue k 1, * p the next st. and cotton over tog., k 1, rep. from * across row (carry color not in use loosely along the edge).

3rd Row: With blue rep. 1st row.

4th Row: With white rep. 2nd row.

5th Row: With white rep. 3rd row.

Rep. the last 4 rows for patt.

With white on No. 12 needles, cast on 102 (94) sts. and work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1½ (1) in., dec. 1 st. on last row of rib 101 (93) sts. Change to No. 11 needles and work even in st-st. (k 1 row, 1 row) until work measures

6½ (5½) in. from the beg., then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 39 (31) sts. rem. on needle. Work 6 rows even, then inc. 1 st. at beg. of every row until there are 101 (93) sts. on needle. Work even until front measures same as back. Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib for 1½ (1) in., inc. 1 st. on first row of rib.

NEEDLE-CASE

Materials: One ball selected color, 1 ball contrasting color, Coats Chain Mercer Crochet, No. 20; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3 (slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½); small piece of flannel.

BACK
Commence with 6 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 2 ch., 17 d.c. into ring, join with a sl-st. to top of 2 ch., to count as a d.c. (18 d.c.).

2nd Row: 2 ch., into each d.c. work 2 d.c., join with a sl-st. to top of 2 ch.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c. all round.

4th to 19th Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c., inc. at intervals to keep circle flat, having 112 d.c. on 19th row.

20th Row: * 2 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * all round, 2 ch., join with a sl-st. to first of 2 ch.

21st Row: * 2 d.c. into loop, 1 d.c. into d.c.; rep. from * all round, join with a sl-st. to first d.c. Fasten off.

FRONT
Commence with 6 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 2 ch., 17 d.c. into ring, join with a sl-st. to top

Work other leg edge to correspond. Sew halter bands to bib. Sew side seams.

Casing for Elastic: Attach cotton at inside of waistband. * 5 ch., sl-st. in 2nd rib ¼ in. below, 5 ch., miss 1 rib, sl-st. in next rib ¼ in. above, rep. from * all round, break cotton. Draw elastic through casing and fasten. Sew on buttons.

NEEDLE-CASE
Materials: One ball selected color, 1 ball contrasting color, Coats Chain Mercer Crochet, No. 20; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3 (slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½); small piece of flannel.

BACK
Commence with 6 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 2 ch., 17 d.c. into ring, join with a sl-st. to top of 2 ch., to count as a d.c. (18 d.c.).

2nd Row: 2 ch., into each d.c. work 2 d.c., join with a sl-st. to top of 2 ch.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c. all round.

4th to 19th Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c., inc. at intervals to keep circle flat, having 112 d.c. on 19th row.

20th Row: * 2 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * all round, 2 ch., join with a sl-st. to first of 2 ch.

21st Row: * 2 d.c. into loop, 1 d.c. into d.c.; rep. from * all round, join with a sl-st. to first d.c. Fasten off.

FRONT
Commence with 6 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 2 ch., 17 d.c. into ring, join with a sl-st. to top

of 2 ch., to count as a d.c. (18 d.c.).

2nd Row: Into each d.c. work 2 d.c.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c.

4th Row: * 1 d.c. into next d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * all round.

5th Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c.

Rep. last row 9 times more.

15th Row: 2 d.c. into each d.c.

16th Row: Now cont. as for



CROCHETED needle-case in a Mexican-hat design is a wonderful gift to give women friends for Christmas. It takes only two balls of crochet cotton and a small piece of flannel in a pretty color to hold the pins and needles.

of 2 ch., to count as a d.c. (18 d.c.).

2nd Row: Into each d.c. work 2 d.c.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c.

4th Row: * 1 d.c. into next d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * all round.

5th Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c.

Rep. last row 9 times more.

15th Row: 2 d.c. into each d.c.

16th Row: Now cont. as for

back, inc. sufficient to keep circle flat. Fasten off.

Cut two pieces of flannel to fit, place between two circles of crochet, join all four pieces for 1½ in. by taking a st. over d.c. through flannel and catching up d.c. on back piece, about 14 sts. in all.

Put thimble in place, put needles in top flannel and pins in bottom flannel. Make a cord of contrasting color and tie in bow.



PLAYPANTS for a toddler are knitted in cool cotton and feature an unusual color contrast in the bib. Legs and bib are edged with seed-stitch trim. Directions in two sizes.

Be trim for Spring!

RYVITA

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Rye Crispbread puts you in the fashion picture!

Added inches may not show under bulky Winter coats — but they'll spoil the lovely lines of new Spring clothes! It's so easy to lose weight and gain energy by making crunchy Ryvita your daily crispbread.

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Ryvita works two ways to keep you fit and slim. Because it is a rye crispbread, it satisfies your appetite sooner and keeps it satisfied longer. You don't crave extra "figure-building" foods. Then, Ryvita's whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins step up energy. You burn up surplus fat in healthy exercise.

FRESHER than any imported crispbread

Ryvita — England's most popular crispbread — is now made in Australia from the finest rye. This means that Ryvita is fresher, crisper, less expensive than imported rye crispbreads. Let your whole family enjoy it at every meal with butter, cheese or honey; use Ryvita for delicious sandwiches, savouries, nourishing after-school snacks.

Check your figure-points

Can you meet the challenge of exciting clothes like these? Spring 1955 offers a wonderful choice of styles to the slim. Now is the time to get trim for Spring! Ask your grocer for delicious Ryvita Crispbread. Enjoy it every day — and watch your mirror for results.

CHECK YOUR FASHION POINTS

Dramatic wing collar — White magic for a pared-down suit or frock. Sheer witchery — but only for the slim.

Trim, youthful waistline — A slim waistline puts you in the 1955 fashion picture — and keeps you looking smart in the oldest dress you own.

New longer hipline — The elegant long-stemmed look — wonderfully flattering to hips which have nothing to hide.



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DAMAGED HAND BASINS



RUSTED GUTTERING
ROOFS & DOWNPIPES



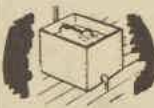
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DAMAGED WATERING CANS



LEAKY BUCKETS



LEAKY CISTERNS



DAMAGED WASTEPIPES



LOOSE KNIFE HANDLES



LEAKY TANKS



PLUGGING WALLS



DAMAGED WHEELBARROWS



LEAKY DRUMS



FARM TRACTORS

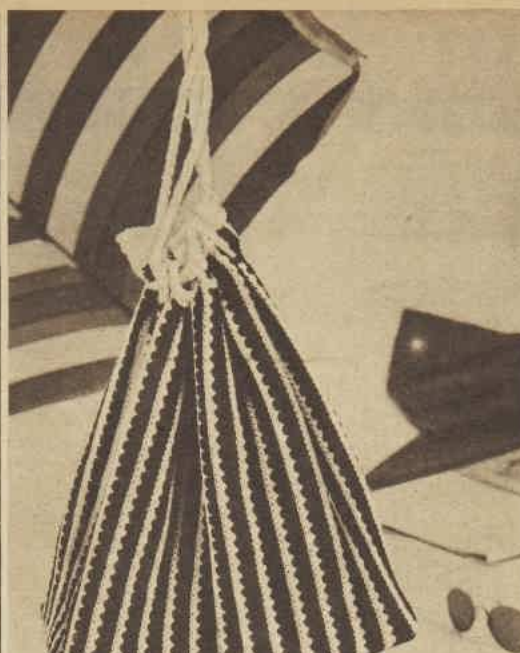
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it like
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handy tube
—Sets
HARD AS
METAL!



STRIPED beachbag crocheted in wool is a smart accessory either with beach wear or sunfrocks. Lined with waterproof plastic, the bag is a carry-all for damp swimsuits.

Striped beachbag

• Eye-catching beachbag crocheted in black and white or in colors to match your beach umbrella is an original gift for Christmas.

HERE are the directions:

Materials: Seven balls F. W. Hughes "Twinprufe" Double Crepe wool shade No. 1016 (black) and 5 balls shade No. 1075 (white); No. 10 crochet hook; 10 curtain rings 7-8th inch in diameter; 1/2 yd. plastic for lining; 2 yds. white cord.

Tension: 6 sts. to lin.

BASE

Commence at centre using bl. wool, work 7 ch.

1st Round: 3 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. into next 4 ch., 3 d.c. into last ch., working on other side of ch., d.c. into each of the centre ch., join with a sl-st. into 1st d.c., 1 ch. to turn.

2nd Round: Working into back loop of d.c., * 1 d.c. into each of the 4 d.c., 3 d.c. into next d.c. (2 inc.), d.c. into next d.c., 3 d.c. into next d.c. (2 inc), rep. from * once, join each round with a sl-st. into sl-st. of previous round, 1 ch. turn.

3rd Round: Working into back loop of d.c., d.c. into 1st d.c., 3 d.c. into centre d.c. of 3 d.c. group, d.c. into next 6 d.c., 3 d.c. into centre d.c. of 3 d.c. group, d.c. into next 3 d.c., 3 d.c. into centre d.c. of 3 d.c. group, d.c. into next 5 d.c., join 1 ch. turn.

Cont. in this way, working 3 d.c. into centre d.c. of 3 d.c. group of each corner and having 2 sts. more between corner inc. after each round until 20 rounds have been completed. Fasten off. Join wool and work backwards and forwards across narrow end (41 sts.) for 8 rows. Fasten off. Join wool at other end and work to correspond, now work 1 row of d.c.

around base, working into both loops. Fasten off.

SIDES

(Worked lengthwise.) Using w wool, work 71 ch. loosely to measure 12in. Change to bl wool.

1st Row (wrong side): Using bl wool, work 3 ch., * miss 1, 3 tr. into both loops of next st., rep. from * to last st., 1 tr., turn.

2nd Row: 1 ch., miss 1, * 1 d.c. through both loops of next tr., miss 1 tr., 1 d.c. through both loops of next tr., rep. from * to end, turn.

3rd Row: Using w wool, 1 ch., d.c. into both loops across row, turn.

4th Row: 1 ch., d.c. into back loop of each d.c. across row, turn.

Rep. these 4 rows of patt. for 36in. Fasten off. Sew up seams (last row to first row). Sew to base.

EDGING

From right side, using w wool, work 5 rounds of d.c. around top edge of bag, always work into back loop of each

d.c., join with a sl-st., 1 ch. to turn at end of each round.

6th Round:

Do not turn. Work into back loop of each d.c., work 1 round of sl-st. Join and fasten off.

RINGS (10)

With w wool, work 26 d.c. into each ring, sew 5 on each side evenly spaced.

TO MAKE UP

Cut 2 pieces of cardboard to fit base, cover with plastic. Cut lining slightly fuller than sides, seam, and sew to cover cardboard piece. Insert in bag and sew to 1st round of edging. Thread draw-string cord through rings and knot, beg. at opposite end, thread another draw-string through and knot at opposite end.

There are no
flies on me



THANKS TO

ZIPPY
Insect Spray

Protect the ones you love from fly-borne infection. No fly, no insect can escape super-energised ZIPPY—the American-type insect spray containing Pyrethrum plus Lindane—death to all insect pests. Zippy Insect Spray kills instantly and keeps on killing long after, ordinary sprays give up. You'll find that surfaces sprayed with Zippy are death-traps to flies, moths, mosquitoes, fleas for weeks—yet Zippy is safe, non-staining and economical. It costs less, goes further.



ZIPPY LIQUID STARCH. Now double-processed. Cuts starching time to seconds. Gives you smoother, easier, faster ironing.

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ZIPPY HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

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features in her hands and looked into Ronnie's eyes.

"As an Englishman," she inquired, "are you sure you are not also a footballer?"

Ronnie stiffened, but the girl was obviously serious.

"A footballer? No, of course not. Only played as a child of course."

"Didn't you know that there is a UNESCO football team?"

"A what?"

"A UNESCO eleven, a team. It plays matches. You should interest yourself in it and thus find new friends to support your extension of contract. It is not unimportant to have good friends."

"Yes, of course, I quite agree, but..."

"It is a shame that the football season now draws to a close. You are doubtless a cricketer, but I do not know of a cricket team here. Perhaps you might form one, Ronald?"

Ronnie was silent.

"With regard to football," the blonde continued, "I might well have been able to help. You see, I am a great friend of the goalkeeper."

"Oh, indeed."

"Yes, he is a Brazilian. Very charming."

"No doubt. Many South Americans, I believe, play football very well indeed."

"He is very tall and charming and he dances beautifully. He is also wealthy and adores Paris."

"That is quite understandable," said Ronnie. He saw no reason to prolong their talk.

At a neighboring table the head of Personnel nodded to him with a smile and he smiled back. The girl from Mass Comm. thanked him prettily for his lunch and he mentally deleted the invitation for dinner later in the week. The matter would require reflection.

In room 682 Mme Suchard, without looking up from her work, said: "There has been a call for you from the British Embassy. A private call, I have no doubt. I said that you were lunching and that therefore I could not say when you would be back."

"I am intensely grateful."

"For nothing."

Continuing

The Rigoville Match

[from page 50]

About five o'clock the phone rang again, on Mme Suchard's desk. She handed the instrument across to Ronnie. "Your Embassy friend, Monsieur Simpkin. It would be a help if they could confine their calls to the evening and ring you at your hotel."

Ronnie carried the phone over to his desk. "Hullo . . . Simpkin here . . . who? . . . oh, Mrs. Coster . . . How are you? Yes, of course, I know Esther well, we went racing together yesterday . . . Yes, I've often heard my mother and father speak about you, how very kind of you to ring . . . Yes, I was out of the room at the time . . . Oh, yes, she's an ass, she knew quite well when I'd be back . . . Tonight at seven? I'd love to. In the Avenue Foch — why, that couldn't be more convenient. Thank you very much indeed, I'd love to come, thank you very much. Until this evening then . . ."

Coster . . . Coster . . . Coster . . . he tried to recall in what connection he had heard his parents talk of the Costers. Esther was drawing him into the sacred circles without delay, and presumably she would be there. With no plans made for the evening, a quiet cocktail party . . .

He suddenly paused as a thought flicked across his mind. But surely Esther could not have been as mean as that. He pushed the thought away. He returned the telephone to Mme Suchard's desk and renewed his battle with the labyrinthine phrases of the Scandinavian bibliophile.

Inexplicably, the bald-headed M. Baveaud winked at him. Mystified and a trifle embarrassed, Ronnie winked back.

Ronnie Simpkin looked forward to the cocktail party with a certain degree of exhilaration. With the money won on Redemption his finances were now on a firmer footing and there was every reasonable chance that even in the event of his contract being terminated at

the end of the fourteen days, he would be able to report back to Rigoville in a solvent condition.

Residents of Paris might look on these little Embassy cocktail parties as part of a pattern they knew all too well, but to the working visitor such an invitation was not to be ignored.

He even took the trouble to shave before changing into the suit which one of the new Paris "12-hour services" had taken

ing air of Paris in springtime, impeccably clean and curiously translucent, was an invitation to adventure. If, as he walked jauntily across the Place Victor Hugo down towards the Avenue Foch, he gave the appearance of a handsome young man well pleased with himself he could reasonably reply that that was what he was; and why not?

His first misgivings came with the jerk of memory when he recognised the front door. He could even recall now, the wizened walnut features of the



three days to press. Life in Normandy allowed little scope for the dandyism which was part of his character, but in this highly civilised capital he was no longer subject to rural slovenliness. He chose his tie with care and brushed his hair three times.

The fact that the address to which he had been invited was in the Avenue Foch was admirable: it implied wealth and possibly even good taste. It was a little disconcerting that his otherwise retentive memory could not put clear tags to the name Coster, but that would arrange itself on arrival.

Before leaving the hotel he made sure that he was carrying enough francs in his wallet to entertain any single girl that might take his fancy; the even-

concerge and how, when he was a good deal younger, she had shown him her wooden leg which had been somehow connected with the First World War. Even in the past she had seemed to be a hundred years old and had kept, apart from the traditional cat, a canary.

There had been a great fuss when the canary had died, with discussions between the Costers and the Simpkins as to whether it would be wise or correct to present the old canary with a new one from the bird market near Notre Dame, and the decision had finally been negative on two grounds — firstly because they might choose a "bad" canary which would quickly follow its predecessor and plunge the con-

cierge into a renewed bereavement and secondly because if they chose a "good" canary it would certainly outlive the canary and they would be left with it on their hands.

Memory, now in full cry, brought back a clear image of the Costers: she a plump little body for ever entertaining employees of the British Hospital, or the Red Cross, or the Girl Guides when any of them visited Paris; he a crotchety, absent-minded little figure in shiny boots whose position at the Embassy had never been explained.

Mrs. Coster must now also be working there, or she would have rung him up from her home. His original estimate of what their party would be like needed instant revision.

He tried to slip through the hall unobserved but was pounced upon with small bird-like cries by the concierge, who shook him effusively by the hand and asked after his mother and father. She did not appear to have changed in the least and he was not surprised to see, in her little room behind the glass door, a cat asleep on the stove and a canary singing cheerfully in the same old cage by the window. He could even remember the flat now—second floor, right—with large, high-ceilinged rooms and enough casual bric-a-brac to start a shop.

The chairs had all looked delicate and had been impossible to sit upon with any comfort: the Costers had never done anything to anglicise the place, which they must in the first instance have taken furnished, and to steer one's way across the rooms had always been a risky business.

As he disengaged himself from the bony grasp of the concierge he felt a disturbing sense of being enveloped, the sort of feeling that jungle creatures are said to have when they sense that they are in the neighborhood of a man-made trap.

However, it was too late now to back out. From the second floor came a reassuring roar of conversation and pausing only to finger his tie and pat the handkerchief in his breast-pocket he rang the bell.

A pimply young man in a starched white jacket, whom he dimly recognised as the concierge's grandson, led him at once to the main drawing-room door and in a high-pitched squeak announced: "Monsieur Sempke."

Mrs. Coster — whiter now, but with the same amiable, totally circular little face — flounced at once towards him, both hands outstretched.

"Ronnie! Dear boy! How good of you to come! Gracious, we're quite the young man now, aren't we? Why, when I last saw you, you were trying to sell a catapult. Well, time does fly and no mistake! You look more like your dear mother every day—do tell me, how is she?"

Ronnie shook one of Mrs. Coster's hands limply and said that his mother was well. Out of the corner of his right eye he observed that a long table, serving as a bar, was set up in the farthest corner of the room. To be heard at all it was necessary to raise the voice to a pitch just short of a scream. He had not been in the room fifteen seconds before he began to wonder when he could decently leave.

"Splendid! Splendid!" Mrs. Coster was shouting. "I simply can't get over how you've grown. You'll find Coster somewhere in the room—I lost him ages ago. He'll be delighted to see you, absolutely delighted. Now you know everybody here, of course?"

This was posed less as a query than as a statement of fact. As far as he could make out at first glance, there was not a soul in the room whom he knew. All that he could identify was the furniture, the same Hampton Court maze of small tables and impractical chairs that had plagued him as a youth and the dark cracked portraits on the walls.

"Now don't forget" said Mrs. Coster, "we've got to have a long talk. I think your news is most exciting. Thrilling! I must confess that we are quite

To page 55

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Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact, X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.

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Sheer luxury, too, in the *wonderful* fabrics you'll find in this summer's lingerie by Hanro — The latest, loveliest patterns in Cotton, Rayon and Nylon — exciting new fabrics that love to be laundered, never need ironing, and dry in a wink!

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agoo. Excuse me, Ronnie, dear

She turned to welcome some new arrivals and Ronnie began a gingerly approach to the crowded corner in which drinks were being served. He was puzzled by her reference to exciting news but his main pre-occupation now was to make progress from the doorway to the distant corner.

A fair proportion of the guests were reasonably young, and all of them apparently on the most intimate social terms, shouting at each other in English or French (and in the case of one group, Italian) at ranges varying from six inches to a couple of feet. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him, beyond giving him a grudging space, here and there, for manoeuvre, and he felt like some lonely explorer in a howling gale.

To edge and apologise his way to the far corner took him several minutes, but on arrival at his destination another white-jacketed youth, whom he instantly recognised as a nephew of the concierge, raised sympathetic eyebrows and said, "Monsieur Ronald! How are you?"

"A large whisky and soda, Jean, at once, please. I'm very well. And yourself?"

"Very well, I thank you."

Cocktail parties in Paris do not vary greatly from cocktail parties anywhere else and Ronnie soon became the victim of a lonely Frenchman, who told him at enormous length of the iniquitous tax proposals being plotted by the Government of the day (at that time it was Monsieur Laniel who was Prime Minister), of how everyone had made a fool of Monsieur Pinay, of how splendid it was that General de Gaulle had again been tied into knots, of how cleverly the Communists were forcing up the prices—"even eggs, my dear fellow, even eggs"

It was at this point that Ronnie sighted Esther Learoyd bobbing towards the bar like a lifeboat in a high sea. Behind her was the blond girl, Moira. He waved his free hand.

Continuing

"I am entirely in accordance with your views," he told the Frenchman. "Excuse me for an instant . . ."

He dug a small lane for the two girls so that they could approach Jean at his long table.

"You have relieved Mafeking," he said. "What can Jean give you?"

Esther gasped. "Ronnie, what a shames! You remember Moira Penney, don't you?"

"Of course! How are you?"

"Exhausted."

The three of them, in wedge formation, made for one of the open French windows giving out on to the Avenue Foch.

"I would never have thought," said Ronnie, "that fresh air could smell so good."

Esther was not the sort of girl to beat about the bush. "Listen, Ronnie," she said, "we all think it's really going to be fun. But there are certain rather odd complications."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Don't be silly—the hockey match. Why do you think Mabel Coster rang you up?"

"What? Don't say that—"

"Ronnie, do grow up. The news has spread like wildfire. The first thing is, how soon do you want us down there?"

"I don't want you down there at all. I told you not to talk about the . . . the idea."

"Too late, dear friend. However, let me explain one of the snags. Our obvious captain is Moira—I told you she was captain of hockey at Hollowden—but Moira works at SHAPE. Do you think Rigoville could take on Supreme Headquarters?"

"No."

"Perhaps a combined Embassy-SHAPE team?"

"No."

"You're being deliberately obstructive. The point is that Mabel Coster is madly enthusiastic about it all—she's got a kind of welfare post at the Embassy and it's right up her street. I may as well warn you that a team will arrive in Rigoville. All that we want to know is the date."

The Rigoville Match

from page 53

"I have no date, there is no date, it has nothing to do with me. I hate hockey, I hate women, excuse me."

Ronnie fought his way savagely back to Jean's table. So that was the exciting news that Mrs. Coster had referred to.

"Look here," he said, when he returned to the window, "do let's get this quite clear. I am

figure, with its Everest of snow-white hair, had silenced more formidable gatherings than this.

"My, oh my, oh my!" The voice cut across the room like a time signal. "Darling Mabel! What a lovely party!" She suddenly produced a Spanish fan and, with the aid of it, she waved her way across the room, moving like a submarine with her peak of hair resembling a periscope.



"Dear, I'd like you to meet an old friend of mine."

entirely opposed to this hare-brained scheme of a silly girl in Rigoville. I have no part of it. Include me out. I know nothing about hockey, but I hate it. Whatever you girls decide to do is none of my business."

This last sentence, as so often happens, was shouted out in one of the rare silences that fall upon even the best parties. Groups of people turned round to stare at him.

The silence was partly due to the entrance of Mrs. Lappiter. This time she had had the sense to leave her Pekingese in the car, but the fantastic little

"Ronnie—get me a highball. You're the hero of the hour. I want you to dine with me to-night at the Tour d'Argent—we have much to discuss. Yvonne asked me to send you her love, you perfectly lovely boy."

Ronnie, who had hitherto been ignored by the company, now found himself the focus of attention.

"This young man," Miriam Lappiter went on, "is mad keen on hockey—a fine game, a game of skill and grace. His plan is to bring down to Normandy, where I live, a team of

girls from the British Embassy. My plan is to organise a team from the American Embassy. Personally," she added, to the company at large, "personally, I think the idea is cute."

For the first time since the beginning of the reception silence was now absolute. Of all the conversational gambits familiar to those who frequented Paris cocktail parties, hockey almost certainly took the lowest place. The French and the Italians, stupefied, wondered whether this odd little creature had been drinking. Mrs. Lappiter beamed at her congregation.

"Mind you," she said, "it's not that we won't have our little troubles. That's one of the reasons why I've come up to Paris to sort things out."

Ronnie found that both Esther and Moira were looking at him queerly. Mrs. Lappiter continued talking as if there was nobody else in the room.

"I told Mabel I was coming up," she explained to him, "and I was mighty gratified to find that she was in on the whole proposition through a Miss Learoyd or someone. So I told Mabel to get you round. How's culture?"

Out of sheer politeness, small bursts of conversation had by now begun to break out in various parts of the room; but they were all suspended conversations, ready to fall back into silence at an instant's notice.

"I would like to introduce," said Ronnie, speaking through his teeth, "Miss Learoyd and Miss Penney. This is Mrs. Lappiter, who lives in Rigoville."

"Miss Learoyd—I'm very glad to know you. Miss Penney, how are you? Both hockey players, I presume?"

"Moira was captain of our school eleven," Esther answered brightly. "Centre half."

"Great girl!" said Mrs. Lappiter. "One of the most responsible positions on the field. What say we all have dinner together and thrash things out? This is swell. Mabel, you'll excuse us? We have a whole campaign to organise . . ."

Ronnie began to think up his excuses.

"I'm terribly sorry," he began. "I'm awfully afraid I can't manage it. I have a dinner appointment with . . ."

"Shucks! You're the worst young liar I ever met. The car's downstairs. Girls, if you want to go to the powder-room, ask Mabel. Now, just one more highball . . ."

Ronnie thanked Mrs. Coster. From first to last he had never seen her husband. Although by now the party had begun to break up, the room was still thickly crowded, and the smoke eddied out in blue columns over the Avenue Foch.

"I think it's splendid, what you're doing," said Mrs. Coster, shaking Ronnie by the hand. "So many young men nowadays think of nothing but material pleasure for themselves. It's really quite a joy to find someone like yourself who finds the time to think of others. I am quite convinced that it will be a great success. Bless you!"

To this Ronnie could find no answer.

"You didn't come across Coster, did you?" asked his hostess.

"No, I'm afraid I never saw him. So many people. Do please say thank you to him, will you?"

"My dear, of course I will. He's probably gone and hidden in the library. He has an inexplicable distaste for these little get-togethers."

On the ground floor the concierge was carefully putting a black cloth over the canary's cage, but she rushed out to shake Ronnie by the hand.

"My homages to your mother and father," she said. "You are now permanently in Paris?"

"Unfortunately, no. I am working here temporarily. Good-night, Madame."

The ritual handshakes were broken off by a shout from Mrs. Lappiter, supported by the veldts of the Pekingese, overwhelmed with joy at the safe return of their mistress.

Orlando, tremendous in beige livery, was holding the door of the car open.

To be continued



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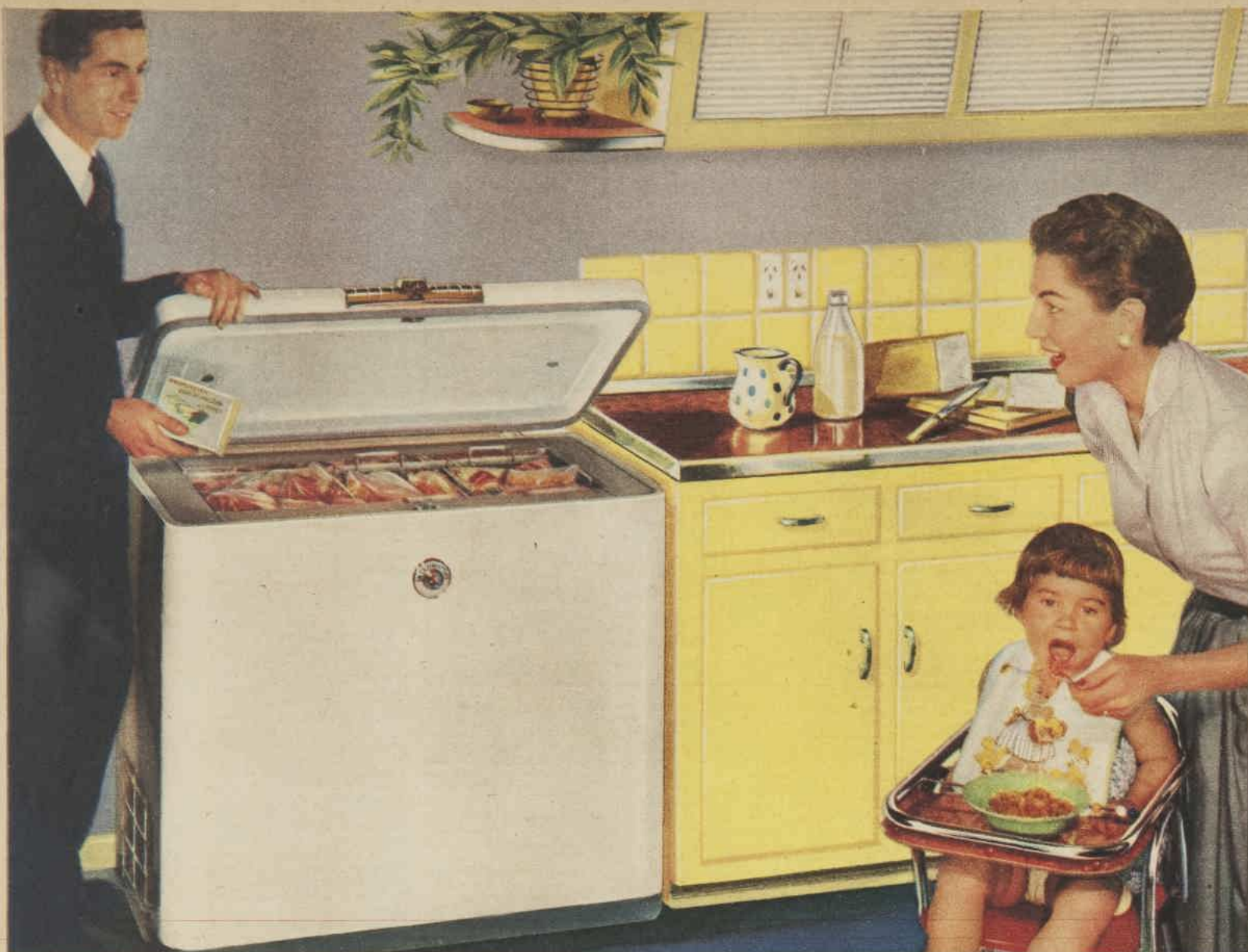
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THS1

Marilyn's new comedy

Film Fox-Fare CONDUCTED BY
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McMAHON



DREAM SEQUENCE. Bewitched by The Girl (Marilyn Monroe), who lives in the flat upstairs, The Husband (Tom Ewell) plunges into a reverie in which he imagines her visiting his apartment in a glamorous evening gown.

★ Marilyn Monroe (The Girl) and Tom Ewell (The Husband) are the central characters in Fox's film version of the Broadway comedy hit "The Seven-Year Itch." The story is about an average married man and a man-trap blonde.



UNEASY HOST. Casual nocturnal visit by The Girl (Monroe) causes The Husband (Ewell) some moments of uneasiness when the door-bell rings and the building janitor (unseen) suddenly arrives to take up the bedroom rugs.



DURING an impromptu piano duet (left) with The Girl upstairs, The Husband is smitten by her blond charm. His wife and child are away on vacation, and Ewell forgets his vow not to be like other husbands.

FRIENDLY caress misfires. The Husband (Ewell) knocks The Girl (Monroe) right off the piano stool in a poorly timed pass in this scene from Fox's color CinemaScope version of George Axelrod's comedy.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Son of Sinbad

BE sure to take your sense of humor along to "Son of Sinbad," R.K.O.'s lavish wide-screen take-off of those countless fantasies that we've endured over the years.

Frankly, the joke isn't all that good, but if you can manage to take the picture at its face value, there are a few laughs to be picked up along the way.

In the title role Dale Robertson is an athletic Lothario of the harem who woos the inmates with words furnished by Vincent Price, playing the most unorthodox Omar Khayyam ever to reach the screen.

Price apparently has no scruples about making a laughing-stock of himself, for he hams his way through this role with thorough enjoyment.

Sally Forrest and Mari Blanchard play co-starring roles.

Surrounding these four is a platoon of scantily clad harem girls led by torso-twisters Lili St. Cyr, Nejla Ates, and Kalantan, who are the perpetrators of the most absurd choreography you have ever witnessed.

Adding to the confusion are the daughters of the Forty Thieves, a gang of hard-riding, bow-and-arrow-toting gals who also fill the eyes.

Just for the record, the plot of this technicolor romp has

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

to do with an attempt by Tamerlane to capture old Bagdad.

In Sydney.—Plaza.

★ Eight O'clock Walk

LONDON FILMS' "Eight O'Clock Walk" is a fairly standard whodunit that succeeds in building suspense although it is not always plausible.

Briefly, the story is that of a London taxi-driver (Richard Attenborough) who is arrested for the murder of an 8-year-old schoolgirl and has to stand trial in a criminal court of the Old Bailey.

While a formidable array of circumstantial evidence against the young man is gathered by prosecuting counsel (Ian Hunter), the accused's wife, played sensitively by Cathy O'Donnell, succeeds in a desperate bid to enlist aid for her husband.

The rest of the film, enacted in and around the courtroom, spotlights the clash between Hunter's prosecutor and his

Films reviewed

CENTURY: ★★ "A Man Called Peter," CinemaScope drama, in Delux color, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE: ★ "Eight O'clock Walk," thriller, starring Richard Attenborough, Cathy O'Donnell, Derek Farr. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Twice Upon a Time," comedy, starring Hugh Williams, Elizabeth Allen.

LIBERTY: ★★ "Interrupted Melody," CinemaScope musical drama in color, starring Eleanor Parker, Glenn Ford. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM: ★★ "The Maggie," comedy, starring Paul Douglas, Dorothy Allison. Plus "Death Goes to School," thriller, starring Gordon Jackson, Barbara Murray.

LYRIC: ★ "Taza, Son of Cochise," technicolor adventure, starring Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush. Plus ★ "Ma and Pa Kettle," comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR: ★★ "Young at Heart," technicolor musical comedy, starring Doris Day, Frank Sinatra. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA: ★ "Son of Sinbad," SuperScope technicolor fantasy, starring Dale Robertson, Sally Forrest, Vincent Price. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "A Life in the Balance," thriller, starring Anne Bancroft, Lee Marvin, Ricardo Montalban.

PRINCE EDWARD: ★★ "Country Girl," drama, starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, William Holden. Plus "Assignment Children," U.N. documentary short, featuring Danny Kaye.

REGENT: ★★ "Daddy Long Legs," CinemaScope Delux

son (Derek Farr), who happens to be engaged as counsel for the defence.

Far more interesting, however, are the many characters subordinate to the trial — the distinguished judge of Harry Welchman, some members of the jury, and certainly the procession of everyday English types who walk to and from the witness-stand.

The film finale is too pat to ring true. Besides, everybody will have picked out the real culprit long since.

In Sydney.—Esquire.

CITY FILM GUIDE

color musical, starring Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY: ★★ "Bread, Love, and Dreams," ("Pane, Amore, e Fantasia"), Italian-language comedy, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio de Sica. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY: ★ "Three Hours to Kill," technicolor Western, starring Dana Andrews, Donna Reed. Plus ★ "Bamboo Prison," Korean War drama, starring Robert Francis, Diana Forster.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL: "Black Shield of Falworth," technicolor CinemaScope period adventure, starring Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, David Farrar, Barbara Rush. Plus "Naked Dawn," romantic adventure, starring Arthur Kennedy, Bette St. John.

EMBASSY: "Mad About Men," technicolor comedy, starring Glynis Johns, Donald Sinden, Anne Crawford, Margaret Rutherford. Plus "Background," drama, starring Valerie Hobson, Philip Friend, Janette Scott.

PALACE: "Boatyard Hunter," Warnercolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Marie Windsor, Delores Dorn. Plus ★ "Tanks are Coming," war drama, starring Steve Cochran, Philip Carey, Mari Aldon. (Re-release.)

PARIS: "Gate of Hell," Japanese Eastmancolor drama, starring Kazuo Jasegawa, Machiko Kyo. Plus featurettes.

STATE: "The Long Grey Line," technicolor CinemaScope drama, starring Maureen O'Hara, Tyrone Power. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES: "The Prodigal," CinemaScope Eastmancolor biblical drama, starring Lana Turner, Edmund Purdom. Plus featurettes.

News from studios

THE Linda Christian-Edmund Purdom idyll has now brought them to England after they had been seen together in many parts of Italy and finally at the Venice Film Festival. At London Airport they dodged swarms of reporters waiting to ask them rude questions and escaped in a car to a secret hideout after cancelling hotel bookings.

Said Purdom as a parting shot, "We hope to make a film

together in England." I don't know what Metro, his studio bosses, will say about that. They are reported to be getting restive about Purdom's truancy from Hollywood and to be sending him cables to "Come back—or else."

VETERAN character actress Marjorie Main, the erstwhile Ma Kettle, has been given a top role in "Mr. Birdwell Goes to Battle," which

stars Gary Cooper and Dorothy Maguire. William Wyler, who is directing the picture, directed Miss Main in her first Hollywood movie. It was "Dead End," in 1937.

EVIE JOHNSON, wife of actor Van Johnson, has written a book which she describes as a "view of the world as seen through the eyes of the wife of an actor." Its title is "To Make a Short Story Long."

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Beat 4 oz. butter and 4 oz. castor sugar till white and creamy. Sift together 4 oz. Wade's Cornflour, 2 oz. plain flour and 1 rounded teaspoon baking powder. Now beat 2 eggs well and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sifted flour. Place in 2 greased 7-inch sandwich tins and bake 25-30 minutes in a moderate oven (gas 350°, electric 400°). When cold, sandwich with cream or as desired.

It is most important that you use only genuine maize cornflour for this recipe

DELICIOUS STRAWBERRY ICING

Sift 12 oz. icing sugar with 3 rounded teaspoons Wade's Cornflour. Make a well in the centre and add 2 oz. melted butter and 3 tablespoons milk—mix until smooth. Add 2 large tablespoons strawberry jam (or 1 teaspoon strawberry essence). Mix well and spread roughly on top and sides of cake.

To cover top of cake only, use one-third quantity.

CHOCOLATE RAISIN PIE

Ingredients: Short crust or biscuit pastry for pie shell, 2 eggs, 3 rounded tablespoons sugar, 2 cups milk, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 rounded tablespoon cocoa, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 rounded tablespoons Wade's Cornflour.
Method: Blend cornflour, cocoa, egg yolks and 2 tablespoons sugar with some of the milk and heat remainder. Stir in blended mixture and simmer 5 mins. Add raisins and vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Line ovenproof tart plate or pie dish with pastry, trimming the edges. Add raisin mixture and bake in moderately hot oven 15-20 mins. Whisk egg whites to stiff froth, stir in 1 tablespoon sugar and arrange meringue over filling. Return to oven to slowly set and lightly colour meringue.

PINEAPPLE TART

Ingredients: Biscuit, cornflour or short pastry, 1 cup diced, drained pineapple, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon butter, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup water, 1 rounded tablespoon Wade's Cornflour.
Method: Blend cornflour with water, add fruit juice, pineapple, butter and sugar. Stir until mixture boils and thickens and leave to cool. Line tart plate with thinly rolled pastry and fill with pineapple mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven 25-30 mins. Serve with ice cream, or decorate as desired.

Look for these and other recipes on the Wade's Cornflour packet

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Reptile star of new comedy is no lady

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Pinewood Studio Restaurant is used to some strange sights, but there was still a bit of a commotion when the studio's latest star walked in.

It was an alligator with a bow around its neck. The alligator is playing a difficult character role. It's male, but masquerading for the purposes of Pinewood's latest comedy as Daisy, a lady alligator.

A number of leading stars in the restaurant obligingly made room for Daisy when she smiled.

The only star who wasn't scared of her was Donald Sinden. He picked up Daisy's 5ft. and 60lb. and cuddled her while a squad of photographers took respectful long shots.

Said Donald, "Come closer, boys. She's really sweet!"

He was living his part. In the film Sinden gets so fond of the alligator that he has to choose between her and Diana Dors.

You'll know the rest if you followed our recent serial "An Alligator Named Daisy."

The newest film-comedy to go on the floor at Pinewood is an adaptation from the hilarious story by Charles Terrot. It tells of a song-writer's attempts to get rid of an alligator which is foisted on him by a tearful Irishman, and the trouble this brings him.

Apart from its stars—Sinden, Diana Dors, and red-haired Jean Carson—Pinewood has enlisted a cast of comedy stalwarts in an ambitious bid to outdo the box-office success of a whole string of recent British screen farces.

Margaret Rutherford plays an eccentric pet-shop proprietress who talks to her animals; Stanley Holloway is a retired General with a terror of alligators; James Robertson Justice is Donald Sinden's thundering, millionaire future father-in-law; and

Roland Culver, Athene Seyler, Winifred Lawson, and Henry Kendall have been lured from stage farce to make sure the comedy won't sag anywhere.

Daisy has been given a star's dressing-room to herself on the set. The door is placarded, "Danger! Keep Out" and inside Daisy lolls somnolently in a bath with an enigmatic grin for the rash and the curious who venture to visit her.

She and Donald Sinden are on the best of terms since he celebrated their meeting by giving her a bath.

He said, with elaborate nonchalance, "No danger, really. I always grab her behind the head, so she won't bite me."

"The trouble is I have to carry her around a lot. Although she only weighs sixty pounds, at the end of the day on the set Daisy gets to be a bit heavy. But so far we've had no temperaments."

"In my last pictures I've had my arms around Grace Kelly and Glynis Johns. I've always made a forte of versatility."

NOTE. Shortly after this was written it was reported that Daisy, rebelling against it all, had bitten her trainer. At the sight, Donald Sinden turned an interesting shade of green.

We swapped alligator anecdotes. I told him about the time I had to visit an old lady in Hounslow who was fighting the local council for the democratic right to keep an alligator in her bath. The old lady had explained to me that she had become attached to her alligator in the air raids.

She never used to hear the sirens, but when they sounded, her alligator used to waddle upstairs into her bedroom and



FILM STAR SMILE from the leading lady of Pinewood Studio's new comedy "An Alligator Named Daisy." Daisy is nursed by co-star Donald Sinden while actress Jean Carson looks on. Daisy belongs to a Paris circus.

nibble at her toes. This showed a solicitude, she declared, that she would never forget.

"I see what you mean," Donald said. "The funniest thing, I think, that happened with Daisy was when they were carting her down to Pinewood in a truck."

"The truck went over a bump and Daisy fell out of the back. Didn't hurt her much—she's pretty thick-skinned, you know—and she just wandered around in circles on the road, smiling."

"But the effect on the following line of cars was remarkable. The leading car slapped on its brakes and the rest piled up behind like a lot of freight cars slipping into each other."

"Nobody got out and offered to help. The line started off again, making a careful detour around Daisy, and as they came past, the drivers' eyes were popping out like organ-stops!"

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Restore natural oils... get soft glossy hair that is EASY TO SET, free of dandruff and lustrous, with famous

Figaro

Hair Stimulator

4/6 AT LEADING HAIR-DRESSERS, CHEMISTS, AND STORES.



DRESSED UP for her title role, the star of "An Alligator Named Daisy" is held firmly by co-stars Donald Sinden and Jean Carson.

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Every detail will be perfection when you hold your Reception in the wonderful new Starlight Room. The Australia's Starlight Wedding Service will organise the catering, order and address your invitations, book hire cars, soloists and photographer and arrange for a most exquisite bouquet and cake.

A SPECIAL BRIDAL SUITE is placed at the disposal of the Bridal Couple, who stay overnight as guests of the Management, quite free-of-charge. Make your enquiries now.

RING THE STARLIGHT WEDDING ADVISER B 0388 Ext. 322



1 ABOARD a small vessel somewhere in the Pacific, flashy Sadie Patch (Joan Collins) has romance trouble. One night the lights fuse and the darkened ship is rammed by a freighter.



2 SHARING the same lifeboat with Sadie are stuffy Mortimer Gible (Robertson Hare), left, Pat Plunket, a gay Irish stoker (Kenneth More), and cynical writer Jimmy Carrol (George Cole).

BRITISH COMEDY



3 PRISY Gible is appalled when all four of them wind up on a lonely island. He insists they all "behave like gentlemen" towards the girl.

★ A desert island comedy in color, "Our Girl Friday" (B.E.F.), is described by Noel Langley, who wrote the screen-play and directed the film, as "a comedy which debunks pomposity, social humbug, the intellectual snob, the hypocritical moralist, and the treachery of men who make high-sounding oaths of good faith."

He uses the situation of a sultry charmer marooned on an uninhabited island with three men for this essay into zany comedy.



4 INDIGNANTLY, Sadie rejects advance of Gible, who is egged on by mischievous Pat to break the pact.



5 PROPOSAL of marriage from Carrol doesn't impress Sadie, either. Pat watches hostility grow between the men. When Carrol leaves to live by himself Gible approaches Sadie again.



6 EXHAUSTED, Sadie falls asleep when Pat promises her his protection. But Gible, snooping on the scene, hurries off to Carrol to report. They agree to unite against the Irishman.



7 ANGERED when Sadie, to make Pat jealous, orders the men to draw lots for the privilege of marrying her, Pat, who has found some hidden rum, is about to marry her to Gible when rescue arrives.



8 TROUBLES grow when Sadie tells the captain that Pat should marry her. As the others argue the schooner is rammed and Pat and Sadie find themselves back on the island.

BUDGET PORTERHOUSE

Looks as inviting as porterhouse — tastes as delicious as porterhouse — but made from minced rissole steak. It's simple when you follow this exclusive Kraft Kitchen recipe.



"Try this chef's touch—add Bonox, to make this budget dish savoury, more satisfying", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. finely minced rissole steak; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine, soft breadcrumbs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; 1 teaspoon salt; pinch pepper; 1 dessertspoon Bonox; 1 tablespoon grated onion; 1 medium onion, sliced in onion rings; 1 dessertspoon butter.

METHOD:

Combine breadcrumbs, milk, salt, pepper, Bonox and grated onion in mixing bowl.

Add rissole steak and mix lightly, but thoroughly, with a fork. Turn mixture out on to waxed paper. Using a fork, shape meat into form of porterhouse steak 1" thick, pressing mixture firmly together. Place steak under a grill. Grill approximately 8 minutes. Turn steak and grill the second side approximately 6 minutes. Garnish with onion rings fried in 1 dessertspoon butter. Four servings.

Give all your cooking a flavour lift with

Bonox — new wide neck for easy spooning.

Keep Bonox handy in your kitchen. Spread it on roasts and steaks... add it to soups, stews and gravies. Available in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28-oz. bottles. Eat it and drink it for a lift!



How

Rheumatism costs Australians millions in hospitalisation and lost wages every year, and so anything you can do to beat Rheumatism is worth while.

Here's an important hint. As soon as you get up in the morning make your bed immediately. Why? Because if you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes, which become damp, and getting into a damp bed is bad for you.

Next, keep warm all the time. If your work is hard, wear wool-lens or flannels next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills. No matter how hot conditions may be, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially if there is a wind. So pull on your woollens or flannels while you are still warm. Wear socks in bed, if necessary, to keep your feet warm, and remember that the quickest way to get warm in bed is to lie on your back with legs straight so that your spinal column, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth.

Scientists have found that good food is not enough to protect against Rheumatism, for the body must get supplies of the "trace-elements" that are as important as vitamins. Without these "trace-elements" Rheumatism and other ailments appear, which hang on until these "trace-elements" are replaced.

Many treatments have been tried for Rheumatism, but none have been so consistently successful as Dr. Meehan's Menthoids, which have astounded both observers and sufferers by the results they have achieved in the Rheumatic group of diseases, including fibrositis, sciatica, and many vague cases of ill-health that have been difficult to diagnose accurately.

Menthoids are taken daily to provide the body with these "trace-elements" in tiny dosage. Although Menthoids contain no pain-killing drugs like aspirin or salicylates, the relief from pain and improvement in the patient is astonishing. Many people take two or three Menthoids every morning, but they can be taken at any convenient time to suit the patient.

Menthoids contain no dangerous drugs, and the cost is only about threepence a day for treatment. Many Rheumatic sufferers who have been taking Menthoids for twenty years have been free of Rheumatic trouble ever since they began.

Because these "trace-elements" are not stored in the body, but require

to beat

Rheumatism

replacement daily, it is necessary to keep taking the daily dose that is contained in Menthoids, and, as a 7/6 flask of Menthoids contains enough for nearly a month's treatment, it is wise to reach of everybody to beat Rheumatism.

Look ahead, feel ahead, be ahead ... with **ZEPHYR**

THE CAR THAT WILL STAY MODERN FOR YEARS TO COME

Match what you get and what you pay

Zephyr's keen price buys a car designed according to the very latest automotive ideas. The owner-advantage of this "ahead-design" is two-fold. It gives you the most modern styling, performance and comfort of any 20 to 25 h.p. car. It also means that your Zephyr will stay modern for years to come.

That modern, low, wide look

The world's latest trend in car appearance is the Zephyr appearance. This fleet, low, wide body design not only means greater smartness. It also contributes in Zephyr's amazing road-vision, road-hugging low centre of gravity and all-passenger comfort of centre-slung seating.

Latest "oversquare" engine design

In Zephyr's 23.44 h.p., overhead valve 6 cyl. engine, "oversquare" design means a length of piston stroke that is less than the diameter of cylinder bore. This allows longer engine life and combines with the other advantages which Ford has built into this remarkable engine to provide smoother power and consistent petrol economy.

Miracle ride suspension

Zephyr's system of front suspension, perfectly balanced with rear springing and rear shock absorbers, provides an extraordinary improvement in riding ease. It is also one of the modern features which combine in a feeling of instant "driver-control" even in the tightest cornering.

Ford Dealers help your buying budget

Your Ford Dealer, in a simple process of matching what you get and what you pay, will give you convincing reasons why Zephyr is your best buy among 20 to 25 h.p. cars. He will also assist your buying budget by arranging a good trade-in and helpful, confidential terms.

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are October 6 and 9. Wear all the soft, misty greens in frock or jumper. A rose-pink posy will attract the opposite sex.	★ Some of that patient effort is bearing fruit. You are likely to find your financial basis growing sounder every day. Wise administration of resources is best bet.	★ Some of you will be staying home because you wish to go over your personal possessions, discarding outworn belongings and rearranging or refurbishing.	★ Any appeal to your affections will be answered with warm-hearted generosity on your part. There is no limit to the sacrifices you will make for your loved ones.	★ That new crowd you have joined may attract you chiefly because they are different. A bit of disillusionment may occur because they are "advanced."
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are October 6 and 7. Your brightest lipstick, a spray of scarlet berries, or a red kerchief gets the work done quickly.	★ Too many irons in the fire may prevent you from hitting the target you have set for yourself. Attempting a dozen things at once, you complete nothing. Choose one line.	★ Being the soul of hospitality, you simply cannot resist having folks in, and, if you are a parent, that goes both for you and the younger generation.	★ You are inclined to conceal your feelings by pretending to be very practical, but you are exceptionally loyal once your love is given. You may prove it this week.	★ Is there a mystery or a hint of gossip about an associate? This may be due to the fact that he or she does not discuss private affairs with casual acquaintances.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are October 5 and 8. A touch of lavender in blouse or gloves will give you the party spirit for romance or good times.	★ If you have contact with the public, you should be pleased with results. The homemaker is under favorable aspects, chiefly because she is changing her attitude.	★ Maybe you feel you just can't afford the surroundings you wish, but you are inclined to regard home as merely an address. This week go on a diet.	★ A romance with you would be an education. You are eternally young at heart, and, although middle-aged, you could make the beloved feel like a teenager.	★ You'll take the lead and maintain it with a dash that leaves the rest of the group straggling. There is, at the moment, literally nothing you cannot accomplish.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are October 4 and 8. Soft rainbow colors or any pastel shade combined with white give cheerfulness and contentedness.	★ The influence of friends is likely to be important just now, and you may have a chance at a bigger job with more responsibility. Requests to the boss will be granted.	★ Breeding off, you may gather ideas for homemaking which are likely to lead later to changes in your domestic scene. A few of you may shift into new quarters.	★ Love may mean serious thought just now. Although romantically tense, you may find it difficult to express your regard. Your love has not yet reached the climax.	★ Slow, patient effort must win. Success in raising funds for a good cause, also in exhibiting in a gathering event or in working with others on a community scheme.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are October 4 and 10. This is the moment for that daffodil-yellow blouse, or beret. It brings pleasant expeditions and success.	★ Careful attention to detail in connection with any project and well-thought-out methods of procedure are bound to help you. Slipshod ways could mean catastrophe.	★ A little family secret may be revealed. It could relate to a gift, party, or a plan, and may be disclosed in a way to create much excitement.	★ If young and fancy free, you may be greatly attracted to a number of the opposite sex, met while travelling. This person is likely to be jovial and a good mixer.	★ Many people encountered, plenty of occasions attended, agreeable enough, but trivial. At the end of it you may wonder if you haven't been wasting time.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are October 5 and 7. Tartan skirts, rough textures with a greenish tinge, novelty ornaments are good for business.	★ Be willing to accept advice from those more experienced. You are surrounded by well-meaning people who wish to help you, and personal relationships are a big factor.	★ Should a new friend enter your home, you will find a different point of view stimulating, but beware of allowing this influence to make your decisions for you.	★ You and the one you love may be struggling to achieve a goal. You may both be sitting for examinations or eager to make your mark in your chosen occupations.	★ Perhaps you would rather have a few friends of long standing, keeping in close touch and enjoying the same pastimes, than a wider circle who matter less.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are October 6 and 10. Sage-blue and all the mid-blue tones assist you to obtain the effect favorable to your plans.	★ Keep clear of emotional tangles on the job. Brains will solve every problem, provided you remain detached and keep your personal affairs out of your business life.	★ Most of you like to own your own home if it is at all possible. Some of you may buy a house, pay off a mortgage, or make your present residence more desirable.	★ Love at first sight does exist and a number of you are about to experience it. Your life partner is going to be very different from what you had imagined.	★ There is a dramatic quality present just now, and your social activities should be colorful and filled with surprises which keep you on your toes.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are October 4 and 9. Very delicate pink or pink and white in stripes or checks will help you over the rough spots.	★ Far-off pastures always look greener and you may want to trade your job to see things from a new angle. If young, job plans involving travel are probable.	★ There's a thrill for you in a new abode, but if you can't achieve that, you're bound to shift the furniture around or rearrange pictures and ornaments.	★ Your beloved, whether you know it or not, is likely to be a shy, retiring person who is artistic and gifted. Both of you are capable of keeping a secret.	★ Any club or group to which you belong which has educational aims will be well in the picture. If a parent, you may be taken up with a school entertainment.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are October 6 and 8. Brown from head to foot, tan, string, or sand color is top choice for outings or romance.	★ Ambition pays. You may be working when others are having fun, but you may be going places while they are standing still. An offer could crop up.	★ Whether it happens to be a bowl of goldfish or a painting of a seascape, you like to suggest the ocean in your home. A beach cottage is your ideal.	★ Since you are the athletic type, you naturally seek out those who are good at sports. This week your good nature may let the beloved lead you by the nose.	★ The opposite sex is likely to play quite an important part in your social world, and occasions may be formal, possibly a trifle stiff and starchy for your taste.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are October 5 and 9. A bunch of violets pinned to your black frock or suit will send you on your way rejoicing.	★ Going off on a tangent? It will enrich your interests. You may soon try something you never dreamed of doing. Many older subjects go back to work and like it.	★ So you would like to range farther afield where you can have more ground and fewer people around you. You may pioneer new districts before long.	★ The beloved will get his or her way through patience and logic, but since you are in complete agreement, partnership undertakings should prosper.	★ Should you belong to a surf club or similar organization, important meetings may be held. Others may be initiated into a new welfare group.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are October 4 and 7. Silver-grey will agree with your stars and your hopes. Add an ornament of silver or maroon.	★ If your occupation is connected with hospitals, institutions, or welfare work of any sort, you are under kindly stars. You may be put in charge of a new department.	★ The money value of your home and furnishings may be important to you just now, since you may wish to realize on some of your possessions. You could well go so.	★ If you are torn between two loyalties, don't take it too hard. There can be times when you are not quite sure. Let circumstances determine your actions.	★ Get into the cut-of-doors if you possibly can manage it, plan outings, practise sports, or be a spectator, search out new places and consider next summer's potential.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are October 5 and 10. Black-and-white check, all black with a touch of white, very dark greys will give dignity and distinction.	★ A lively period in your employment, perhaps working on an experimental scheme. Exceptional enthusiasm and enterprise carry you to victory.	★ You may have a decision to make regarding your home and be torn in two directions. No matter what you do, there are bound to be certain drawbacks.	★ Quiet, harmonious relationships bring out artistic talent. You may find a new way of expressing your joy of living merely because you are happy.	★ There is more than a grain of ambition in your social aims just now. You may cultivate people because you hope to be admitted to a club or for business reasons.

"Beautiful British Lace adds a new note to contemporary furniture!"

says Del Cartwright,

well-known Australian home expert, who has recently returned from a world tour, visiting 21 countries. Miss Cartwright appeared on TV in Britain and the U.S.A. and spoke with home-making editors everywhere.

SO LOVELY—SO PRACTICAL

To-day, interior decorators both here and overseas are using the latest British Lace designs to add lightness and tone to the most modern settings. They find the grace and softness of beautiful, easy-to-wash British Lace offset perfectly the clean-cut lines of modern furniture pieces. You can achieve the same lovely effect in your home.

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As a dramatic frame to a large picture-window . . . as a touch of softness and charm to an austere dining setting . . . as a different accent in a modern main bedroom . . . the versatility of British Lace knows no bounds. Unlike other materials too, British Lace washes easily—does not fade. Ask to see the complete range of lovely new modern British Lace designs at your favourite store now. You'll see there's something special about British Lace.

BRITISH LACE
FOR TO-DAY'S HOMES

LOOK FOR
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NATIONAL ARROW WEEK 1955



"You're a very lucky fellow!"

You can't blame Grandpop for being envious. Back in his hey-day he was the style-setter of the nation...but he paid for it — in the neck.

TODAY, with Arrow shirts, collar comfort and style go hand in hand. Their fashionable low setting collars fit so smoothly... look so handsome. The Mitoga-tailored design gives perfect body freedom. And, they're all made of crisp, fresh-looking cotton poplins... "Sanforized"-shrunk—your guarantee of permanent fit. See all the latest Arrow styles in this biggest men's fashion event of the year, at your favourite Arrow dealer's.



ARROW PAR In white. Soft spread collar with stays.

ARROW ARDEN White with short point, non-wilt fused collar.

ARROW DALE White with medium point collar and double cuffs.



ARROW KENT The "new look" in Softone checks with short point, non-wilt collar.

ARROW ARCHER The only shirt with the form-fitting back. Medium collar. White and colours.

ARROW SPORTS SHIRT New Arafold collar. Exclusive designs, luxurious colours, all WASHABLE.



ARROW ARAJAMAS In handsome colours and styles. Balloon seat. Fully cut sleeves and trousers. Girdle-free waist. "Sanforized"-shrunk.

ARROW ARASTRIDES Roomy contour seat... pleated crotch... no chafing centre seam. Choice of tie sides or elastic waist.



NEW ARROW DART

Non-wilt medium point collar with new smart looking cord-edge stitching... new smoother looking French front that irons beautifully... new "Techperl" buttons... exact sleeve lengths. "Sanforized"-shrunk.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 5, 1955

Continuing . . . Unquiet Day

from page 5

who posed as a scholar at the breakfast table because he adored a master who did the same.

And Ruth seemed to get smaller and whiter in her corner and said never a word. Impatiently, John got up and said he was sorry, but they had to run.

In the car Ruth began to cry.

"What on earth's the matter?" he demanded.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, but she went on crying. "Why did you come home?"

"I was fed up, that's all. You didn't want to stay, did you? You certainly didn't look as if you were having a good time."

"It wasn't because it was new," she said in such a small voice he could hardly hear her. "And they all know Mr. Mickie—you ought not to have done that to Sandy."

"Nonsense! They were all eager to tell about their own kids' neuroses! Why, you can say anything to that crowd."

"But you can't make fun of Sandy."

"I can't? A good laugh at him is just what he needs. He's a baby."

She was silent and he didn't turn to see whether she was still crying or not. But after a long time she said, "It hurts. It hurts so."

She said it in a whisper, a whisper of pain. He was angry—angry all through him. He stopped the car.

"Look here," he said, "stop it. Stop snivelling right now. I can't stand it. Because you can't hold your own with the Winters' crowd, you needn't take it out on me. You haven't a thing to cry about, and if you'd be honest you'd admit it. I'm not going to coddle Sandy any longer—he's had too much coddling already. He's afraid of his own shadow. Come on, now—stop it, try smiling once in a while."

She gave a small, thin smile that was no smile at all, and he drove on, not satisfied, but feeling he had made his position at least a little more plain.

The word "snivelling" was a nasty word. He shouldn't have used that. But otherwise—hadn't he been patient, intelligent, logical? Hadn't he?

No one seemed to answer him and he sat there, very still, waiting for the answer, waiting for assurance that he had acted decently, not just irritably and childishly. There was more to the day, much more, but he couldn't go on till the answer came.

"I see," he said suddenly aloud. "I ought to have let her cut it." One side of his mind said that that was a foolish answer, the other that it was the whole, the honest, answer. He did see, and the sight was a shock to him. She had known her own fears, that was it, and the cutting of her hair was going to be a symbol of her new courage.

Aunt Lena had been a tyrant and every act of Ruth's, almost every thought, had been submitted to Aunt Lena's will, because Ruth didn't like to quarrel. She thought that marriage was the place she was going to have courage.

"But I've loved her—I haven't been a tyrant," he protested. "I did like her hair that way—then—it wasn't that I was trying to boss her."

Then why don't you like it now? he asked himself with grim soberness. Because time changed you, changed your taste, because styles changed and you had to change with them, because—because—Why? Surely, that wasn't the real explanation of all this present frustration and anger and ugliness!

No, in the beginning it had been all right. She had been gay at first. It seemed as if they were always laughing back there in the beginning. Why did she stop laughing? It couldn't be because of her hair; it had never been mentioned. Somewhere she had stopped and turned into this scared little mouse. Why?

THEY had stood on a hill somewhere and she had said suddenly, "Oh, John, help me to be myself. You must help me!"

He put her hand up to his face and said, "But you are yourself, darling."

"Oh, no, John. I never have been. Never. Never. I could be—I will be—only help me."

He shivered, as if the cry: "Help me!" came from the woman on the couch. Why did he remember that now, when he hadn't remembered it all these years? He hadn't even known what she'd meant. It had just been one of those very emotional moments of the young, in love.

But what had he ever done but help her? He'd still been helping her today, hadn't he? It was just that you got so tired of helping, of doing it all.

It had been all right in the

beginning. Back there when they had laughed so much.

They'd had a hard time those first few years, but it had been all right. She'd never complained, never once. That place over the Bakery, with the cockroaches and the stove that didn't work—she hadn't even minded that, though she'd come from Aunt Lena's elegant house and never had to work much.

And when he hadn't even had a job for six months. She hadn't minded that. And that time when he'd started at Field's and Sandy'd been so sick. Night and day she'd been with Sandy, because John had to make good at the job, because there wasn't anyone else to help, because they couldn't afford anything else.

But she hadn't complained. And she'd never asked for anything, not clothes or jewellery or a fine house, not for anything. It was just—well, she couldn't grow up with him.

Hadn't he been glad to make good for her? Weren't the good clothes and the house—everything—for her? You'd think she wasn't glad he'd succeeded. That somehow success had bewildered her, stopped her growing up.

Maybe he'd made money too fast. He'd had it all to do, the making good, the buying of the house, the decorating of it, the buying of Ruth's clothes, even the making of friends. But you'd think it was all something he'd done to hurt her.

Abruptly, with a feeling of fright that seemed to cross the room to him from the still body of the dead woman, he remembered coming in and finding Ruth having tea with that little pedantic frump of a librarian, remembered laughing about the librarian after she'd gone.

With a jerk that was almost physical, he pulled his mind from those first days, came back to this day, this day that had gone from one ugliness to another, driving him here, to this cabin, to this woman who was through with all ugliness and pain, forever.

But the coming back today was hard, because he seemed to have been such a long way from today; and the quarrel, if you could call it a quarrel, had somehow changed its form, had edges that were not the sharp edges of the quarrel itself.

When they'd come in the door, Sandy was vanishing up the stairs.

"Sandy!" he shouted, more

To page 66

Smooth as velvet ICE-CREAM...



HOME-MADE with
**NESTLÉ'S
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EVAPORATED
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GIVE THE FAMILY
THE EXTRA MILK
THEY NEED THIS
IDEAL WAY!

Everyone loves ice cream! So why not give the family—young and old alike—their daily quota of nourishing milk in this truly delightful way. Nestlé's "Ideal" Milk makes the smoothest, most delicious ice cream ever.

WHIPS THICKER AND BETTER!

Place a tin of "Ideal" in your 'frig overnight, chill your mixing bowl before using and you'll be amazed at the easy way "Ideal" whips. It's just like cream—and makes so much more.



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IDEAL ICE-CREAM

Ingredients: 1 tin Nestlé's "Ideal" Evaporated Unsweetened Milk, 2 ozs. sugar, 1 teaspoonful essence.
Place unopened tin of Nestlé's "Ideal" Milk in refrigerator overnight. When ready to make, add one teaspoonful of cold water to the heat until dissolved; cook. Open tin into bowl. Milk and pour contents. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick. With maximum control in refrigerator until frozen for serving.

Post Coupon for FREE "Ideal" Recipe Book to Nestlé's Food Specialties (Aus.) Ltd. 17 Foveaux St., Sydney.

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Also available is the pattern illustrated at left for a child's full-skirted apron. It comes in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years—18in., 20in., 23in., and 28in. length. Price, 2/-. The pattern and transfer complete costs 4/6.

You can order iron-on transfer No. 201 and the pattern from our Needlework Department. See address on page 77.

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loudly than he had intended to. Sandy paused, but stood there, waiting to go on. "Come down here!"

For an instant he thought Sandy wasn't coming, then the boy turned and came slowly downstairs. He just stood there, not looking at his father.

"Look at me! Can't you look anyone in the eye?" John shouted.

Sandy looked at him then, and there was no evasion. He looked at him as if he hated him, wholly and horribly. The look had been a shock, had thrown him off balance. But he had tried to be calm, sane.

"Sandy," he said. "I'm going to take you away from this school. There are a lot of other good schools, and there are a lot of—of unhealthy influences here, I find."

Then his anger boiled up again. "And may I ask why you sneak off every time I come in the door? Do you find me some sort of leper, or what?"

"Well, I don't find you anything," Sandy said, with more maturity than he'd expected. "I don't find you." His voice cracked a little at the end, spoiling his serious effect.

Then Sandy went off upstairs without another word.

The fire was dying down again in the cabin. He replenished it, went again to the door. The night was completely silent. Then he came back and stood and looked angrily down at the dead woman. Mrs. Jones. Did she have a boy like Sandy somewhere? he wondered. No, she didn't look as if she'd ever had a boy. But neither did Ruth, he thought.

He lit a cigarette and stood beside the woman, smoking it to the end. He kept seeing the ring, a little too big on the thin hand. When the cigarette was finished, he went back to the bench.

If he had just let it slide, he thought tiredly. But everything had piled up, the pin, the dress, the breakfast, Sandy. Little things, but so familiar, the extra straws just like a thousand other straws, but the ones too much. He knew Ruth was upset—so why had he bothered about

Mary? He did know better but it seemed to him he had to have one positive, accomplished thing in the day. Just one.

Mary had been out in the garden, putting out food for the birds.

John said, "There's Mary now. This is a good chance. Why don't you go out and just speak to her directly? That'll be the best way. Don't scold her, but just let her know we know."

"You mean—just go out and call her a thief?" Ruth said.

"Oh, be as gentle as you like. She's young. But let her know we know."

To his surprise she'd gone, without a coat, just walked out the side door into the garden and straight up to Mary. He watched her curiously. Mary stood there, looking straight at Ruth.

Ruth was the nervous one.

She picked off a dead leaf and stood there, pulling it to pieces. But she was talking. She was saying something to the girl. Then he saw Mary look down at the earth, look up

Continuing . . . Unquiet Day

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again with the strangest expression.

She reached out her free hand and put it on Ruth's, in an odd, pitying sort of way. As if Ruth were the thief and she the mistress and accuser. He ought to have gone himself, of course. Ruth would be sure to go soft, mess it up.

Ruth turned and came back to the house. It was getting near their early Sunday dinner hour. She came in and then he did not hear her. It was as if she stood still, just inside the door, not breathing.

He turned from the window and she was there in the doorway.

"She won't bother you any more," she said in a lifeless way.

"Won't bother me? Doesn't it bother you to have a light-fingered girl in the house?"

"Not much," she said. "I sent her away."

"Sent her away? Don't you know that'll make Mrs. Duckett furious? No need to fire her."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by **TIM**



"Shall I go, too?" she said.

"What are you talking about?"

"You want me to go, too. I'm just no good to you. And I'm never going to be any good to you. You wish I were dead," she said.

He had tried to be calm, but it had been a bad day, all day it had been bad.

"Do you have to be so tragic?" he said. "Don't you ever look on my side of things? I didn't ask much of you, did I—do I ever?"

"I always look on your side," she said, but without spirit. "Always. Maybe it would be better if I didn't. I couldn't be more wrong about everything, anyway. I—I don't blame you. I am always wrong. I always keep thinking I'll get started right, somehow, sometime—but I won't. I know now I won't."

"Oh, Ruth, don't talk such nonsense. Have I complained?"

"Even the wallpaper. I suppose I hated it because Sarah put it on herself. I'd like her if—I could, if I were allowed to. I don't know how to talk her language. I never will know. I'll never know how to run the house—nor how to discipline Sandy. I—I love him. I suppose he's like me—and that's too bad. Because he'll always be frightened and he won't get on and he'll get hurt. You—you don't know what it's like to be always in the wrong. You just don't know . . . So I told Mary I'd get her a job with the Paynes—I didn't even mention the money. She was asked to a dance and she had to have a new dress. She—she told me she'd pay it back."

"I thought you didn't mention it."

"She did. A dance and a dress—they're awfully important when you're young. It wasn't stealing, not really. She was going to put it back on payday."

"And you condone that?"

"Oh, I don't know."

She stood there in the doorway so still and lost. She looked a long way off to him. And her face was all pinched and

small, like—like Mrs. Jones'.

"I suppose you think I don't love Sandy, just because I want him to stand on his own feet and stop his childish ways? I shouldn't think you'd want him going through life with hurt feelings, scared out of his wits."

But the memory of Sandy's look at him had made his voice bitter. He knew it but couldn't help it.

"I don't," she said in that dead voice. "I don't. Only he has got feelings. That ought to count for something. Something." Only her voice said she wasn't sure whether it counted for anything or not any more. She wasn't sure of anything.

"I think I'll go away for a little while," she said then. Her voice didn't indicate that she was saying anything unusual at all. "For a while. To think what to do. Maybe, away. I can think better what would be the best thing to do—for all of us. It's always been easy for you, to know what to say and do and wear. It's hard for me . . . But maybe, if I could be by myself, just a little while, I could think."

"Oh, you can have the whole house to think in," he'd said with too heavy sarcasm. "If you can think, I'm clearing out for a bit. I'll do a little thinking myself. I've no idea what you want. I'll try to think it out."

He strode past her. She hardly moved in the doorway and he had to brush against her. It was like touching a ghost. He went out, ignoring dinner, got into the car and drove straight here to the cabin. To Mrs. Jones. . . .

He walked towards the door, stood still, listening for the sound of the sheriff's car. "You wish I were dead." How could he hear a car with words like those whispering in his ears? And they weren't true. He never had. He had never had such a thought in his life. He loved Ruth.

Yes, he had been angry, but she shouldn't have said a thing like that. I've no idea what you want, he had said. But he knew. He knew. She had asked him for what she wanted sixteen years ago—there on the

To page 68

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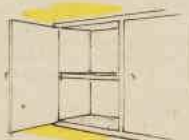
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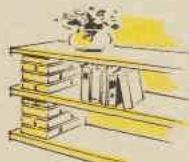
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 5, 1955

Jottings from a Decorator's Notebook

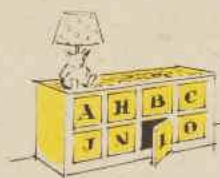
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Jill Kennedy.



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THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

Continuing

Unquiet Day

[from page 66]

hill. She had asked him to help her be herself.

He hadn't listened. He had never helped her, not ever, or not since the first. He had told her to stay as she was; then he'd been angry because she took him at his word. He had even been angry when she had told Sarah she didn't like the wallpaper.

He'd decided everything and then been irritated because she couldn't decide anything. He stood very still there in the middle of the floor and thought: No, I don't wish it. But maybe I have killed her. Maybe I have. It seemed like years since he had gone down to the farmhouse to telephone.

Then through the stillness, past the words that kept going on in that dead whisper in his head, he heard the sound of a car's engine, coming close, closer, pausing at the foot of the hill. At last. He seemed to wilt as if he had been bearing a burden too long.

The door was pushed open and the sheriff and another man came in.

"Mr. Tree?" the sheriff said, then just glanced at the woman. The man with him was tall, haggard with sleeplessness and didn't look as if he had shaved lately. But he was a city man, looked like a writer or artist. He wore a corduroy coat.

"Never thought of this place," the sheriff said gruffly, as if covering distress.

Mr. Jones stood there a moment, just staring at the woman. He looks as if he'd killed her, John Tree thought. Then Mr. Jones went over to the cot, went down on his knees and took the woman's hand in his and seemed to see only the ring.

John Tree remembered sharply when he'd given the amethyst pin to Ruth, and how she'd looked up at him with such childish, sudden joy and said, "Oh, John!" She'd never known when to wear it, but she'd loved it.

He seemed to see this man giving this ring to this woman, Mrs. Jones, long, long ago, perhaps, when he'd been too poor for emeralds and diamonds, giving it to her because he loved her. She hadn't worn it for years—but now she had put it on to die.

He didn't know that, he thought confusedly, looking at the slope of the man's shoulder under the corduroy coat. The line was one of utter desolation.

"We'll have to have the doctor up, Mr. Jones," the sheriff said quietly. "Mr. Tree, I don't suppose you'll want to stay here now. I could put you up."

"No, no thanks. I'll get along—unless I'm needed. I just thought I'd better wait till you came."

The sheriff moved towards the door and through it, and John Tree followed him out on to the porch.

"You might have to come back for the inquest," the sheriff said. "Have to be one, I suppose. Formality, though. She left a letter saying she was going to do it. Tough on Jones. He'd been playing around, and they began quarrelling. They even know where she got the stuff and when she took it. Wouldn't

want to be in Jones' shoes. Nice fellow—just got off his beam with a little success or something. Too bad to bother you, but with you finding the body and everything... If you'd give me your phone number I'll let you know. Probably tomorrow or next day."

John Tree said, "That's quite all right. Do you want me to stay any longer now?"

"No, no need. Doc'll be along any minute. Just want Jones to have a chance to get hold of himself."

It was midnight when he stepped into his own house again. He had been away a long time, a terribly long time. Everything was very still. He stood in the hall a moment, looking around at the perfection of his house. His. Yes, his. He had chosen everything in it, everything.

He remembered a little French print that Ruth had picked up somewhere, so pleased that she had found something right. He hadn't wanted it up. It had never been put up. He remembered the librarian. He went up the stairs slowly.

There was a light under Sandy's door, but it went out before he reached the top of the stairs and he seemed to see Sandy sitting there in bed, holding his breath against intrusion.

He did not speak to Sandy. He went into his own room. Ruth was asleep. She lay very still, one arm out limp on the covers. For an instant she seemed not to be breathing and he felt cold steal over him, a cold more devastating than that he had felt in the cabin. Then she stirred a little, opened her eyes.

"Oh," she said. But she was on the edge, on the very edge of death, he thought strangely. She wasn't, even now, quite aware of him.

"You look so beautiful—like a little girl. I didn't mean to wake you," he said.

He couldn't bear the look that came to her eyes, the question, the love, the question again. As if it were only in dreams one heard words like that, words without criticism, without any desire in them for changing her.

"What is it, John? What's the matter?" she said.

He sat down on the edge of the bed, lifted her thin body up into his arms, pressed his face against the fair hair brushed back from one ear.

"I don't know. I don't know what it is, Ruth," he said, as if he were the confused one, the one who never knew the answers. "Just don't go away from me, Ruth—just don't go away, for anything. I couldn't stand that."

He held her very close and they were both quiet. But she was alive. He could feel the quick beat of her timid heart against him. She was alive. He wished he could get the amethyst pin, fasten it to her nightgown, say, "Wear it on overalls, if you want to!" But he only sat there quietly and held her.

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from page 9

that had no names. It was what they called it—an evening in April.

It must be noted that Mr. Jenkins, even after his head had cleared somewhat, never once marked this as the beginning of his actual disintegration. Despite his love of accuracy, method, and calm self-analysis, it did not occur to him, then or later, that he had never smelled a lilac or violet, that his evenings in April and other months had been spent in a rather cramped flat, with the smell of asphalt, carbon monoxide, and the cooking in the flat below.

He opened his eyes with a guilty start, realising that the mauve-haired woman was speaking. She smiled, tolerant of his trance, and repeated, "You like it?"

"What?"

"The perfume." (She said par-fum.) "This is our most lovely. But if M'sieu would like a selection—"

"No. Oh, no. This is—ah—just what I had in mind."

In the late-afternoon dusk, hustled by hurrying crowds, Mr. Jenkins attempted to find some excuse for just having paid three guineas for an ounce of perfume. He put a hand against the lump in his pocket. Three guineas.

How he wondered suddenly, could Miss DeWitt wear perfume that cost three guineas an ounce? Mr. Jenkins himself fixed the amount of her salary, and though he considered it more than adequate, it would not cover three-guinea bottles of perfume. And if she did not buy it for herself, who bought it for her?

It was not hard, he thought grimly, to answer that. Was she engaged to him? He had not noticed any sort of ring on Miss DeWitt.

But, then, he had never really noticed Miss DeWitt. Had he? And if they were not engaged, was it wise for a young and attractive girl to accept such expensive presents from a man whose intentions might possibly be—?

Here, here, Mr. Jenkins brought himself up firmly. So firmly that he stopped short in the middle of the pavement, to the annoyance of two women walking directly behind him, one of whom bumped into him, and the other glared as she dodged around him.

Mr. Jenkins ignored them. That, he told himself, was going too far. It could make no possible difference to him whether Miss DeWitt was, or was not, engaged to be married, whether young men were plying her with perfume or mink or sports cars. His attitude was ridiculous in the extreme, and he would certainly think twice before he, ever again, asked a

secretary whether the heliotrope he smelled was on her. "April Evening," indeed. What had come over him?

In bewilderment so strong it was like pain, he thought, I don't know! He must pull himself together. He must adhere to routine—that would be the thing!

This was Tuesday. Routine called for a quick supper and an evening in the reading-room of the public library, where he had taken on, as a form of mental discipline, a detailed study of Early Roman History.

To Mr. Jenkins' horror, the alien spirit that seemed to have taken residence within him said callously, "Blast the public library!"

Since he had seen her last, Miss DeWitt had caused him so much trouble mentally that it seemed impossible for her to approach him, as she did the following morning with her usual calm and the morning post. She should at least have apologised.

But she said, as usual, "Good morning, Mr. Jenkins," and put the important post on the desk before him, the unimportant to the right, and the personal to the left (a letter from a cousin of his late half-sister, who wrote to him regularly for a "loan" of £20).

He glared at Miss DeWitt as she turned to go back to her cubbyhole. Just as she reached the door, his hand dropped to his side, and with an unpleasant start he felt the lump in his pocket that had cost him three guineas.

"Miss DeWitt!" he exclaimed, but when she turned he did not know where to go from there. He stumbled. "I—ah—I have something for you."

"I'll get my notebook."

"No. It's not—It's a—That is, it isn't for the book."

"Oh?"

Could she think of nothing more helpful than just "Oh?"

"I thought—That is to say—" he began, and floundered. (What had he gained from that special three-month course in Clear and Forceful Expression in Public and Private?) He cleared his throat and tried again.

"A friend of mine—a kind of relative, actually—just got back from—er—Paris. And he brought me this bottle of perfume, and I just remembered—er—I just happened to think you mentioned it. 'April Evening.' I have no use for it. Naturally. So I thought—That is, I—Well, I—"

He bogged down completely and felt the blood rush to his

face. Shut up, he thought—just shut up! You keep getting in deeper! He took the parcel from his pocket and put it on the desk. This, thank heaven, would be the end of it.

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins! Ooooooooooh!"

The last "Ooooooooooh!" was the sound children make when you hand them on Christmas morning just what they had asked for but didn't think they'd get. She sat down and tore off the wrappings excitedly, then held the bottle up, ecstatically sniffing at it.

"I—I don't know what to say!"

Ha! he thought. Her admirers couldn't have given her too much of it, if she got so excited over it! But he said, quite gruffly, he thought, "No need to say anything. Rather you didn't."

"I won't then. Only—thank you!"

Holding her treasure in both hands, she started for the door. Then she stopped and stood for a moment before she turned slowly.

"What an odd gift," she said, looking at him queerly.

"Now, Miss DeWitt, I didn't intend it as a gift. Not in that sense." He should have known! Give them an inch—

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that. I know you didn't. I mean, for your friend to bring from Paris—for you."

"Oh, H'm. I see what you mean. Well, he didn't exactly bring it for me. Not exactly. He brought it for—for my sister."

He spoke with scarcely a hitch. He had only begun to lie five minutes ago, and already, he thought, he did it so well!

"Then why don't you give it to her? Oh, Mr. Jenkins, she'd love it! Any woman would!"

He was getting in deeper and deeper, thought Mr. Jenkins. But he said, "Oh, no, not Maude. She—she can't smell a thing. Sinus. Sensitive about it—her feelings would be hurt if I gave it to her."

Miss DeWitt said, "How awful for her. I'm sorry." But, before she vanished into her little office, she gave Mr. Jenkins a smile that, he felt, would ordinarily have been reserved, like her perfume, for after office hours, and added, "But I'm glad you were nice enough to remember it was my perfume."

Remember her perfume, indeed, he thought indignantly. As if the whole thing hadn't been an accident. That was a woman for you. As if all he had done since yesterday was to go around remembering her perfume! Ferociously Mr. Jenkins attacked his post.

(When she had smiled, she had looked directly at him and

he had noted that her eyes were dark blue. That settled that. Now there were no mysteries; everything was neatly tied up, with no loose ends.)

It was necessary, of course, to have her back in his office for dictation within the hour. He assumed his most aloof manner as she entered, but it was not necessary. If anything unusual had occurred, no one could have told it by looking at Miss DeWitt. She was self-effacing and self-efficient, with her mind, to all appearances, on her work.

To all appearances. There, thought Mr. Jenkins, was the rub. Probably her mind was miles away, planning where she would go tonight and with whom. Mr. Jenkins began to think about the same thing.

Where would she go? And would she use his perfume? His own perfume, that essence of mystery and memories caught in a flask, used to fascinate some weak-chinned young playboy who had nothing better to do than knock about night-clubs all night, who wasn't worth her little finger, who—

With an effort he halted his reeling imagination. Miss DeWitt sat there beside him, her pencil poised over her notebook.

"Well, h'm. Well, Miss DeWitt," he began.

"Yes?"

Instead of starting his letter, he turned to look at her again. She looked back and gave him a smile. A subdued, businesslike smile he'd call it—not like the one she had given him from the doorway after the perfume. Probably saving those for after office hours, along with his perfume. (Mr. Jenkins never remembered when he began to think of it as his perfume—not because he had bought one bottle of it, but as if he had invented it, created it, and had exclusive rights to it.)

"Miss DeWitt—I—would you mind—" He listened with astonishment to his own voice. "I was thinking—have you an engagement for this evening?"

"Why, no, I haven't!"

Mr. Jenkins' throat was dry and his whole inner self cried out "Stop!" And Miss DeWitt gave him the opportunity to pull out, for she said, "Is there some business you'd like me to take care of?"

Business, he thought desperately—that's it!

"Why, yes. Yes, Miss DeWitt. One of our clients, a Mr.—er—Hollingsworth. He's coming in this afternoon, and I thought perhaps we should all go out somewhere. He wants to get an explanation of some of our—er—well, I thought it would be helpful having you along. You know so much about the—er—I just thought—"

"Of course. I'll bring a notebook. Will you need anything from the files?"

"Oh, no! Don't bother with any of that. This will be sort of preliminary. We'll, uh—dress, of course."

"How lovely!" Her eyes looked so bright, and the smile she gave him was so like the other, he found himself thinking with satisfaction: She can't go out every night, after all, if it pleases her so much.

Furthermore, he told himself, this was a wise and far-sighted move. He couldn't have done better if he'd planned it. After this there would be no more mystery about Miss DeWitt. He would know just what she was like, in the office and out of it.

True, he had also told himself, just smelling the perfume would settle the matter; but it really took this, he could see that now. He made a note of

To page 71

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Thursday is art class night for busy mother of 4

Mother of four lively children, aged two to 12, Mrs. G. Chapman of Meadowbank, N.S.W., still finds time for art classes, tennis and a lot of entertaining. She is typical of thousands of young Australian home-makers who maintain a fresh and friendly household.



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her address and told her he'd call for her at eight and felt enormously buoyed up.

When he rang her doorbell at eight o'clock, he found his elation had increased to a point where he felt physically buoyant, as if only his own strength of will prevented him from bouncing lightly as he stepped.

When had he been to a night-club? Not since old Whitney had taken him out to celebrate his promotion to head of the firm. Mr. Whitney, he remembered, had come very close to getting dead drunk, and it was only Mr. Jenkins' firm hand and level head that had got them home safe.

Tottering on his doorstep, Mr. Whitney had waved good-night and said, "You'll get ahead, boy; you've got it in you. But I doubt if you'll have any fun!"

With a sense of discomfort Mr. Jenkins put that particular memory aside. He looked down at his evening clothes and remembered that he had bought them for that very occasion. Hadn't worn them since, but they fitted as well as ever. Little loose about the middle if anything. Old Professor—ha! A lot they knew. A lot they—

At that moment Miss DeWitt opened the door of her tiny flat. He said nothing at all. He just looked at her.

All that blue and white—it had covered an expanse of soft and curving flesh Mr. Jenkins had never dreamed of. Miss DeWitt had arms and shoulders and a neck, and the delicate golden glow he had observed in her skin extended (obviously) below the neat clothes she wore at the office. At the office—he found it difficult to think about the office. On a small table he saw his bottle of perfume.

"Good—good evening," he stammered.

"I'm ready." She smiled at him. "I've just used this." She lifted the little bottle reverently, her hands cupped around it.

When she put it down he had regained enough composure to be ready for her when she said, "Where are we meeting Mr. Hollingsworth?"

Continuing . . . Heliotrope and Mr. Jenkins

from page 69

"Mr. Hollingsworth isn't coming," he said firmly and easily.

"Oh?" She turned from the mirror and gave him a look of surprise and—yes! he gloated—disappointment.

"No. I got a wire."

"Then—" She put her little bag on the table. "We—we needn't go."

"Oh, we don't need to go. However, I'd reserved a table, and you had planned—I thought perhaps we might just go ahead. We needn't stay late, of course."

He sounded, he was certain, casual and fatherly. Old Professor saving little secretary from disappointment. But he held his breath until she answered.

"Oh, I think we should. We're all dressed."

"Yes, that's what I thought!" Did triumph ring as loud in his voice as it did in his heart? As he helped Miss DeWitt down the steps to the waiting taxi-cab, that sense of buoyancy returned—as if he stepped, lightly bouncing, into a world very new and exciting.

He said they would not stay late, but they did stay late. He himself had no idea what time it was, but when they got into a cab to go home, Miss DeWitt, who was still very gay and filled with laughter, said, "Good heavens, it's nearly two o'clock!"

"What does it matter?" recklessly asked Mr. Jenkins, who had been in bed at eleven-thirty almost every night of his life for the past twenty years.

"It doesn't," Miss DeWitt agreed. But she leaned her head back and closed her eyes.

Curiously it was at that moment, for the first time during the evening, that Mr. Jenkins noticed the perfume. He must have been unconsciously aware of it—how could he not have been?—but there had been so many other things to notice that only now it crept out at him with its disturbing suggestion of something remem-

bered, something longed for and elusive.

He had opened his mouth to speak when Miss DeWitt lifted her head up suddenly and looked at him.

"It was fun, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"We laughed so much! But I can't think why we were laughing!"

Mr. Jenkins, too, could not think why. Nor did he feel at all like laughing now. The

they reached the door, she took over her key and then turned to him.

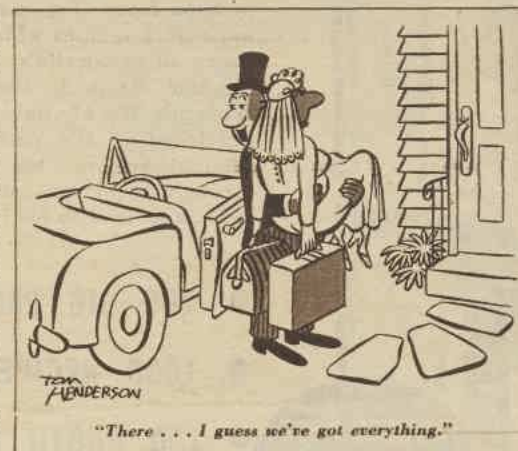
"Oh, Mr. Jenkins, it was perfect! I had a lovely time. I'm so glad we went—in spite of Mr. Hollingsworth."

He still said nothing. He knew he was staring at her, but he could not stop.

She flushed a little and said, "Well—goodnight. And thank you."

Mr. Jenkins' hat slipped from his fingers.

Awkwardly he took Miss DeWitt in his arms and, at last,



evening was a whirling memory of color and lights and laughter. But here in the back of the taxi-cab there was only Miss DeWitt, wearing a dress the color of her mouth and the scent of an evening in April.

What had happened to his feeling that he had only to touch the earth lightly with his foot and he would bounce? That was gone, and in its place was a strange choking sensation that disturbed Mr. Jenkins more deeply than he knew.

He said nothing at all during the trip to her flat, but she did not appear to notice. When

kissed her lovely mouth, her soft mouth that was almost exactly the color of her dress, and he knew that that was what he had waited for this whole evening. He was conscious of a staggering impact of emotion completely new to him.

After a moment she pushed herself gently away from him. She put her hand against the doorjamb and turned her face away.

Mr. Jenkins crashed to earth. As one recovering from a blow, he noticed his good black Homburg upside down on the floor. Miss DeWitt un-

able to look at him—What had come over him? Had he lost his mind? Making love to his secretary on a landing, like any—like any—What could she possibly think? He felt sick with horror.

He picked up his hat.

"I—I'm sorry, Miss DeWitt."

"Are you?" She did not turn her head.

"Of course. I can't tell you—that is, I had no intention—I certainly didn't mean—"

Before he saw her move, Miss DeWitt suddenly had her key in the lock and the door opened.

"Then I'm sorry, too. Good-night, Mr. Jenkins."

She slipped through the door and was gone. For one moment Mr. Jenkins thought he had seen a flash of laughter in her eyes. But that was ridiculous, of course. There was nothing funny about this, certainly.

He stood on the landing he did not know how long. Then he left the building and began to walk. He did not look where he was going, or care. A volcano had exploded within him, and his bewilderment was complete and shattering.

Dimly he realised that daylight was slipping into the misty streets and that if there was any sanity left to him he should go home and to bed. He continued to walk. Somewhere a clock boomed out five slow chimes, just as Mr. Jenkins bumped head-on into a milkman.

"I beg your pardon," he said, trying to focus his attention. Then, quite suddenly, he turned and began to run.

Daylight had crept into the hallway of Miss DeWitt's block of flats by the time he reached her door. Firmly he rang the bell. There was no answer, but he expected that and rang again and again.

At last the door opened a crack, and in a frightened voice Miss DeWitt asked, "Who is it?" When she saw him, in amazement she let the door swing wide.

"Mr. Jenkins!"

"Miss DeWitt, I—that is to say, I have something very important I want to—may I come in?"

"Well, I—I suppose so."

She wore a quilted blue dressing-gown. She looked pale and astonished, but she let him into the tiny foyer. (This, thought Mr. Jenkins with irrelevant joy, is how she looks in the morning.)

"Miss DeWitt," he said to her. "Miss DeWitt—"

He stopped and looked at her. The pain within him was almost more than he could bear. Bleakly he knew he had no words for this situation, because nothing in his life had made him ready for it. It was not only that there had been no girls for Mr. Jenkins; there had been nobody, nobody close and dear, nobody who had given him love and received it back from him.

Nothing he had learned at evening classes could help him now. He looked at her and felt that his heart would burst if he could not tell her.

And quite suddenly it was over. She looked back at him and then caught his hand and put it, suddenly, against her cheek.

"It's all right. Don't look like that. My dear, my dear—everything's all right."

The office staff received the news with blank disbelief. Old Professor—it could not be. And that Miss DeWitt—all that quiet, touch-me-not way about her, with never the flicker of an eyelash to let you know. And probably going-on between them for months.

It just went to show, said Miss Macey. If a walking brief-case like Mr. Jenkins could fall, anybody could, and a girl ought to be ready at all times.

So saying, she took a bottle from the bottom drawer of her desk. She wouldn't be caught off her guard another time. Generously she dabbed the front of her dress with something labelled "Summer Madness," which, though she did not know it, smelled strongly of heliotrope.

(Copyright)

* Quick sweet for to-night

JAM Crunch Dessert

1 cup sifted S.R. flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 oz. shortening, 1/3 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/3 cup milk, vanilla.

Jam Crumb Topping. ½ cup whipped jam, ½ cup flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon coconut.

Cream together the shortening, vanilla and sugar, add well-beaten egg. Add milk alternately with sifted flour and salt, mixing well after each addition. Turn into well-greased 7 x 7 x 2 inch pan. Spread with jam. Combine remaining ingredients and sprinkle over cake. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

A jam crumb topping is baked on this cake-like dessert. Choose your favourite jam—any kind of jam will add its own good fresh fruit flavour. Serve it warm from the oven with whipped cream and luscious jam sauce.

JAM SAUCE. Combine ½ cup jam (use the same jam as in the crumb topping) with ½ cup water and 1 rounded dessertspoon cornflour. Cook over low heat until thickened and clear, stirring constantly.

School's out!
energy needed...

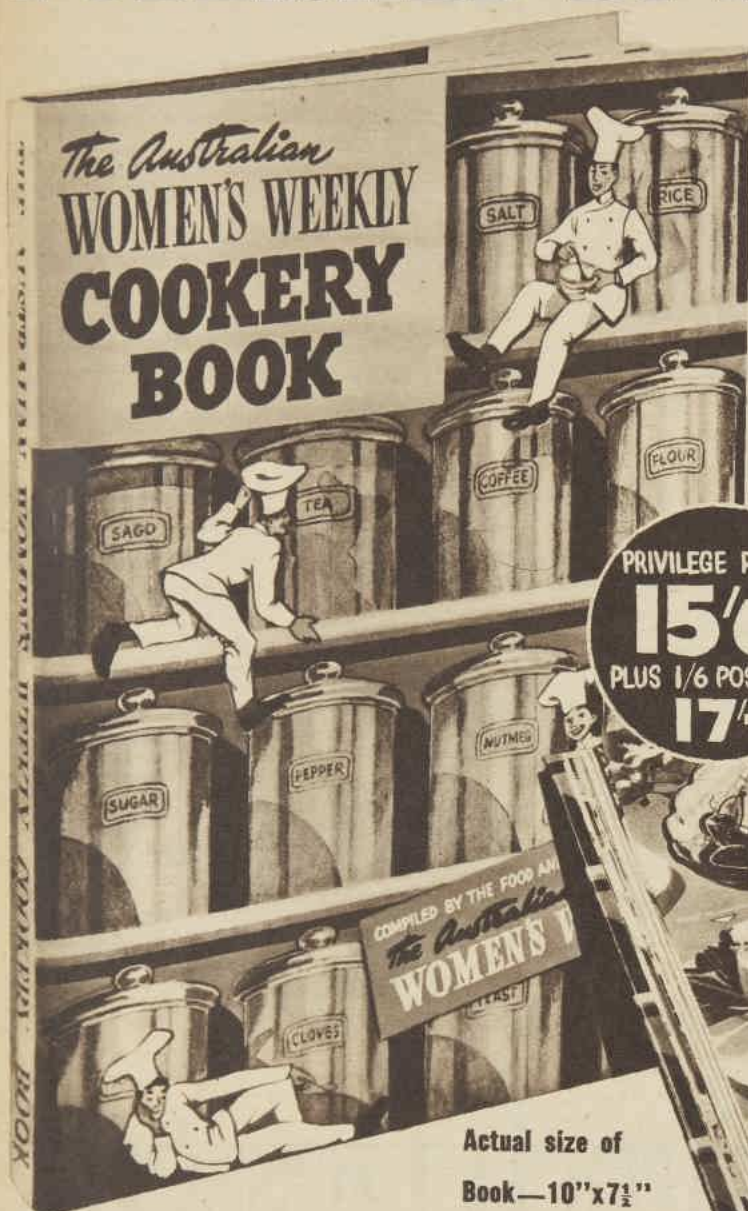
JAM GIVES IT

Let your youngsters celebrate "school's out" the way you did, give them bread and jam. Jam has high energy value; there are 100 calories in one tablespoon of jam—and the fresh fruit from which jam is made is a rich source of vitamins A, B, B1 and C as well as vital minerals.



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Sample Dishes

from our new Cookbook

These are some of the tempting and delicious recipes taken from our new cookery book, which was compiled by our food and cookery experts under the direction of Leila C. Howard.

THERE are about 900 others in our cookery book. The advertisement on the opposite page tells you how you can obtain this comprehensive guide to better cookery.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

Spiced bream is an ideal sample dish from the fish section.

SPICED BREAM WITH SALAD

Two or three medium-sized bream, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup water, 2 cloves, 3 or 4 peppercorns, blade of mace, 2 sprigs parsley, 2 sprigs mint, 2 thin slices onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons finely chopped celery leaves, lettuce, tomato, cucumber, curled celery, prawns, tomato halves.

Wash fish well in salted water and trim fins and tail. Place in a greased ovenware dish. Place vinegar, water, cloves, peppercorns, mace, parsley, mint, onion, celery leaves, and salt into an enamel-lined saucepan. Bring to boil. Cool slightly, then pour over fish. Cover, bake for 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven until the flesh is white and flaky. Cool, basting occasionally with the liquid.

When quite cold lift carefully on to a serving-dish. Garnish with lettuce, thinly sliced cucumber, shelled prawns, and tomato halves.

Chicken chop suey, a popular Chinese dish, is only one of dozens from the international section.

CHICKEN CHOP SUEY

Half a pound of cooked chicken meat, 1 lb. mushrooms, 1 lb. green peas, 2 onions, shallots or leeks, 1 small cauliflower, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 oz. fat, salt and pepper.

Cut the mushrooms into very thin slices and chop the onions finely. Break the cauliflower into flowerets, and parboil the stalks of the cauliflower flowerets with the green peas. Fry the onions and mushrooms, and then add the cauliflower stalks and green peas and cook for 5 minutes. Cut the chicken up into small pieces and add it to the other vegetables. Make a thin paste of the flour, cornflour, meat or vegetable extract, and Worcestershire sauce with 3 tablespoons of the water in which the cauliflower stems and green peas have been cooked. Pour over the whole mixture, season with salt and pepper. Cook for 10 minutes, garnish with the cauliflower flowerets cooked separately.

Orange wafer gâteau is typical of the many delicious cold desserts.

ORANGE WAFER GATEAU

Four ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 6 tablespoons cornflour, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup orange juice.

Filling: One cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Cream the butter with the sugar and orange rind, add the unbeaten

egg, and mix well. Sift the flour, baking powder, and cornflour, and fold in alternately with milk and orange juice. Spread 1/2 in. thickness over the base of an inverted 8 in. sandwich-tin, greased and lightly floured, taking the mixture to within 1/2 in. of the edge. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 to 15 minutes, loosen with spatula or flexible knife-blade, and cool on a cake-cooler. Make 5 or 6 wafers, and spread the orange filling between layers, adding a sprinkling of chopped walnuts if desired. Decorate the top with some meringue made with the remaining egg-white and 3 tablespoons of sugar.

Orange Filling: Blend the cornflour with a little of the water. Heat the fruit juices and the balance of the water and sugar, then add the blended cornflour, and stir until the mixture is boiling. Simmer for 2 or 3 minutes, and add the butter and beaten egg-yolk. Mix well, then cool.

Munster cake, taken from the cake section, will take pride of place on any after-noon-tea table.

MUNSTER CAKE

Half pound butter, grated rind of 1 small orange, 6 oz. castor-sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 4 eggs, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 tablespoons sherry, 1 lb. sliced cherries, 2 oz. rice flour, 6 oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Cream the butter with the orange rind and sugar, then gradually add the cocoa blended smoothly with the beaten eggs. Fold in the coffee essence, vanilla, sherry, and cherries alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Fill into a greased, paper-lined tin and bake in a moderate oven for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Stand in the tin for 10 minutes before turning on to a cake-cooler. When cold, cover with chocolate icing.

Mulligatawny soup, a favorite with many, comes from the soup section.

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

One quart beef stock, 1 apple, 2 onions, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon chutney, 2 potatoes, 1 small carrot, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon curry powder.

Brown sliced onions and apple in

Picture of bream cooked in a spicy mixture and served with salad is one of many beautiful color plates in The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Book.

hot fat. Stir in curry powder, stock, grated potato, grated carrot, sugar, and salt. Simmer for 1/2 hour. Rub through sieve and thicken with blended flour. Simmer for 5 minutes longer and add chutney and lemon juice. Serve very hot with toast croutons.

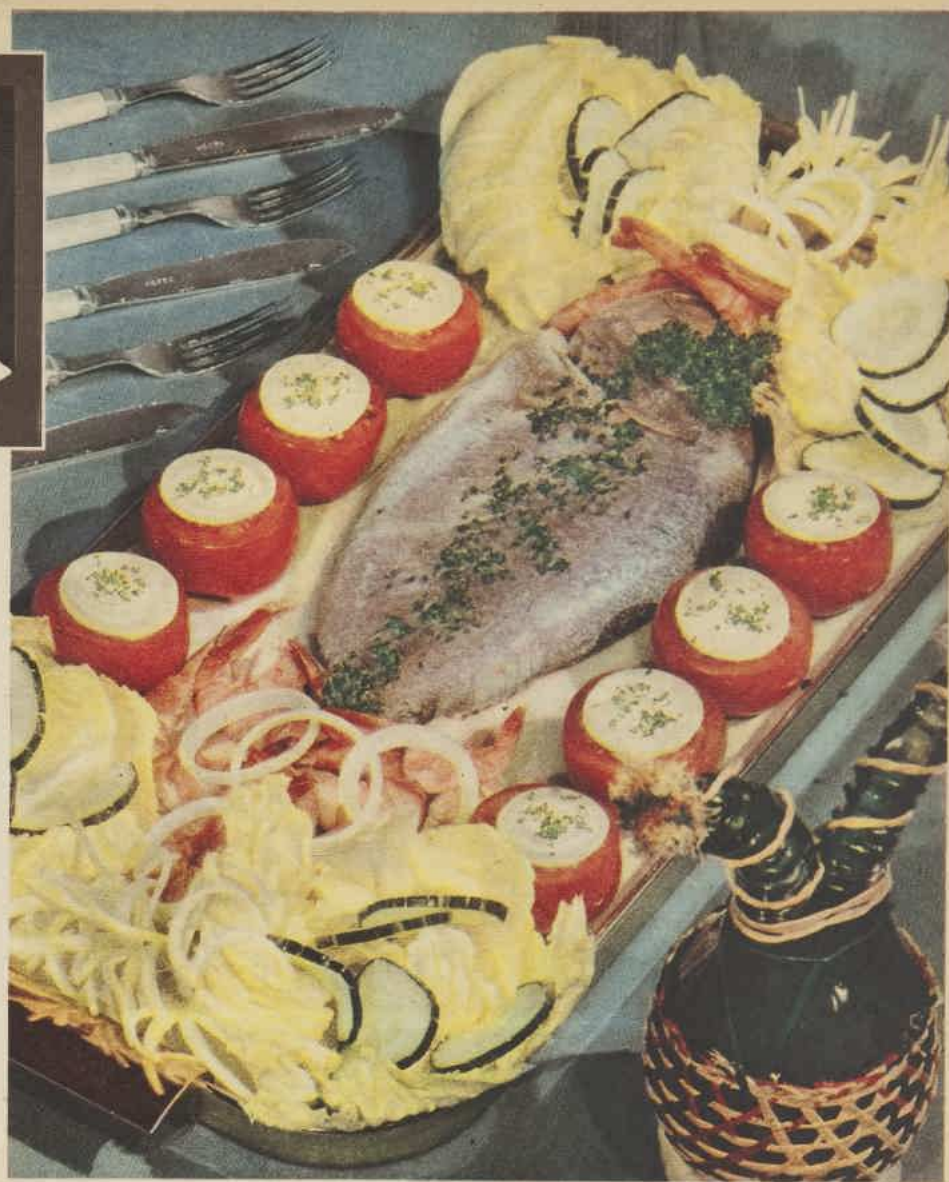
California pepper steak is typical of the many meat dishes contained in the book.

CALIFORNIA PEPPER STEAK

Two pounds round steak, 1-3rd cup good clarified fat, flour, salt and pepper, 1 lb. sliced onions, 1 chopped green pepper, 1/2 teaspoon basil, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 finely chopped clove garlic, 1/2 cup sherry or burgundy, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup brown gravy, 1/2 cup meat or vegetable stock.

Cut the steak into 4 pieces and pound well with a wooden mallet. Coat thickly with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Heat some fat in a heavy pan, add pieces of steak, and brown well on both sides. Add the onion and green pepper, and brown lightly. Pour off the excess fat, add basil, paprika, and garlic, and cook for 5 minutes longer. Stir in wine, tomato puree, brown gravy, and stock mixed together. Cover closely, braise over low heat for about 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

To order copies of the Cookery Book, see coupon on opposite page.



Mrs. W. J. Warnerford, well-known hostess of Wahroonga, N.S.W., and youthful mother of three schoolboys, is shown here with our new cookery book.

"It's better than any other book of its kind I've seen," said Mrs. Warnerford. "The sections, ranging from kitchen planning to a dictionary of cookery terms, make it a must for every homemaker."

"Not one book in my collection carries the helpful guide to oven positions listed here under stove management. I have had to learn this through a painful time of cooking trial and error."

"The illustrated section on cuts of meat and how to use them is comprehensive and will be an invaluable guide to all housewives."

"Besides this, the recipes are wonderful and they are beautifully illustrated."

PRIZE RECIPES

The novelty apple cake which wins this week's £5 prize can double as a dessert. Serve it freshly made, in chunky squares topped with cream or ice-cream.

DELICIOUS banana biscuits win a consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

NOVELTY APPLE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 tea-

spoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons corn-flour, 2-3rd cup milk.

Fruit Topping: Three small cooking apples, 3 passionfruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, pinch cinnamon, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 2 extra table-

spoons sugar.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add eggs one at time, beating well after adding each. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Mixture should be stiff. Spread evenly in 10in. by 10in. tin.

Topping: Peel and core apples, cut into wafer-thin slices, sprinkle with sugar, allow to stand. Arrange evenly over uncooked cake, top with passionfruit pulp. Mix rolled oats, breadcrumbs, cinnamon and extra sugar. Moisten with orange juice, and sprinkle over fruit. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes. Let stand a few minutes in tin and remove carefully to avoid breaking topping. When cold cut in squares.

First Prize of £5 to Miss M. Todd, Box 47, Collins St. Post Office, Melbourne.

BANANA BISCUITS

One and a half ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 1 ripe banana, 1 teaspoon honey, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 dessertspoon powdered milk, 1 dessertspoon custard powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch grated nutmeg.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Mash banana thoroughly, add to creamed mixture with honey, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Take teaspoons of mixture and roll into balls with floured hands. Place on oven-tray, press down with fork. Bake in moderate oven until crisp. When cold, store in an airtight tin. If liked, top may be decorated with a cherry.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Carkeet, 131 MacMillan St., Ayr, North Qld.



NOVELTY apple cake and banana biscuits are delightful afternoon-tea treats. The apple cake may be served as a hot dessert. It is also delicious cut into squares and served with cream or ice-cream. Both recipes win cash prizes for our readers.

Tony's Luxury Dish

FILETS MIGNON

"FILETS MIGNON or tournedos are thick slices cut from the centre of the fillet of beef. They are trimmed to rounds of even shape, size, and thickness," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

"I like to serve them with a special sauce, which gives a fillip to this famous French dish."

For four persons you will need:—

Four filets mignon 1½in. thick (8oz. each), 12 button mushrooms, ½ cup white wine, ½ cup good dry sherry, 2½ tablespoons butter, 4 tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped, 2 tablespoons beef stock, 1 clove garlic.

Peel and seed the tomatoes and chop them very finely. Melt a tablespoon of butter in a small saucepan, then add the tomatoes and a little salt. Let them simmer until they are reduced to a concentrated paste. They should be cooked very slowly for about two hours or more so that the liquid is entirely cooked out of them.

Fry the mushrooms in a tablespoon of butter. Add the wine and the garlic juice. Let them cook about ten minutes. Add the tomato concentrate, the meat stock, and the balance of the butter. Mix well. Saute the filets mignon in butter in an iron frying-pan. Cook to individual tastes—filets mignon should always be eaten underdone or rare.

When cooked, season with salt and pepper and transfer to a hot platter or a silver dish. Surround with the sauce, pour the sherry over, and serve very hot.

INEXPENSIVE FAMILY DISH

Spaghetti dishes make a pleasant menu change, and they are economical and tasty. This week's family dish, spaghetti creole, serves four or five and costs 5/6.

SPAGHETTI CREOLE

Half pound spaghetti, 2 rashers bacon, 1lb. minced steak, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire

sauce, 1½ to 2 cups tomato pulp (tinned or home-cooked), salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, grated cheese.

Cook bacon (chopped and rind removed) gently until crisp; remove. Add chopped onion and crushed garlic to pan, cook gently 3 or 4 minutes. Add meat, stir occasionally and cook until

changed in color. Stir in Worcestershire sauce, tomato pulp, salt, pepper, and parsley. Simmer gently 40 to 45 minutes. Meanwhile drop spaghetti into boiling salted water and cook rapidly 15 to 20 minutes until tender. Drain, spread on to heated dish; pour meat mixture over. Top with grated cheese and serve hot.

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Today—discover the fresh, youthful flattery of this greaseless powder base that never streaks . . . never looks "artificial" or "pasty". Before powder, touch on a light film of satiny Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . see it disappear—leave only a silken finish that holds powder flawlessly for hours.

For flaky, dulled skin—this wonder-working Mask!

Cover your face, except eyes, with a generous 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves away dead skin debris that "clogs" pore openings. After 60 seconds—tissue off. Now—your skin feels revived and tingling-clean . . . perfectly smoothed for make-up.



Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.

"A powder base of sheer Pond's Vanishing Cream looks so natural. And powder clings wonderfully to its velvet-mat finish", says Mrs. Gould.



After Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . Pond's Face Powder. 6 delightful shades. Charming new pink and gold box. Just 3/3. PVS2



*Serve guests
HOT CHOCOLATE
so easy to make*

Serve something different for supper when friends call in! Give them delicious Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate—it's made in an instant. Simply stir two teaspoonfuls of Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate into each cup of hot milk (or milk and water). There's no sugar needed, for Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate is already sweetened. Try it—and see what a success it will be.



**CADBURY'S
DRINKING CHOCOLATE**
MADE IN AN INSTANT

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

AN ARCHITECT'S DIARY

By Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

(Names in this series are fictitious)

Mrs. Gordon had been troubled in her old home by windows that stuck during wet weather and rattled in windy weather.

SHE was determined that her new home should be free of these faults.

"I'm afraid I don't know much about the names of the various types of windows," Mrs. Gordon explained, "but I think I prefer the look of casement windows to the 'push-up' kind."

"In a home design such as yours," I advised, "with a gable on an exposed southerly aspect, the windows get very little weather protection."

"I would not recommend the double-hung window, or 'push-up' kind as you call it, because only a small part of the top sash can be left open during rain."

"You think that casement windows would be better for this position?" she asked.

"With side-hung casements the whole window opens as against only half of a double-hung window."

"On the other hand it is impossible to have casements opened in bad weather unless well protected by low eaves or hood. I think in this case that the top-hung casement is the best type, because it provides its own protection when open."

"I've been told that box frame windows are the most reliable, but are not used so much these days," said Mrs. Gordon. "Why is that?"

"Box frames are less popular today than they were—



TOP-HUNG casement and fixed glazing provide clear view, air, and shelter.



SIDE-HUNG casement windows need a good eave overhang for weather protection.

mainly because of the heavy frame necessary to house the counterweight.

"By using a patent spring mechanism the amount of woodwork in the frames can be reduced, giving a greater area of glass."

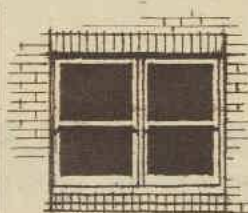
"Wouldn't these top-hung casements be a little difficult to clean?" queried Mrs. Gordon, glancing at a sketch.

"Patent hinges allow the window to open with a space at the top, making it easy to push the hand through to clean the outside. Their main advantage, of course, is that they provide 100 per cent. ventilation."

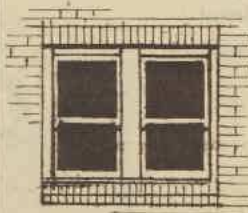
"Now, for these windows in the lounge, facing the view to the north," Mrs. Gordon pointed to the rough sketch. "I would like as little obstruction as possible. What do you recommend there?"

"Plate-glass panels, without any sash-frames, sliding in a special track, provide an almost unobstructed view." I told her.

"Some people complain about rattling with this type of window in windy weather, but this can be simply overcome by fixing adhesive tape where the glass is in contact with the metal track."



DOUBLE-HUNG window with patent balances gives large areas of glass for wide views.



OLD-STYLE box-frames need heavier woodwork to house their heavy weights.

BABY'S LAYETTE

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse

PLANNING a layette for baby's well-being and comfort is often a problem for a young expectant mother.

Easy-to-follow paper patterns for a practical 12-piece layette, including a carrying-coat, two nightgowns, a pet-

ticoat, two dresses, a matinee jacket, cotton shirt, bonnet, romper suit, and two pairs of pilchers are available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price, 3/6.

Only **Velveeta** gives you all milk's goodness



**MILK SUGAR
CALCIUM
PROTEIN
VITAMIN B2
PHOSPHATES**



SPREADS LIKE BUTTER

Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Nutrition Expert says:

"In making ordinary cheese, milk sugar, some of the milk minerals and Vitamin B₂ are run off in the whey. But Velveeta puts them back—adds all these precious food elements to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates so essential to good health."

Velveeta offers you extra value—because of its extra food values.

Velveeta spreads like butter. Saves butter, too, because you don't need butter when you spread delicious, money-saving Velveeta!



Grills to perfection

Velveeta

made by **KRAFT**

FOOT ITCH HELPED 1ST DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. As fast it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderma. Nixoderma stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixoderma from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

WANT TO BE SLIM?

Are you overweight? Then look for the Slim Gourmet Diet in next week's paper. You'll learn to count your calories the easy way.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O. Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 866, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3862—Girl's little frilly petticoat and matching panties. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ yds. to 2 yds. 36in. material and 9½ yds. lace edging. Price, 3/6.

F3861, Separates for the young—sleeveless blouse and bloomer shorts. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ yds. to 2¾ yds. 36in. material and ¾ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3860—Pretty sleeveless one-piece designed for the young teens. Sizes 30in., 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3858—Bloomer-legged beachsuit designed for the 1-to-4 year-old age group. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material, ¾ yd. 36in. contrast, and 1½ yds. braid edging. Price, 3/6.

F3859—Small girl's sundress and matching bolero. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ yds. to 2½ yds. 36in. material, ¾ yd. 36in. contrast, and 1½ yds. bias binding. Price, 3/6.

F3863—Small boy's bib-overalls. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and ¾ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3864—Attractive one-piece with contrasting trim designed for the 3-to-8-year-old age group. Requires 1½ yds. to 2½ yds. 36in. material and ¾ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3865—Small girl's frill-trimmed, one-piece dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ yds. to 2½ yds. 36in. material and ¾ yd. 36in. lace edging. Price, 3/6.

F3866—Party dress in plain and embroidered cotton. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ yds. to 2½ yds. 36in. material, 1½ yds. 36in. contrast and 2½ yds. 1in. lace. Price, 3/6.

F3867—Matador pants and sleeveless blouse designed for the 4-to-10-year-old age group. Requires: Pants, 1½ yds. to 1¾ yds. 36in. material; blouse, 1¼ to 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. A989—DUCHESS SET

Heart-shaped duchesse set featuring a flower-and-butterfly motif is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen or sheer linen in pink, blue, lemon, and green. Sizes: Large mat 14in. x 14in. and smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Price, 9/11. Postage 6d. extra.

No. A990—CHILD'S DRESS

Child's torso-dress designed to match adult dress (991) is obtainable cut out ready to make in pinpoint cotton. The color choice includes red, green, blue, and pink, all printed with a white pinpoint. Sizes: Lengths 18in. for 2 years, 21½, postage and registration, 1/2 extra; 20in. for 4 years, 24½, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 22in. for 6 years, 26½, postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 24in. for 8 years, 28½, postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. A991—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Torso-dress obtainable cut out ready to make in pinpoint cotton. The color choice includes blue, red, green, and pink, all printed with a white spot. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 36in. and 38in. bust, 40in. bust, 42in. bust, 44in. bust, 46in. bust, 48in. bust, 50in. bust, 52in. bust, 54in. bust, 56in. bust, 58in. bust, 60in. bust. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

No. A992—CHILD'S DRESSING-GOWN

Pretty summer dressing-gown cut out ready to make, obtainable in floral plissé. The flowers being outlined in a fine black line on blue, lemon, pink, and aqua backgrounds. Sizes: Lengths 33in. for 4 years, 32½, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 37in. for 6 years, 37½, postage and registration, 1/4 extra; 41in. for 8 years, 37½, postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 45in. for 10 years, 37½, postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

989

990

991

992

Do you know the secret of ALL LOVELY CURTAINS?



1 Sewing on. Sew "Rufflette" brand tape either side up, along top and bottom edge, allowing for suitable heading.



2 Pleating. Knot drawcords firmly at one end and pleat by drawing from the other end. Never cut surplus cord.

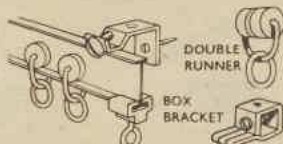


3 Inserting Hooks. Slip hooks or rings turnover fashion into woven pockets.

IMPORTANT: "Rufflette" brand curtain tape with hooks or rings simplifies both the making and laundering of curtains. To ensure satisfaction, be quite sure you are getting genuine "Rufflette" brand tape. Look for the brand mark stamped at every yard.

'Rufflette' BRAND

CURTAIN & DRAPERY TAPE. HOOKS, RINGS AND TRACK.



To open and close curtains easily and smoothly, ask for "Rufflette" brand curtain track. Fittings to suit all windows.

Trade enquiries to Cooke & Dauncey (Pty) Ltd, Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, Brisbane.

Made by THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD., ENGLAND

More power in every drop

The MOST CONCENTRATED LIQUID DETERGENT OF ALL!

4 shakes do a whole wash-up

3/3 Slightly higher in country areas

STRIPS GREASE INSTANTLY AND LEAVES DISHES SPARKLING



A LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

When Kidneys Work Too Often

Are you embarrassed and bothered by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as bladder irritation, backache, swollen ankles, leg pains, nervousness, dizziness, lumbago, interrupted sleep, cravies under the knee and a generally run-down feeling, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The very first dose of Cystex, the scientifically compounded medicine, goes right to work overcoming these troubles in 3 ways: 1. Quickly kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from your chemist to-day under the guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

"BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA,"

to be published this month, is ideal for sending to friends overseas. You'll find an order coupon in this issue.

"Soaping" dulls hair HALO glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream
shampoos hides its natural
lustre with dulling soap film

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvellously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo does not dry . . . does not irritate!



HALO BUBBLES . . . 11d.

**HALO Bubbles for lovelier hair
wherever you go!**

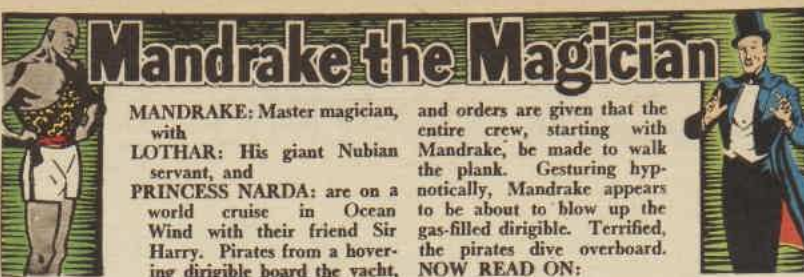
Spill-proof plastic bubbles filled with Halo. So light! So easy to pack! Handy for week-ends and holidays and perfect for keeping your hair shining clean.

REGULAR SIZE . . . 4/3
SMALL SIZE . . . 2/5



K39

*Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo*



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: are on a world cruise in Ocean Wind with their friend Sir Harry. Pirates from a hovering dirigible board the yacht,

and orders are given that the entire crew, starting with Mandrake, be made to walk the plank. Gesturing hypnotically, Mandrake appears to be about to blow up the gas-filled dirigible. Terrified, the pirates dive overboard. NOW READ ON:



THE DIRIGIBLE AND ITS PIRATE CREW ARE BROUGHT TO A TROPICAL ISLAND BY THE OCEANWIND.

THEY'LL BE HELD HERE UNTIL A SHIP ARRIVES TO TAKE THEM TO GAOL ON THE MAINLAND.



BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE, AN ISLANDER WARNS THEM...

AVOID THE WESTERN SEA. IT IS UNCHARTED, FULL OF SHOAL WATERS, AND HEAVY WITH FOG.



AT SEA, A HEAVY TROPICAL STORM HITS THEM--THE STURDY OCEANWIND RIDES IT WELL, BUT THEY ARE DRIVEN FAR OFF THEIR COURSE.



AND WHEN THE STORM PASSES--

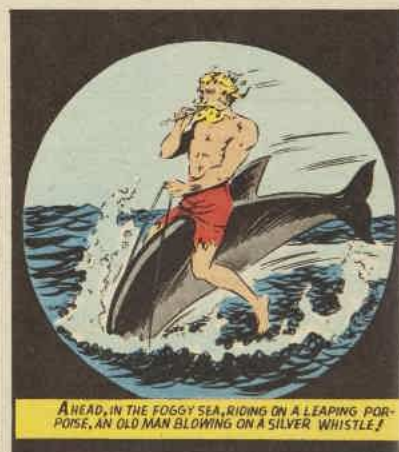
ENDLESS FOG? I'M AFRAID THE STORM'S DRIVEN US EXACTLY WHERE THAT MAN WARNED US NOT TO GO.

I CAN'T SEE THE SUN OR STARS TO 'SHOOT' OUR POSITION. KEEP A LOOKOUT ON THE BOWSPRIT FOR ROCKS.

AYE, SIR.



CAN HARDLY SEE A THING IN THIS FOG. AH--THERE'S A BREAK IN IT NOW--MI--GOSH! WHAT'S THAT!!



AHEAD, IN THE FOGGY SEA, RIDING ON A LEAPING PORPOISE, AN OLD MAN BLOWING ON A SILVER WHISTLE.



INCREDIBLE! MUST BE A TRAINED PORPOISE! WHERE'S THE MAN FROM? IS HE BLOWING ON THE WHISTLE?

SEEMS TO BE--MUST BE A SILENT WHISTLE--NOT TUNED TO OUR EARS--



TUNED--NOT TO HUMAN EARS--BUT TO MIGHTY LEVIATHANS OF THE DEEP! HUGE WHALES RISE FROM THE DEPTHS--

TO BE CONTINUED

"TELL ME ANOTHER"
says **KLEENEX** 3'9 2' 1'6 9"



ACTRESS COMES CLEAN

FASTEST REMOVER OF ALL MAKE-UP—FROM "BLACK-FACE" TO KISS-PROOF LIP STICK—IS KLEENEX. NO MORE MESSY COTTON WOOL.

NO BLIND GRIND

USED TO HATE GETTING THE DUST OFF OUR VENETIAN BLINDS. NOW I'M WISE TO A NEW TRICK—SOFT ABSORBENT KLEENEX TISSUES.

Mrs. M. Dickson, 61 Pine Avenue, GOSFORD, South Australia



LET'S SPOON BENEATH THE MOON
REMEMBER I'M A TARNISHED LADY

SEASIDE SILVER

SILVER IN SEASIDE HOUSES CORRODES QUICKLY. BEST WAY TO BEAT PROBLEM: KEEP ALL PIECES WRAPPED IN SOFT KLEENEX—ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU GO AWAY. ALSO USE KLEENEX TO WIPE POLISHING LIQUID OFF SILVER, COPPER AND BRASS.

Mrs. S. Alder, 201 Macleay St., STOCKTON, Newcastle



ON SALE EVERYWHERE

WHAT EVERY NURSE KNOWS—

GERM LADEN HANDKERCHIEFS ARE HORRIBLY UNHEALTHY THINGS TO HANDLE. USE HYGIENIC KLEENEX TISSUES AND SAVE NASTY LAUNDRY AS WELL.

KLS/4/16

new! different! delicious!

TOFF-O-MINTS



mint-flavoured toffee, coated with rich, golden butterscotch

only 9¢ per packet

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY

MacRobertson

THE GREAT NAME IN CONFECTIONERY

TEENA

—AND I NEVER REALIZED IT. OF COURSE, BUT OBVIOUSLY HE'S MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME...



—YES, AND JUST THINK... I'D NEVER 'VE KNOWN IF HE HADN'T TAKEN THAT PICTURE OF TH' TREE I WAS STANDING BEHIND!



HOW DID YOU KNOW?

WELL, BUT NATURALLY!! DON'T BE SILLY! WHY ELSE WOULD A FELLA WANT A PICTURE OF A TREE WITH ME BEHIND IT?



Fashion FROCKS

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

MARY.—Short-cut summer pyjamas featuring the new loose-fitting top and off-shoulder neckline, obtainable in no-iron bubble plisse in white, lemon, sky-blue, pink, and nil-green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in., 34in., 36in., and 38in. bust, 69/11.

Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in., 34in., 36in., and 38in. bust, 49/3. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

SALLY.—Attractively styled housecoat is obtainable in a long or short length. The material and color choice is in the same range as "Mary." Trimmed with pale contrasting rick-rack braid.

Ready To Wear: Full-length coat, sizes

32in., 34in., 36in., and 38in. bust,

94/6; short coat,

59/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Full-length coat, sizes 32in.,

34in., 36in., and 38in. bust, 73/6; short

coat, 66/9. Postage and registration, 2/9

extra.

"IRENE."—Pretty summer nightgown in

a long and short length. The material

and color choice is in the same range as

"Mary." The contrasting trim is

pastel rick-rack braid.

Ready To Wear: Full-length gown, sizes

32in., 34in., 36in., and 38in. bust, 75/9;

short gown, 69/11. Postage and registration,

2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Full-length gown, sizes 32in.,

34in., 36in., and 38in. bust, 59/3; short

gown, 51/11. Postage and registration, 2/6

extra.



Here's the BACKACHE



Where's the SLOAN'S

The persistent dull ache of a strained, aching back and the jabbing pains of lumbago are quickly eased by the pain-relieving warmth of Sloan's Liniment. Also stops pain of bruises, sprains, joint aches. Just pat it on.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT 2'9
AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

have you tried NIVEA

For sunburn, chapped skin, use soothing NIVEA Creme or NIVEA Skin Oil. Containing "Eucerite," it replaces the skin's natural oils.



Skin needs NIVEA



15 hairsets for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CMS

The Slim Gourmet Diet in next week's Australian Women's Weekly tells you how to reduce safely and with certainty.

CHILDREN CROSSING



Children when going to School or returning home look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any road.

Mothers, safeguard your children's energy with the wholesome assistance of some buttered ARNOTT'S famous MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits in their School lunch.

Let their even colour be your guide and the name ARNOTT your protection when buying biscuits for your children.

There is no Substitute for Quality